



CURIOUS  
CAREER OF  
FREDERICK  
CAMPBELL

JEAN N.  
M<sup>C</sup>ILWRAITH

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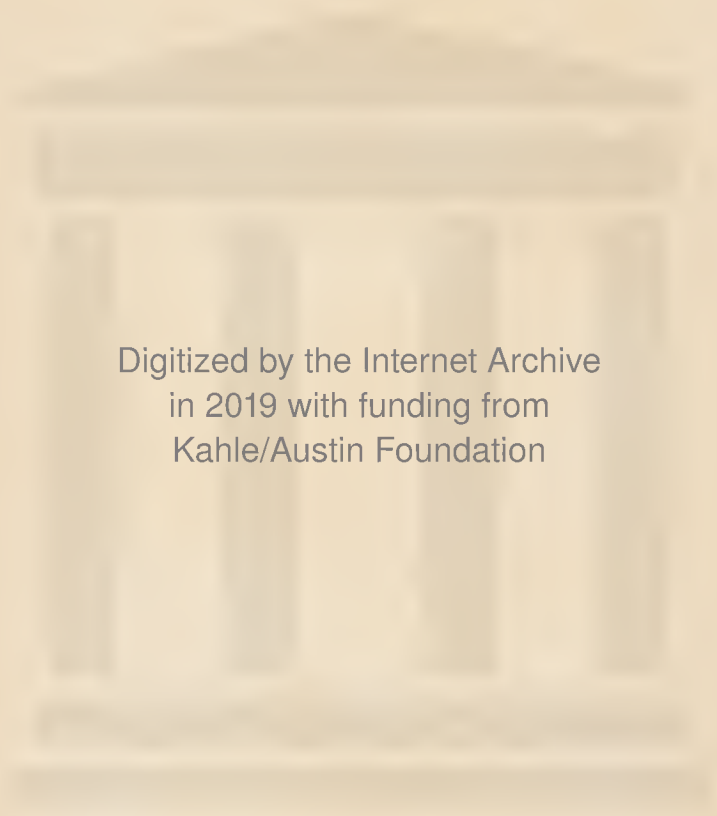
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STOPPING HERE AND THERE TO FISH

THE CURIOUS CAREER  
OF RODERICK  
CAMPBELL

BY

JEAN N. McILWRAITH



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*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.*

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PART FIRST  
IN THE OLD WORLD



# THE CURIOUS CAREER OF RODERICK CAMPBELL

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## CHAPTER I

### A MYSTERIOUS FISHWIFE

It is now thirty years since my grandfather, Doctor Forsyth, of Glenmoira, was carried, shoulder-high, to his grave, — a hale, Celtic Canadian of ninety-two, that we thought might have made out his century, for we are a long-lived race. He had never been in Scotland, but in that part of Ontario where he was brought up the Gaelic only was spoken at the end of the last century, and he himself had no English until he was a grown man. The stories that he told me, therefore, of his great-uncle, Roderick Campbell, he had gotten either from his father or from Roderick himself in the Gaelic, and in the same he gave them to me. They lose much of their flavor by translation into the modern way of speaking that prevails at this end of the nineteenth century, but I can write in no other tongue than the English, and so it must suffice.

His great-uncle was but little of a scholar, my

grandfather said, indeed it is doubtful if he could write his own name ; but he gave so circumstantial an account of his adventures in America, my grandfather wrote it down, largely in Roderick's own words, while the latter was still alive. As to what had happened in Scotland, the tale varied at different times of telling. In truth my grandfather was inclined to surmise that Roderick occasionally credited himself with the deeds of others, probably through that confusion of memory common to old people which sometimes makes it difficult for them to distinguish between what they have really seen and done and what they have merely heard. Be that as it may, the American part of the story would scarce be understood without some knowledge of what had previously occurred across the water ; and therefore I have done my best to make a connected recital of the whole, vouching not for skill in the narration but for the truth of the narrative, in that it accords strictly with what my grandfather heard from his own father or from Roderick Campbell himself.

The story, as I always heard it, began upon a certain day in September, seventeen hundred and forty-five, in the old town of Edinburgh, which was "the auld toon" indeed, for no upstart new one had yet arisen across the Nor' Loch to flaunt its finery in the eyes of old Edinburgh, and High Street dreamt not of a Princes Street over the way that was destined to cast her glories far into the shade.



On the forenoon in question, the open space about the Town Cross was more than usually thronged with all sorts and conditions of men and women, of pigs and poultry. Evidently something beyond the common was agitating writers and merchants, and fluttering the high-busked bosoms of the tight-laced ladies in their expansive hoops and towering headdresses. Coal-men and fish-wives, to be sure, bawled their wares as usual; water-carriers, barbers, and chimney-sweeps went about their daily business, while the cadies darted hither and thither in the motley crowd, running errands, acting as guides, or, if not otherwise employed, lingering attentively near one or other of the groups of influential townsfolk, who were eagerly discussing the doings of the army of Charles Edward, called Prince or Pretender, according as the speaker was of Jacobite or Whig persuasion.

There was one among these cadies who went by the name of Touzle-tap, on account of the unkempt shock of red hair that surmounted his pale freckled face, from which a pair of keen blue eyes looked blithely out upon the world at large. His wits were as sharp as his features, and when employed by a stranger to act as pilot through the intricacies of the town, where the houses lifted themselves into ten or eleven stories, and where a dozen or more families rested under one roof, it generally happened that Touzle-tap received even more information than he gave.

Upon this particular forenoon, the boy's attention became concentrated upon a strapping fisher

lass whose handsome, sun-browned face was unfamiliar to him, though he thought himself well acquainted with every bearer of the creel from Leith or New Haven, and he could name also the best customers of each.

“She ’ll be frae Fife, I ’se warrant,” he said to himself. “Losh! She ’s big enough for ane o’ Hamilton’s dragoons. Gin we had a wheen like her in the Toon Guard there wadna be sic an unco fash ower haudin’ out against the rebels.”

The cadie’s admiration for the fair stranger was so absorbing he went after her, not in a straight line, but with a tack to the right hand or the left, a pause to look intently up a familiar close while he listened critically to her “Caller Herrin’!” in which a certain prolongation of the “l” made it distinct from the call of other fishwives.

A young man in the unobtrusive garb of the Parisian Scots College emerged from the low door of one of the shops plastered against the walls of the ancient, stone-crowned Cathedral of St. Giles, and at sight of him the fisher lass stared in open-mouthed amazement. She followed him, and Touzle-tap followed her, even so far as the approach to the Castle, a favorite promenade of the young folk of Edinburgh, and one of the few spots in the town secure from eavesdroppers.

“What ’s she wanting wi’ Donal’ MacLean?” asked the boy of himself. He carelessly drew near enough to the fishwife to overhear the remark with which she at length accosted the student, but it baffled him completely.

“Dang my breeks! If it’s no some foreign gibberish,” thought Touzle-tap in disgust; but when the young man addressed made no reply, merely giving a side glance at his interlocutor as he continued his stroll, the fishwife broke into vehement Gaelic in which the cadie was quite at home.

“Your Royal Highness is surely mad,” she cried, “to risk your sacred person unattended within these walls. Doubt you my fidelity? Was it not your own command that the mission be intrusted to me?”

“What mission?” asked Donald MacLean, turning suddenly his full face towards the speaker upon whom it acted like a blaze of musketry. She wheeled about and made off down the slope with a long swinging stride, too breathless even to shout her “Caller Herrin’!” Close at her heels followed the cadie, who was bound to see the end of the adventure, and Donald MacLean also kept her in sight.

Well was it for the blundering fishwife that some one was taking cognizance of her movements, for in the Cowgate she encountered a group of dames of her own profession prepared to give her a warm reception.

“Ye wad sell a twa-pund haddie for tuppence, wad ye?”

The sturdy, black-browed speaker squared up to the stranger, who looked to either side for a possible way of escape, but saw only scowling fronts and arms akimbo.

“Gie it till her, Jess,” cried one; and another, —

“We’ll no hae ony Hielanders cheapening the toon market.”

“I heard her at the Gaelic mysell.”

“Gie her ane on the side o’ the heid.”

Thus encouraged, Jess lifted her hand to cuff the intruder’s ears, but the strange lass caught her by the wrist with a grip of iron and whirled her ignominiously round into the arms of her neighbors. With some forcible expressions in the Gaelic, the outsider dared the crowd to come on; and when they came she struck out bravely with either fist against the ring of Amazons, who seemed specially desirous of leaving the print of their nails upon her comely face, or of plucking out by the roots her short, thick curls, for the head shawl had been whisked off early in the fray. The creel followed, Mistress Jess kicking it venomously for some yards and scattering its scaly contents upon the causeway.

One to a dozen is fighting fearful odds, and it might have fared but ill with the valiant fisher maid had not Touzle-tap, who had shot off like an arrow at the beginning of the scrimmage, now reappeared in the wake of Sergeant Roderick Campbell of the Town Guard.

Most of the fishwives retired before the presence of authority, but the irate Jess held her ground.

“It’s here ye are, ye useless gomeril!” she cried, seizing the big man’s arm with a grasp that would have jellied a less substantial member.

“Awa wi’ ye, and mind yoursell. Let your wife attend till her ain concerns. I never bade ye fecht my battles.”

The stout sergeant, who feared no number of men, quailed visibly before this one woman, — he owned it to my grandfather himself; but in the diversion created by his appearance the cause of the commotion slipped away, and had almost made good her escape when Donald MacLean laid a detaining hand upon her arm. He spoke to her, reassuringly, in French, and apparently suggested some refreshment after the battle, for together they dived into a close to reach the depths in which the taverns of that day concealed themselves.

The movement was not lost upon Touzle-tap, and he would fain have followed the pair, but loyalty forbade his desertion of the sergeant till the close of his connubial difficulty. When Jess had at length fired her parting shot at her husband to the effect that “the wit wan’ered in the big heid o’ him,” Roderick and the cadie ensconced themselves in the tavern close, where Touzle-tap told all he had seen and heard of the mysterious fishwife who talked French and had business with Donald MacLean.

Many wondered what was the bond of union between the man of forty and the lad of fourteen, some going so far as to say that Touzle-tap, who owned the Christian name Gilbert, was Campbell’s son by a previous marriage, to whom the termagant fishwife had proved so unkind a step-mother the boy had been driven from home, across the



Forth, to take refuge in Edinburgh streets, whither his father had followed him. Sworn friends they were at all events, and equally endowed with an abnormal desire to see and hear all that went on in the town. What "Rory" did not know, the cadie found out for him, and between them they formed a secret service agency so successful in the detection of crime, both before and after the act, that the town-guardsmen gained with some a reputation for having the second sight, while he was universally credited with acuteness beyond the ordinary and had been raised to the rank of sergeant.

Roderick was fully as curious and as mystified as the cadie about the interview that was going on in the tavern at their back, and was equally wide awake when footsteps were heard on the stone flags behind them and Donald MacLean came forward, the fishwife following him at a respectful distance.

"Ah, here is the lad we want," he said in the Gaelic, catching sight of Touzle-tap. "Take this fisher lass to my house, Gib, and commend her to my good sister, Mistress Elspeth MacLean. Tell her that she hath lost all of to-day's catch, but will bring her whatsoever she lacks upon Monday first. You, sergeant, must e'en keep an eye upon the jade lest she fall into further strife."

This Roderick was well disposed to do, not from any love of womankind, for he loathed the species, particularly those of the fishwife variety; but his suspicions were strongly aroused as to the personality of this stalwart lass who had given his own wife, Jess, such a trouncing that he woke up many

a night afterwards to laugh when he thought upon it.

He followed the stranger no further than the door of Donald MacLean's modest dwelling, but Gib, who was known to every cook in town, made his way into the kitchen, after he had delivered up his charge, and was allowed to assist in the preparation of the dinner, which in those days was served at two o'clock.

"It's a donsie day when I canna gang ben the house," said the queen of the kitchen in high dudgeon. "Here, Touzle-tap, see if you can place this dish of steaks to please them. Carry it cannily."

The dining-room door was shut, but Gib gave it a kick, both hands being occupied with the platter that held the meat, from which he narrowly escaped spilling the gravy upon Donald MacLean himself who opened the door.

"It's you, is it, ye spying, speiring rascal. Off about your business."

"Oh, Donald," said a gentle voice from the table, "that is Gib, the cadie. He is safe and sure when he promises not to tell."

"It were safer to take you in than to let you go, I mistrust me. Bring in your steaks."

The lad brought them in, set them upon the table, and took up his place behind Donald's chair.

"You mean to wait upon us, do you?" said Master MacLean. "Well, see that you keep your eyes and ears shut while you are here and your mouth shut when you leave us."



Touzle-tap did not pledge himself, for he certainly meant to enlighten his ally, Roderick, so far as he was able, but that promised to be not very far, as the conversation for some time was entirely in French. Gib's ears were thus of no account, but how was it possible for him to keep his eyes shut to the remarkable spectacle of a common fishwife sitting at meat with Donald MacLean and his dainty sister?

The bold lass seemed much at her ease and was laughing with Mistress Elspeth MacLean in a familiar and friendly fashion that made Touzle-tap's blood boil, for he revered the young lady above any living man or woman. She was but a lassie in her teens at that time, newly returned from a French convent, and ignorant of the ways of the world. Many an anxious glance she cast towards her brother as the meal proceeded, and the fishwife appeared to be urging some course of action upon Donald MacLean.

Gib would have given half the town, had he owned it, to know what was distressing "the bonny wee leddy." She was only five feet in height, and never grew taller; her eyes were dark brown, her hair the same, and she had regular white teeth that showed between the rosy lips which held the color even when the cheeks lost it. She was pale enough by the time the dinner was over, and clung to her brother's arm as he rose from the table, crying distractedly, —

"Donald, lamb of my heart! Why must you go? Sure if our father and mother were alive they would never permit you."

“I am a man in my twenty-first year. Must I ever be tied to a woman’s apron-string?”

“But, Donald, it will be time enough when the Prince” —

“Hist, Elsie! Look at the cadie. His eyes are standing in his head like whilks. He has the Gaelic; speak French as before.”

“He is our friend; he will not betray us,” replied the girl, smiling upon Gib in a tearful tremulousness that went to his heart. “You are a student, Donald, a man of peace.”

“He hath not the air of one,” said the fishwife, bowing like a courtier.

“Faith!” laughed Master MacLean. “’T is not the first time I have been taken for His Royal Highness, nor he for me. Once in Paris he came well-nigh being arrested for a prank of mine, and upon one occasion a whole row of soldiery presented arms to me.”

It was Elsie who now glanced fearfully at the cadie, but the boy looked straight in her face, as he had never before presumed to do, and she took courage from the honest allegiance shining in his blue eyes.

“Let the stranger go, Donald,” she said eagerly. “Gib will give a convoy.”

“What an ungracious speech from my little sister! Would you have me lacking in hospitality to the Prince’s messenger?”

“Mistress MacLean is beside herself,” said the fishwife, bowing once more. “I marvel not that she can think only of you. Perchance at no distant day she will have thoughts of me also.”

Elsie looked up at the tall lass in some alarm, and her pretty face reddened as she turned to speak to Touzle-tap.

“Are you also a Jacobite, Gib?”

“I am what ye will, Mistress MacLean.”

“So you will be saying to the next who asks you.”

Touzle-tap made no reply, and the girl, glancing curiously at his pale face, saw upon it an unusual tinge of crimson. Being a tender-hearted little lady, she hastened to heal the hurt she had given.

“You are like me, perchance. I am devoted to the king, over the water, but when his son cometh here to take my brother from me, that is another matter.”

“Yey mony in the toon wad be prood to gie ten brithers to fecht for the Prince, gin they had them.”

“Maybe; I have but one, and him I cannot be sparing.”

Donald meanwhile was talking hurriedly to the stranger in French, and despite Elsie's tears and entreaties they came to some agreement, at which Master MacLean turned to Gib.

“You brought the lass here, Touzle-tap, you can now see her safe out of the Netherbow Port; and lest any more of her sort should be lying in wait for her, you may tell Sergeant Campbell to guard you in the rear.”

Cadie and guardsman did all that was required of them, but when the mysterious fishwife was clear of the town and the night had closed upon

his exciting day, Gib lay awake on his favorite doorstep fired with a new ambition — he would learn to speak French. Never again should it be said of him that he was actually in a room where plots were being hatched, and not an inkling of their purport could he gain. Never again should he see Mistress MacLean's appealing brown eyes turned towards him, as it seemed, for succor, and be unable to understand what was her will. He had done few errands for her yet, as she had been only a short time in Edinburgh; but the merry word she had ever thrown him, and the glimpses he had caught of her lovely face under the huge calash she wore on the street, had stimulated his speed and his intelligence in her service. Now that he had seen her in the sanctuary of her home; had seen her eating, talking, laughing, weeping; had marked the smallness of her hands, the sheen of her hair, the lightness and grace of her movements; and, above all, had had revealed to him the warmth of her heart and the trouble that seemed to be threatening her happiness, he was her slave.

## CHAPTER II

### WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE

BETWEEN three and four o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th of September, Gib, the cadie, might have been seen careering wildly round a street corner to pounce upon the mighty guardsman, who was sunning himself against a wall, and to hurry him forth to a spot which commanded an unobstructed view across the Nor' Loch.

"Gudesake, sergeant, ye wadna ken ye were born if ye didna see the folk gaun by ye. Look yon'er! Dang my breeks, if the haill o' the dragoons arena fleein' like mad on the Lang Dykes and naebody after them."

The defenders of the city were indeed making remarkably quick time along the country road where Princes Street now stands, and their disgraceful flight was seen by most of the townsfolk who were without doors, whereat the Jacobites among them smiled, while the Whigs looked glum enough.

Touzle-tap lived on excitement during the rest of that day and the succeeding ones. He scarcely remembered what it meant to have the luxury of a bed to sleep in, and a grassy nook in the half-ruined wall near the Netherbow Port was preferable, in

these stirring times, to the roomiest doorstep in the warmest close.

All the town saw the first deputation go forth to treat with Prince Charles for the surrender of Edinburgh, but who, except Touzle-tap, saw a second embassy depart at two in the morning and return, near to five, apparently in the worst of humors.

The night had been dry, though chilly, and the early morning was chillier still. So thought the driver of the hackney-coach in which deputation number two had returned to town, and which was now rattling smartly down the High Street to issue by the Netherbow Port into the Canongate, the coachman hoping to gain an hour's sleep before his day's labor began.

"How's a' wi' ye?" cried Touzle-tap from his cranny. "Did the rebels no gie ye a dram?"

"Haud your whisht aboot rebels and get doon out o' there and gie the guard a cry, ye ill-fa'ard loon."

Gib stretched his thin arms above his head, in a wakeful yawn to straighten himself from his cramped position ere he acceded to the polite request of the driver; but the guard being drowsy and slow, he helped to unhook the gate and let out the belated coach.

No sooner was the port opened than there slipped in first one, then another, then a whole score of tartaned warriors with murderous looking dirks and claymores. It did not take them many seconds to disarm the guard, but Gib was too much interested



to run away. He felt a strong hand in his hair, that pulled his head back far enough for him to look into the laughing face of the quondam fish-wife, now transformed into a braw young Highlandman, in belted plaid of gaudy tartan, with a white cockade in his bonnet.

“Here is the lad that will be showing us the town,” he said; but Touzle-tap had no mind to be coerced. He dodged under the arms of his captor, and made straight away to the quarters of Sergeant Campbell to give him the news.

Roderick was a social soul and dearly loved to be in the midst of affairs, but his native caution warned him to keep within doors upon the present occasion till he saw how matters should shape themselves. So he made no response to the summons of Gib, who danced about him like a fox-terrier barking at a mastiff, but took a pinch of snuff and made one of the grimaces for which he was famous.

My grandfather said Roderick never was much of a talker until garrulous old age loosened his tongue, and even then he had but one theme, his own adventures. He told them in the Gaelic, his favorite language, which he had always used wherever it was understood, though with Gib he had spoken the Lowland dialect the boy picked up in the streets of Edinburgh. Always a very stout man, our great-uncle had also been bald from an early age, and he could wrinkle the scalp of his head into grotesque ridges, most terrible to behold, while the broad expanse of his cheeks and the width



of his mouth assisted in the making of the most diabolical grimaces that ever were seen.

Before the day was ended, both Roderick and Touzle-tap were pressing through the crowd about the Town Cross, where the Prince's proclamation had been read, for a nearer look at the beautiful lady on the white horse, who was distributing white ribbons to all who came for them. She was Mistress Murray, of Broughton, some one said, wife of the Prince's secretary, and His Royal Highness himself was hourly expected.

Roderick took a knot of white ribbon, like the rest, but hid it in his waistcoat, for being a Campbell, and therefore an hereditary foe of the Stuarts, it was not meet that he should be seen sporting Jacobite colors. Touzle-tap, a person of no importance, would have pinned the favor in his bonnet had he owned one, but he tied it through a convenient hole near the shoulder of his jacket, and felt uplifted indeed when Mistress Elspeth MacLean, seeing it there, smiled upon him as she alone could smile.

Poor lassie! Her heart must have been sad enough, for though the romantic side of Prince Charlie's uprising appealed to her as it did to every young person, and many an older one besides, she had only her brother Donald in all the world, and loving him more than king or country, she was fearful what might befall him.

But forebodings were cast to the winds when the Prince made his royal entry into Edinburgh and was fêted and feasted on every hand. Even Elsie

MacLean danced at the first ball in Holyrood with the light heart and the light feet of sweet sixteen. Roderick and the cadie both saw her there, for our great-uncle was on duty as town-guardsmen to keep spectators from intruding upon the floor reserved for the dancers, and he had borrowed a page's suit for Gib, so that he too might have a glimpse of the quality.

Touzle-tap made many errands of importance to the neighborhood of Mistress MacLean, in whatever part of the ballroom she might chance to be, and his eyes and his heart became so filled with the sight of her that even in his old age he could remember how she appeared to him then. She might have passed for a woman of fashion, so rich in texture and coloring was the delicately patterned French silk of the train that flowed from her shoulders, so handsome the lace-trimmed petticoat that showed in front, and so richly jeweled the pointed stomacher. When she lifted her skirt in the dance, one caught glimpses of the small Highland feet in shapely high-heeled embroidered slippers, and even of the blue silk stockings with the gold clocks. In odd contrast to all this finery, she wore her own dark curls, confined by a simple white ribbon, and no suggestion of powder or patch, except a tiny black star on her cheek that did but emphasize the dimple beside it.

A far more elevated person than poor Gib, the cadie, took notice of Elspeth MacLean, even His Royal Highness, who danced with her once, and might have danced with her twice or thrice had

not his double, as Prince Charles laughingly called her brother, taken care to withdraw her from his vicinity.

“What for did he that?” asked Touzle-tap of Roderick indignantly. “She is fit to dance wi’ the Prince and wi’ nane ither. There’s no a bonnier lass in a’ the room, as His Highness kens.”

“Humph! Whaur got she the brows?” replied Sergeant Campbell in disdain, for it was well known in Edinburgh that the parents of Donald and Elsie MacLean had bequeathed to them little more than an overweening pride of ancestry.

“The gown was her mither’s, the cook tellt me,” said Gib, but Roderick made only a contemptuous grimace in reply. He had seen nothing admirable in womankind for many a long year till he had fallen in with the buxom fisher lass who had been more than a match for Jess Campbell, and he was justified in maintaining that regard, for she was no woman whatever, but Captain Hector Buchanan, of the Prince’s staff.

“There she is, dancing wi’ the fishwife,” said Gib, as if that were indeed a lowering of Mistress MacLean, but Roderick remarked, —

“The brawest lad on the floor.”

“He’s no’; though he has a canty conceit o’ himsell. Her ain brither is a finer man than yon. After the Prince there is nane can haud a can’le to Donal’ MacLean, and mony wad deem him a better looker than His Highness. D’ ye think the bonny wee leddy is ta’en wi’ yon muckle man?”

“She might gang farther and fare waur,” said

Roderick, but Touzle-tap was not favorably impressed with Hector Buchanan. Perhaps the odor of the creel adhered to him yet. Like an elfish warlock the cadie hung about the pair, so closely at times that he caught snatches of Hector's ardent wooing of the maid. That the Jacobite officer had fallen deeply in love there was no doubt, and it was likewise plain that he was bent upon the swift courtship of the soldier, who might be here to-day and gone to-morrow. Whether Elsie fancied him or not was another question, and that alone agitated the soul of Touzle-tap.

He looked upon the young lady as one far removed above himself, but who was this Hector Buchanan that he should lift his eyes to her? "Of good Highland family," said Sergeant Campbell, who was an authority upon that as upon most matters; but Gib became filled with an unreasoning hatred of the impertinent rascal, who had the assurance to look with boldly asserted love into the bonny brown eyes of his queen.

"I am yet too young," he heard her say. "I — I have ne'er thought of such things — I care only for my brother." Then raising her eyes beseechingly to look into her partner's, which she had hitherto avoided, she clasped his arm more closely than the dance warranted as she said, —

"Oh, Master Buchanan, if Donald goes out with the Prince, — and I live in dread that he will, — can you keep watch over him?"

"For your sake, dear lady, I can do much more. Try me."

“ You could not do more for me.”

“ I shall guard Donald’s person as if he were indeed the Prince he so much resembles. Need any loyal Jacobite say more ? ”

“ No, no ; I know you will be kind ; but Donald is young, he is but newly home from college, and sometimes I think his head is fair turned by his likeness to the Prince.”

“ He might plume himself more highly upon his likeness to his sweet sister. Know you not that your face is the same perfect oval ” —

“ We were speaking of my brother,” said the little lady, drawing herself up proudly. “ The likeness all remark makes him feel that he of all men must cleave unto His Royal Highness, whatever may betide.”

“ Faith ! ’T will be a lucky resemblance for him when the Prince is established at St. James’s. Will you save a dance for me at our first ball in London, sweet one ? ”

Gib was too much disgusted with the conversation to listen further.

An end came at length to these gala days when many even of the sour-faced Whigs went horn mad about Bonnie Prince Charlie. There was sterner work before the insurgents than these daily receptions and nightly balls. The Castle was still in the hands of the English and there was Sir John Cope somewhere in the neighborhood who must be beaten, if his army would stand long enough to fight. Captain Buchanan was foremost in raising recruits for the Prince, and one of his

first essays was upon Roderick Campbell himself.

“Would you not rather be sergeant in His Majesty’s forces than sergeant of the City Guard?” he asked the big man, when they met by chance in the Grassmarket. “You know, as I do, what sort of sheep you have under you now. Not one of them but was frightened to go out of the port or to come within reach of a broadsword. Look what pretty fellows we have with us.”

Roderick did not retort, as he might well have done, that some of the pretty fellows were badly armed, scantily clad, and so hungry that on their first arrival they had given a terrifying emphasis to their requests for bread and cheese.

“I will be thinking about it,” was our great-uncle’s non-committal reply, as he eyed the fine points of Hector’s horse and brushed some dust off its glossy black neck; but Gib must stick in his word at this juncture.

“Certes! He’ll gang! He tellt me himsell he was out in the Fifteen.”

“Never!” cried Hector. “How old was you?”

“Ten.”

“He’s a Cam’ell, ye ken,” continued Gib, looking about him to make sure that none of “Charlie’s Men” were within hearing. “He gaed wi’ his uncle, wha was hereditary piper to the Duke o’ Argyle, to carry the pipes for him at Sherramuir.”

Roderick gave the lad a cuff on the ear, which served merely as a punctuation mark, and Touzle-tap went on.



“When the fechtin’ began and Rory’s uncle wanted to be at it wi’ his claymore, he gied the pipes to Rory to haud; but wee Rory he got frichted and ran awa wi’ them, and the Cam’ells couldna charge wanting the pibroch.”

“So you were helping our side even then, Rory,” said Buchanan, with a laugh. “Join us again, and I give you my word of honor that none shall ever cast it up to you that your name is Campbell. If I am not much mistaken, we shall meet Mr. Cope in the morning.”

The morning was that of Friday, the 20th of September; and as it was Roderick’s day of relief from his duty as guardsman, nothing was more natural than that he should take a short excursion into the country, even so far as Preston Pans, and be back at his post once more on the Sunday night, looking as if his trip had not been entirely for pleasure.

Touzle-tap found him in his stuffy attic, laboring hard to remove some dull brownish stains from his guardsman’s coat. He had taken off his wig, disclosing his shining bald crown from which at intervals he brought down the perspiration in a shower with his hand. An empty bird-cage hung from a hook in one of the bedposts, while the tenant perched upon the window-sill and whistled, “The King shall enjoy his own again.”

It was its Jacobite proclivities which had thrown the blackbird into the possession of our great-uncle, who in his official capacity had been commanded to arrest the obnoxious songster, the pro-

perty of an attainted barber. It was undoubtedly his duty to have wrung the bird's neck, but he would rather have wrung the barber's.

Gib turned inside out his well-ventilated pockets in search of crumbs for "Jamie Black," ere he pursued his investigations about the room. He lifted the Lochaber axe, Roderick's badge of office, and discovered a fresh dint or two upon its edge, though the blade had been scoured to more than its wonted lustre.

"Whaur hae ye been, Rory Cam'ell?"

"Spending the week end wi' my wife."

"Gey like a whale in a tea-pot!" was the cadie's reply. He laid Rory's long axe upon the floor, and crossing it with the poker began to tiptoe back and forth—a creditable attempt at the sword-dance. Then he leaped into the Highland Fling, snapping his fingers and whooping as he had heard the gallants at the Holyrood ball, till one would have thought there was no breath left in his slim young body; but there was, for he perched himself high beside Jamie Black and in a thin, clear voice, so sweet that it put even the bird to shame, he began to sing:—

"The tartan plaid it is waving wide,  
The pibroch 's sounding up the glen,  
And I will tarry at Auehnaecarry,  
To see my Donald and a' his men.

"And there I saw the King o' them a'  
Was marching bonnily in the van;  
And aye the spell of the bagpipes yell  
Was, 'Turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.'"

Our great-uncle let the boy finish the verse ere



he said, severely, "Sic a rampaging on the Sawbath e'en! The neebors will be hearing you, ye taupie, and they 're Whigs, ilka ane."

Touzle-tap laid himself flat upon the floor at Roderick's feet, clasping his hands behind the red hair that seemed to glow with excitement.

"Ye nicht hae let a body ken ye were gaun," he said in an aggrieved tone. "The hail toon is set up ower the Prince's vict'ry at Gladsmuir—but I'm forgettin' you 're a Cam'ell, a vile Whig-amore."

The big man made a grimace at the boy, primed himself with a pinch from his mull, and continued his vigorous rubbing.

"Cam'ell or no Cam'ell, it will be twa wet days and a dry ane ere ye get slippin' awa without me anither time."

"Ye were thrang at your French," said Roderick, with a grin.

"I was asleep wi' the beuky in my nieve. 'Tis a heap easier to fecht the English than to learn the French. Deil a haet o' it do I ken by sight, and gin I try the speech I juist gang 'Cheep, cheep,' like a chirted puddock."

"Shonny Cope's salve," said the sergeant, by way of consolation, producing a small package, but Touzle-tap was too much at home in town kitchens to be deceived.

"Chocolate, man," said he, and he hied him down the ten or eleven flights of stone stairs in quest of boiling water from a friendly kettle on the ground floor.

“This is what ye get for spoiling the English,” said the boy, when regaling himself out of the sergeant’s mug. “Dang my breeks! What d’ye get for biding at hame?”

“A bonny new naething wi’ a whistle in the end o’ it,” replied Roderick, and it must be allowed that he was the kind of Scot who has the main chance ever in view. Some one must be in front, and why not the Caledonians? Our great-uncle was not of Jacobite family, nor even a Highlander, except by descent upon the father’s side, and therefore could not be expected to be deeply attached to Prince Charles or his cause; but at that time the royal adventurer seemed destined to carry all before him, and why should a laddie like Touzle-tap be chidden for singing, —

“Let howlet Whigs do what they can,  
The Stuarts will be back again.”

## CHAPTER III

### HOW RODERICK FOLLOWED THE PRINCE

HAVING a whimsical fancy for keeping his double near him, the Prince chose Donald MacLean to be one of his own life guards, but the honor was not appreciated by Donald's young sister. When Elsie saw His Royal Highness ride through the town with his staff to join the troops encamped near Arthur's Seat, she added no sound to the noisy adieux of the well-wishers, but let the tears fall unchecked over her blanching cheeks. Jostled by the throng of spectators, scarcely able to see past them, much less to overlook them, none noticed the mournful, drooping little figure, none except a newly-enlisted drummer boy upon whom his duties rested lightly as yet, for he coolly left the ranks to speak to the lady.

"Dinna greet, Mistress MacLean. We'll a' be back ere long wi' the Elector's heid in a charger."

"Oh, Touzle-tap, are you off with the rest?" said the girl, smiling through her tears. A kind word, even from a cadie, was grateful in her friendlessness.

"I am that, Mistress, and it is mysell will be keeping a watch ower Master Donald. I ken a grand place near the port whaur ye can be seeing the last o' him."

The lass was fleet of foot, even as the laddie, and she sped after him so swiftly they reached the city gate from which the Prince was to make his exit some time before the royal party appeared, it being delayed by farewell demonstrations along the route. Perched up beside Gib on the old wall, Elsie relieved her burdened heart by confiding to him her doubts concerning the wisdom of the Jacobite enterprise and her fears for her brother's safety. Not to a person of her own station could she have spoken so freely about Donald, his faults and his virtues, all that she remembered of the days when he and she had played together as children.

"But this is naught to you, Gib. Had you ever a father or mother?"

"Nane that I hae mind o'."

"Then you cannot know what it means to lose them, nor a brother, if you ne'er had one. Oh, my Donald! Mother of God! send him home to me again."

The procession was now in sight, and Gib repented having brought the little lady to see the last of it when he remarked how sorely she was affected. Mr. MacLean saw her not nor dreamt of her proximity as he marched gayly past, laughing and chatting with his comrades after the manner of young men before his day, and since, who go forth to war seeing only its glories; blind to its horrors, and the breaking hearts they leave behind them.

It was a new rôle for the cadie to play; but when all was over he carefully helped the girl down from her position and as carefully guided her home, she

being so much overcome as scarcely to know where she was going. With native tact, the boy led her on to talk more of her childhood in the Highlands, of her convent life in Paris where the Lady Superior had been a second mother to her, and even of her school-girl friends. Elsie could not but feel her companion's genuine interest in all that concerned her and she was comforted thereby, since, unlike Hector Buchanan, Gib asked nothing in return.

"Now I maun be aff to my regiment," he said, with due importance when he had "tired the pin" for her at her own door, and holding out to him her tiny hand the lassie said:—

"The Blessed Virgin have you aye in her holy keeping, Gib, you and my brother."

"And no a word o' Captain Buchanan," thought the boy as he ran off; "but he can leuk after himsell, belike."

When the Jacobite army took up its march southward, Mr. Hector Buchanan, now a captain of artillery, had for sergeant Roderick Campbell, the heaviest man in the force, mounted upon the smallest horse. Indeed he had to crook his knees to keep his feet out of the dust; but though little larger than a Sheltie, "Nanny" was strong enough, having been used to the fish trade in a previous part of Roderick's career. The sergeant never heard, or at least he never told, what Mistress Jess Campbell had to say about his joining the rebels, but it must have been of interest to her intimates, for she was a staunch Whig and a Calvinist to boot.

The true Highlander considers it disgraceful to be corpulent, and Roderick's arrival created much mirth in the ranks, especially when the blackbird in its cage was discovered on a pillion behind him; but little he cared. He would rather be laughed at than ignored — anything to be sociable; and having made some of his choicest grimaces at the younger clansmen, they were slapping him on the back and calling him "Rory" before he had been many hours among them. Jamie Black, too, quickly became accustomed to his new surroundings and piped up his Jacobite ditty so blithely he bade fair to make himself the pet of the whole regiment.

Sergeant Campbell still wore the uniform of the Edinburgh City Guard, but Touzle-tap, the drummer, was dressed in a nondescript fashion not uncommon in the doughty little army of five or six thousand with which Charles Edward set out upon the 31st of October to conquer England.

Our great-uncle never forgot his first sight of that south country, of its undulating, fertile fields, comfortable farm steadings, and sleek, well-fed cattle that differed from the roving herds of the north as did the regular, disciplined soldiers of George, the Usurper, from the troop of wild-eyed, long-haired warriors in the shabby kilts, armed, many of them, only with scythes stuck at the ends of poles.

Charlie's Men felt stifled under a tent roof, and at nightfall would merely dip their plaids in the nearest stream, wrapping them damp about their bodies to withstand the cold of the autumn nights.



Having got hold of a ragged plaid, Touzle-tap adopted this method of keeping himself warm ; for though he had spent most of his nights in the open air he had always sought some sort of shelter, and now there was none. Nor was the lad content till the clausmen had taught him how to adjust the plaid about him in the way that allowed an instantaneous spring from its folds upon a sudden alarm.

The inquiring turn of mind cultivated by the life of a cadie was likely to last the boy till the end of his days and make him eager to be informed upon any new subject that presented itself. Curiosity is vicious only when applied to the affairs of our neighbors.

The night that was spent in Preston by the Jacobite army, our great-uncle heard the younger officers singing lustily in the parlor of the inn, and he drew nearer to catch the words of the chorus: —

“ Come let us drink a health, boys,  
 A health unto our king ;  
 We ’ll drink no more by stealth, boys,  
 Come, let our glasses ring ;  
 For England must surrender,  
 To him they call Pretender ;  
 God save our faith’s defender  
 And our true lawful king.”

Roderick could be stirred by music when nothing else would move him. So roused was he by the lads’ singing he opened the door and slipped quietly into the room where they sat at table ; or I should not say “ sat,” for they were toasting King James with Highland honors. Each man had one

foot on his chair, the other on the table, and his glass raised high in hand while the leader shouted, in the Gaelic —

“Up with it! Up with it! Up with it!”

Then the pipers broke into a pibroch and Rory felt the last drop of Campbell blood ooze out of his veins. He was ready to go through fire and water for Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Donald MacLean caught sight of him, near the door, and drew Captain Buchanan across the room to learn his sergeant's errand. Our great-uncle was never a respecter of persons, and he looked upon these young officers as a pair of boys, not to be taken seriously. He had not been reared in the army, and the habit of deference to juvenile superiors is hard to acquire after one has passed the fortieth meridian.

“What is your business?” asked Hector shortly.

Roderick did not reply in words, but he drew down the corners of his mouth and shook his head.

“You mean that you have been unsuccessful with your recruiting in this town?”

“Ay.”

“The folk have not forgot our discomfiture here in the year '15,” said Donald MacLean. “I noted how they glowered at us as we came in.”

“I hope we will be doing better in Manchester,” said Hector.

“I am for going on there ahead of the regiment.”

“You're mad, Rory!”



“I will be going.”

Captain Buchanan rose on his dignity. He had winked at his sergeant's freedom of speech and action in private, but this sort of thing was unpardonable before an outsider, and that outsider the brother of one with whom he would fain improve his standing.

“Go one step, Sergeant Campbell, and it is hanged you will be for your trouble.”

Roderick drew down the corners of his mouth still further, twitched one of his big ears, and withdrew, to ruminate. Manchester was a big place. It was not likely to succumb to the army of the Prince — after it was seen; at a distance the Jacobites were terrible. Was it not therefore the part of a sensible man to secure what recruits he could in advance? These cock-sure young officers did not know enough to take advantage of the talents and good will of the men under them; it was high time they learned.

Next morning Mr. Buchanan's tall black mare, Queen Mary, was missing, also his drummer boy, and the captain vowed swift vengeance upon Rory when obliged to mount the diminutive nag of his sergeant, for the twenty-mile ride into Manchester.

Halfway, there met and joined the army one hundred and fifty recruits, led by Touzle-tap, drumming proudly in front, while in the rear was Roderick, an imposing figure upon Queen Mary. His captain refused to take any notice of him beyond ordering an immediate exchange of horses;

but when Donald MacLean came up bearing the Prince's compliments to Captain Buchanan for his forethought in having sent such successful emissaries to Manchester, Hector unbent so far as to listen to an account of the exploit with which the excadie was bursting.

"The Manchester folk thocht when we cam on sae bold-like at the skreigh o' day, that the haill army was at Rory's back; but there was naething ahint him but Jamie Black, for I was at Queen Mary's heid drumming gey bonnily."

"Who is Jamie Black?"

"The blackbird. Ye ken Rory wad ne'er leave him behind. When the townsfolk began to jalousie that we were a' oor lane, they set up an unco roar, and the sergeant had to keep turning Queen Mary round and round to front them. He made the deil's ain faces at the clamjamfrie and waved his Lochaber axe frae side to side, for I tellt him to ca' the heid frae ony ane that meddled wi' us."

"Oh, you did, did you? And what happened then?"

"Seeing us in sic grand fechtin' fettle, the Jacobites creepit out o' their holes and stood by us. To keep them frae creeping in again we brocht them alang, and a braw company they will mak'. Wha's like us? Deil a mony!"

"Well!" laughed Donald MacLean. "The deil's bairns have their daddy's luck. I must tell the Prince that it speaks well for the success of our expedition when a town of forty thousand can be taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a blackbird."

A letter from Master MacLean to his sister lies before me, yellow with age.

King James' Inn  
(Formerly called the King George),  
DERBY, *4th December, 1745.*

MY DEAREST ELSIE, — Ere this reaches Edinburgh you will doubtless have heard the gladsome news that we are thus far advanced upon our march Southward, even into the very heart of England. The Jacobite gentlemen have not joined us in such numbers as we had been led to expect from their flattering letters to the Prince. Can it be that they are dead to Honour and Loyalty and think but of saving their Estates? And yet these very men will be over-ready to pay court to Prince Charles when once he is proclaimed Regent at St. James'.

Every bridge on our route hath been destroyed by the Elector's orders, but the Prince was the first to plunge into the Mersey, up to his waist, and when he arrived, all dripping, upon the further bank, there awaited him an old dame from Stockport who had brought the sum raised by the sale of all her Possessions to lay at his feet.

“My mother held me in her arms at Dover,” said she, “to see the return of Charles the Second, and now that mine old eyes have looked upon Charles the Third, I can close them in peace.”

Truly we have God on our side and we that are fighting for His Divinely Anointed need not to fear for Cumberland and his legions of Mercenaries. Prince Charles is of so merciful a temper he

wishes not to slay one of his father's subjects, and hath enjoined Clemency even towards a villainous Assassinator who strove to compass his death. There will be no massacre but a peaceful occupation of London. Scarce can I sleep this night when I think that to-morrow's sun will see us upon the march thither, to be welcomed by the Acclamations of an Enfranchised People.

There is an army or two on the watch to intercept us, but think you the slow-footed Sassenach will ever make up to our clansmen? Neither infantry nor cavalry can catch us. The Usurper's men and horses must be fed by the way while the Highlanders live by snuffing the west wind — the south wind it is in this case, blowing the odours from the thousands of London kitchens wherein the Feasts of Welcome are being prepared.

Our sweet Prince is worthy of all the love and loyalty due unto a sovereign. I would that more of his subjects could see him marching so happily afoot at the head of our troops, or walking a mile with this clan, a mile with that, questioning the men about their Traditions and their Ancestry (for you know the poorest among us lacks not length of Lineage), and ever picking up new expressions in the Gaelic. Never hath he complained of the roughness of the road, or the coarseness of the fare, though once did fatigue so overtake him that he well-nigh slept, leaning upon my shoulder as we walked.

I could write you for hours upon the charms of our sweet Prince, but I must not further inflame

your girlish Imagination, having in mind that you were overmuch flattered by the attention His Royal Highness paid you at the Holyrood ball. Far safer were it for you to think upon Captain Buchanan, who is never done talking about you when we are alone. Hector is of our own rank, though perhaps not quite so old a family, and a brave soldier, worthy of any maiden's fancy.

He hath much trouble with his Sergeant, one Roderick Campbell, whom you may remember in the Town Guard. Rory gangs his ain gate here even as he did there, but he is too valuable a man to lose and an excellent piper, forbye. In truth, whenever the progress of the Campaign doth not please our men, there are many of them will hie them homewards with any plunder they can collect by the way.

I have mine own affliction in Gib, or Touzletap, the caddie, who drums away at my heels, where he hath no call to be, and shadows me, day and night as though he sought a chance to murder me; but he is a faithful vagabond, nevertheless, so I forgive him, faithful to me, and faithful to the Cause, which many of higher rank in the land are not.

There are dissensions among our leaders already, — but these are no matters for a woman's ears, so Adieu, my beloved sister,

Your Brother,

DONALD MACLEAN.

## CHAPTER IV

### HOW RODERICK LEFT THE PRINCE

EVEN when he was an old, old man, Roderick Campbell could not refrain from calling down maledictions upon the advisers of Prince Charles, who caused him to turn back from Derby instead of going on to London, which he might easily have taken at that time. Our great-uncle therefrom lost all interest and hope in the undertaking, as did many others in the army, not excepting the Prince himself.

The return march was begun before daybreak, and the rank and file were not at once aware how they were heading. Roderick used to say that 'Touzle-tap was the first to discover the change of direction — from a hen-roost he had visited the day before ; though there had been a small amount of pillaging when the Highlanders had their faces set towards London, compared with what began when they were turned the other way.

“If it is back to the North we are going,” they said, “it will not be empty-handed.”

“Is this the battle we were to be fighting, and the London we were to see?”

“Is this the way we will be placing our Prince upon the throne of his fathers?”



His Royal Highness was no longer the light-hearted lad he had been on the southward tramp. He now rode, instead of walking, and there were others who followed his example, though they had to "lift" the horses by the way.

Though famous for swift marches, the Highlanders had too much respect for "The Musket's Mother" to leave her behind. Thus it happened that the few cannon sent them from France proved a hindrance rather than a help, delaying the progress northward, so that the Duke of Cumberland with two thousand foot and as many horsemen caught up to the rear of the Jacobite army.

Roderick had spied a dragoon or two on a distant hilltop earlier in the day, but Captain Buchanan, being on ill terms with his sergeant, gave no heed to his warning. Touzle-tap did.

"Lend me Nanny," said he, "and I will ride on and bid Lord George to come back and help us," for the main body of the army had advanced so far as the town of Penrith. Roderick yielded the pony without a word and seated himself upon a gun-carriage from which he had frequently to dismount and lend his mighty shoulder for shoving a wheel out of the mud.

Happily, the last cross-road had been passed before Cumberland's dragoons fell upon the Jacobites, and there were thick thorn hedges bordering the highway, that prevented the Duke from surrounding and cutting off the detachment, as he had planned; but he charged furiously upon the rear, and how long could the clansmen resist him?

True, they had learned at Gladsmuir that a cavalry horse hit upon the nose will wheel suddenly and leave his rider at the mercy of the claymore. Each time the dragoons drew back to gain room for a fresh assault, the Highlanders also turned and ran at full speed to overtake their precious artillery, which kept struggling ahead ; then faced about once more, ready for the cavalry charge. For a whole mile was this plan of attack and defense continued, and the quiet country road turned into a bedlam of desperate fighting.

“ Will the rear guard be able to keep them at bay till we get word to Penrith ? ” was the anxious thought in the mind of Captain Buchanan. Queen Mary was the fastest horse in the whole army ; he himself would ride forward upon her and let the Prince know of their dire extremity. But swinging swiftly round the first turn of the road, Queen Mary had a narrow escape of breaking her own neck and her rider’s by colliding with a red-headed boy on a pony.

“ What the hell are you about ? ” roared Hector.

“ They’re comin’ ! They’re comin’ ! ” shouted Touzle-tap. “ Camerons, and Frasers, and the hail brewin’ o’ them.”

The captain pulled up his horse and listened.

Yes, that is *Donald Dubh*, the pibroch of Lochiel, and there ! The first of the clansmen are already in sight. On they come, running like mountain deer, keen for the fray, — Gordons, MacPhersons, MacDonnells ; who shall be first to drink the blood of the Sassenach ?



Slash! Slash! go the dirks through thorn hedges that had lacerated bare knees, and, no longer bound to keep on the defensive, the rear guard join in the terrible charge upon the foe, now drawn up in an enclosure near Clifton Hall. Lord George Murray loses both hat and wig in a brier bush, but bareheaded he leads on the Highlanders till the English are chased back to the open heath and Cumberland made thankful for the gathering darkness that covers his retreat.

There has never been another battle fought upon English soil, my grandfather said, and proud was he that this last was won by the Jacobites. But they were frantic to feel the Scottish ground once more beneath their feet, and it was not the River Esk that could detain them, though that stream, lamb-like in summer, was then a lion indeed. Its swiftness, more than its depth, was to be dreaded, and two rows of horsemen were stationed in the current some distance apart, to break its velocity. Between them, the tired Highlanders, who had marched throughout the night before and were now soaked by the pouring rain, strode into the river, shoulder to shoulder, ten or twelve abreast, holding each other by the jacket-neck so that none might lose his footing.

Roderick placed Jamie Black high and dry upon Nanny's back while he walked at her head, and incidentally caught Gib by the hair as he was sweeping off in the current.

"All over, Campbell?" asked Captain Buchanan from his perch on Queen Mary.

“All but twa-three useless hizzies that hae slipt awa doon stream and been droont.”

“A grand woman-hater you are, Rory,” said Hector with a laugh. What mattered the fate of a few camp followers if he and his sergeant were friends again?

Roderick fell heir to a set of pipes whose owner had fallen at Clifton, and he struck up a strathspey so lively he soon had the volatile Highlanders dancing and singing around the fires they had kindled to dry their clothes; those garments which had been so variously augmented upon the homeward march that the wearers looked like the witches in “Macbeth.” Our great-uncle could mind but one of the songs they sang, and it was,

“Carle an the king come, Carle an the king come,  
Thou shalt dance and I will sing, Carle an the king come.

“An somebody were come again, then somebody maun cross the  
main,  
And every man shall hae his ain, Carle an the king come.”

Even the heartsick Prince, trying to sleep in the open air on a pillow of broom, felt his spirits rise once more and dreamed that with so many loyal hearts in his service all could not be lost. English lords might be faithless to their promises, English peasants surly and resentful, Scotland was still his own.

It seemed so indeed, when the Jacobite army doubled itself in a few short weeks after its return, and General Hawley’s dragoons ran away from it at Falkirk as briskly as General Cope’s had done at Preston Pans. The English at Falkirk were

equal in number to the Scots and far better equipped, but for once the weather fought for the Stuarts. The wind and rain that beat upon the faces of the cavalry on their charge up the hill assailed only the broad backs of the Highlandmen as they rushed downwards into the smoke of the enemy's guns, firing their muskets but once and throwing them away. Should a clansman fall, he did not stop fighting, but struck out with his dirk at the belly of the horse passing over him and often succeeded in pulling a rider from the saddle by the heels.

Loving horses more than men, Roderick could not find it in his heart to harm one of the "bonnie beasties;" but when he saw Donald MacLean dismount an English officer from a handsome light chestnut, whose pretty white stockings were stained with mire and blood, he concluded that Master MacLean was capable of fighting his own battle, and that it behooved him, Roderick, to look after the horse. It was a high one, very different from wee Nanny, upon whom he could almost step from the ground; and Roderick being stout, as I have said, he might not have managed to mount had not Gib been at hand to give him "a leg up."

"See to Nanny, will ye?" he shouted to Touzle-tap, as the steed carried him off. "She is wi' Jamie Black ower yon'er."

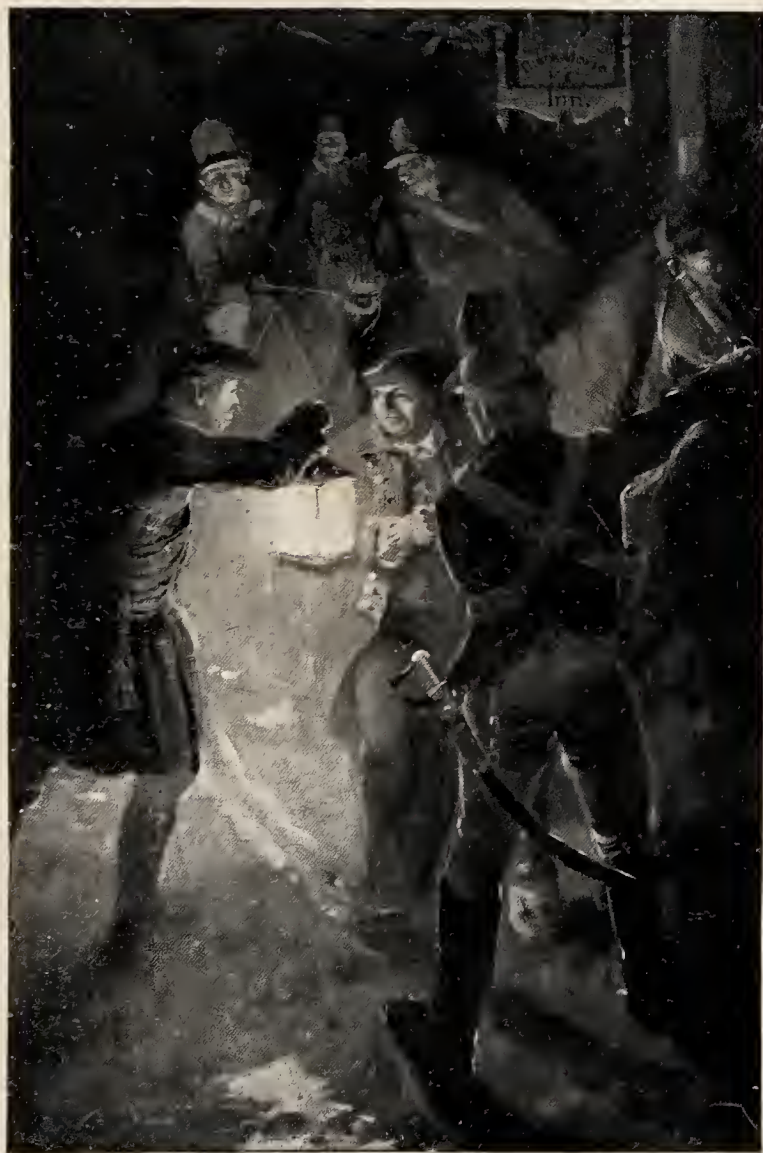
The noble charger cocked up his ears as the English buglers sounded a retreat, and dashed off in that direction at full speed. In vain did Roderick saw at the bridle and attempt to turn him towards

that part of the field where the bagpipes were sounding. How he managed to stay on I never could understand, for our grandfather said his uncle was no great horseman. It must have been his notorious adaptability and nothing else that preserved him while his captor kept up a long plunging gallop, over bodies of friend and foe, never slackening speed till he overtook the remnants of the regiment to which he belonged and with a shrill whinny placed himself at its head.

It was pitch dark and the English troopers were in too great haste to gain shelter from the stinging gusts of wind and rain that continued to beset them, to notice who was, or rather who was not, on their captain's horse. A light from the window of the first cottage in Falkirk village revealed something unfamiliar in the shape of the Captain's hat. At the next lighted window was discovered a marvelous increase in the captain's size.

"A rebel, by thunder!" cried the nearest trooper, seizing the bridle of the chestnut horse, which began to shake itself, like a spaniel coming out of the water, as if anxious to be rid of the incubus. Had Roderick been a younger or a more active man, he might have slipped off in the darkness and made good his escape, but he was past the age for trying experiments and therefore stood stolidly in the road where he had dismounted. A lantern was held up to his face and he twitched the muscles of it into grotesque grimaces.

"A madman, I will be thinking," said he who held the light; but the others were not so sure.



"A REBEL, BY THUNDER!"





“I am a Campbell,” said Roderick, noticing the set of colors in the fillibeg of the man with the lantern.

“What the devil is it to us how you are called,” said a dragoon. “What have you done with our captain? Bring him along, Dougal, and we’ll get leave to shoot him straightway.”

The disgusted, dispirited troopers flung themselves off their horses in the yard of the tavern in Falkirk, and three of them escorted Roderick to the inn parlor, where a couple of equally disgusted and dispirited officers were drying themselves before the fire. To our great-uncle’s surprise, the younger of these was in Highland uniform — the Campbell tartan again.

“Sir John Falstaff, by Jove!” cried the senior officer, an Englishman, when Roderick was brought in.

“My name it is Campbell.”

“It iss false,” said the lantern bearer, who had followed the group.

“How so?” demanded the officer.

“There will be no Campbells among the rebels.”

“None of you saw me among the rebels,” said Rory, turning upon his accuser. “I was but bringing home the horse.”

“What became of its owner?” asked the Highland officer.

“I will not be telling you. The beastie was alone when I caught it and I thought it would be safer off the field.”

“Likewise yourself.”

“Just that! My uniform is somewhat the worse for wear, but you may see for yourself it is that of the Edinburgh Town Guard. None of us love a battle.”

“Pray, what do you then so far from home?”

“A wee bit change.”

The Scot smiled as he translated Rory’s defense to his brother officer, who quoted carelessly from King Lear, —

“An thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou ’lt take cold shortly.”

“If variety was all your desire, sirrah,” he continued, “you might have listed in one of the new companies Lieutenant Campbell here is even now helping to raise for King George in the Highlands.”

“I am no sodger, only a puir piper.”

“We will soon be judging how poor a piper you are,” said Lieutenant Campbell. “Bring Malcolm’s hither, Dougal.”

The Highlander at the rear left the room and shortly returned with a beautiful set of pipes which many a man might have been nervous at the playing, but not our great-uncle. He expanded his broad chest, taking in a deep breath and blowing it out again in “The Campbells are coming.”

The officer was impressed, so was the private, and while his superiors spoke apart, Dougal addressed himself to Roderick.

“Are you from the West Country?”

“My grandfather came from there, but I was brought up in Fife.”



“You talk like a damned Lowlander.”

“My Gaelic is as good as your own.”

“If you offer to say that again, I will put my dirk into you.”

“No, you will not.”

“And why will I not?”

“Because no Campbell ever struck an unarmed man.”

“What makes you think I am a Campbell?”

“I have eyes in my head and I know the tartan.”

“But know not that all of the Black Watch wear the Campbell colors. Oh, ho! a pretty Whig are you.”

“I know as well as yourself that it was the darkness of our clan tartan that gave your regiment its name, and I know too that it was raised to keep watch for King George in the Highlands; but what do you here? I thought that the Black Watch objected to take the field against its misguided kindred, the Jacobites, and that the regiment was far south.”

“We are one of the new companies, as you have heard, and you have heard too that our lieutenant is a Campbell, though I am not, and are thinking that calling yourself Campbell will be saving your life, but it will not.”

Dougal's opinion came to be Roderick's also early the next morning when peeping through the closed shutters of the upper room of the inn, where he was confined, he saw the troopers bring

in the dead body of their captain from the field of battle and heard them swear to have his own life in revenge. The two officers had postponed his further examination over night and our great-uncle hoped they had forgotten his existence, but he was undeceived on putting his ear to the floor of his room to catch the drift of what was passing below.

“I misdoubt but you will have to let that fat piper go free,” said the lieutenant of the Black Watch.

“Why so?” asked the English officer.

“The pipers of our company assert that be he Campbell or rebel, the man is a piper, a non-combatant, and not a tune will they be playing so long as he is imprisoned.”

“What matters it whether they play or not?”

“Little to the English regiments, I grant you, but it is nothing I can do with my clansmen wanting the pipes.”

“Pretty kind of discipline!” laughed the other. “I dare not let Sir John Falstaff be seen at large, lest the dragoons should mutiny, for they look upon him as the slayer of their captain.”

“Leave him to me,” said Lieutenant Campbell. “Dougal and I will spirit him away so cleverly, the troopers shall never know that he is yet alive.”

Our great-uncle heaved a sigh of relief, for life is sweet, even to the stoutest among us. He felt refreshed after a good night’s rest under a roof, for the first time in many weeks, but was desperately hungry and therefore concerned chiefly

about his inner man when Dougal brought him some bread and cheese.

“I wonder you can eat, when so near the end of your tether,” said the Highlandman.

“If you had faced death as oft as I, my good man,” replied Roderick, “the prospect would ne’er make you lose your appetite nor an hour’s sleep.”

“’T were a sad pity to turn to clay so bold a callant. What would you be doing for me now if I let you out?”

“I would be reporting you to your lieutenant for neglect of duty. The innocent man need fear no jailer.”

“But if the lieutenant himself, a Campbell you see, wished you to escape” —

“By lawful means, I have no manner of objection,” replied Roderick loftily.

“One of our pipers was killed in the fight yesterday. The lieutenant is willing you should have his place if you are prepared to take the oath.”

“I took it langsyne when I entered the Town Guard.”

“But you must renew it before witnesses.”

“And if I will not?”

“Then the dragoons will have leave to take you before their general, whose name is not Campbell.”

Our great-uncle cannot be severely censured for yielding to circumstances and taking the oath of allegiance to King George, though our grandfather was most unwilling to confess that he had done so.

## CHAPTER V

### ON DRUMMOSSIE MUIR

MEANWHILE, "Retreat" seemed still to be the watchword of the Prince's army. Since the first fatal backward step at Derby, it knew not where to stop. No advantage was gained by the victory at Falkirk, much time was wasted in the digging of silly trenches before Stirling Castle, and at last, driven fairly into a corner, the doomed army allowed the Duke of Cumberland to cross the Spey without opposition, and in bitterness of heart heard his band strike up, ironically, into the tune,

"Will you play me fair play,  
Bonnie-laddie, Highland laddie?"

Cumberland was convinced that Prince Charlie and his men would never dare face him in battle, that he had but to chase them from Inverness into their native mountains and keep up the sport of hunting them in detachments throughout the summer; but meet him they did on the moor of Drum-mossie, in front of Culloden House.

My grandfather, as I have said, was never in Scotland, and yet the tears would run down his old cheeks when he told us of that fatal fight, even though all he knew of it he had heard from

his great-uncle who was then upon the English side, though not as a combatant. Roderick swore solemnly that he never lifted a weapon against his old comrades in arms.

It was merely his passion for seeing all that was going on which took him into the thick of the battle where he watched the worn-out, half-starved Highlandmen throw themselves desperately against the triple wall of steel that Cumberland had ready for them. Heretofore, the English, whether horse or foot, had been unable to resist the terrific charge of the clansmen, but now they had learned to receive it, — the front rank kneeling, the second bending forward, the third standing upright, all with fixed bayonets. They had been told too, Roderick said, not to aim at the man directly in front but at the first to the left whose target would not be on guard. Thus they bayoneted their hundreds while the cannon mowed down hundreds more of those gallant souls who had risked and lost all for their rightful king.

Roderick was drawn to return to the battle-field late in the afternoon, when all who could escape had left it; but the sight of some of Hawley's dragoons, rifling the pockets of dead or dying Highlanders, tearing off their clothes while splashing one another with blood in high glee, almost cured him of his curiosity, and he seated himself upon a gun carriage to be out of sight of the butchers.

It had poured rain most of the day, but as he

sat there, looking about him, the sun shone out for a few moments upon that sorry plain. Suddenly, the loud, clear whistle of a blackbird sounded close at hand. Roderick cautiously glanced around and saw his own pet bird perched upon a demolished cannon. It was the spring of the year; other songsters were calling their love-notes from the neighboring fields, why should Jamie Black keep silent? He hopped still higher, and opening his yellow bill sang out bravely, "The King shall enjoy his own again."

More than one wounded Highlander raised himself upon his elbow for a glimpse of the bonny bird, and a faint cheer went up in response to its hopeful song; but the same had reached other ears. One of the dragoons paused in his hellish amusement, and the next moment, raising his musket, took deliberate aim at the blackbird. Roderick sprang up from his hiding-place, waving his arms, yelling like a madman, and, with never a look behind, Jamie Black flew off to seek a mate in the free country side, while the trooper's musket blazed in vain.

"What the devil did you that for?" he shouted at Roderick in a rage; but our great-uncle wrinkled his cheeks into one of his hideous grimaces and made no reply.

"You cannot scare me with your faces, for I have seen you before," said the dragoon, as he reloaded. "You are the rebel piper who stole our captain's horse."

Roderick ducked behind the cannon, the shot



went over his head, and before the trooper could aim at him again, a messenger was hailing the fiendish group.

“A barn across there! Full of wounded rebels, most of them officers! We have set it afire! Come, help us surround the place and stick any that get out!”

The chance of roasting rebels at the bayonet-end was too good sport to go begging, and the whole of the troopers hurried off. Roderick went over to the place where they had been, for he thought he recognized the head of the last man they had robbed. Sure enough, it was Hector Buchanan, stone dead, to all appearance; but his late sergeant put his hand upon his heart and found it still beating.

“He must be stunned, or in a faint,” said Roderick to himself. “He is not the man to be stripped to his shirt without striking a blow if he had his senses. I must give him a dram.”

Hector Buchanan came to himself, coughing, and spitting blood.

“What the deuce have you done with my clothes, Sergeant?” said he so soon as he could speak. “And where have you been since you were killed at Falkirk? Is this meeting in Hades?”

“Are you much hurted?”

“How am I to know till you take this load off my legs? Queen Mary was shot under me and that is the last I remember.”

The noble mare was lying dead near her master.



“Patting her back will not bring her to life again,” said Hector impatiently, for his teeth were chattering with cold. “Come and help me up.”

Roderick tried to set him on his feet, but found that he could not stand.

“Queen Mary must have crushed your leg when she fell. Are you hit anywhere?”

“A bullet went through my chest, but that will not kill me, I know. Get me my clothes, Rory, like a good fellow.”

Roderick went out of his sight and pulled the coat and breeches off a dead dragoon; but when he brought the garments to Captain Buchanan, that gentleman swore at him roundly.

“Am I a dog to be seen in the uniform of the Usurper?”

“’T is your only chance of escape, sir. Every road and path leading from the muir is well watched. Hawley’s men have stolen your clothes; they owe you a suit.”

Grumbling, Hector allowed himself to be dressed, a painful operation, but it was over at last, even to the boots and spurs, the sword and helmet of one of Hawley’s dragoons.

“All you want now is a horse. You would not object even to wee Nanny, I am thinking.”

“Object? I would ride a milch cow to get out of this cursed place. Off with you and fetch your pony.”

“I would I knew where she was.”

“She was in the battle, I am sure of that, with

Touzle-tap on her back. I saw them but a few minutes before I was thrown."

"The gowk! Why did he not leave her safe in the rear? Bide ye here a bittie and I will see if I cannot come upon a horse, or even a cuddy. I could not carry ye far on my back."

"I am like to bide here for awhile," said Hector ruefully.

The daylight lasted late that April night, though the sun had long since withdrawn behind a thick mourning veil of clouds and there poured upon the moor a steady rain, discouraging to plunderers. Strange figures began to appear here and there upon the edges of the battlefield, and anxious faces peered hither and thither through the gathering mist to make sure than none of the dragoons yet lingered.

"Women!" growled Roderick, as he strode towards the open. He tried to avoid them, but turn which way he would it was impossible to escape the sound of bitter lamentation, as a husband, a brother, a son, or a lover was discovered dead or sorely wounded.

"No place for them," continued Roderick to himself. "It ought to be forbid. Certes! Here's one coming on a powney. The cutty! I'll soon put her off that."

His determination so to do was strengthened as he drew nearer and saw that the horse was undoubtedly his own nag, Nanny. The woman upon her back was a slight slip of a girl, wrapped in a large cloak with a hood which came over her head,

hiding her face. Nanny was being led by a circuitous route with the evident intention of avoiding the more gruesome of the spectacles presented on every hand.

“Hey, there! I will thank you to give up my horse.”

The tall, tattered lad who held the bridle lifted his eyes from the ground at the sound of Rory’s voice.

“Gude guide us!” said he. “D’ye no ken a body? Rory Cam’ell, ye’re a sicht for sair een,” and with a joyful cry Touzle-tap sprang across some intervening dead men and clasped his arms about Roderick’s neck. He had been a man but a moment since, leading a lady’s horse; now he was a boy again, a cadie, embracing his oldest friend.

“Wha’s yon?” asked Roderick in a whisper.

“Hush! It is the bonny wee leddy.”

“Mistress MacLean?”

“Ay.”

“And how, in the name o’ a’ the deevils, did she win here?”

“She can’ to Inverness awhile sin’ to stay wi’ frien’s and be near her brither. When she kent o’ the battle naught wad dae but she maun come to the muir to look for him.”

“Daft limmer! Whaur fell she in with you?”

“Ower yon’er. Her frien’s wad come nae farder, but I said I wad tak’ her on.”

“Weel, ye can tak’ her back now, for I am wanting Nanny.”

“I will bring her to ye when I hae ta'en Mistress MacLean whaur she wills.”

“Oh haith! The mice are ower-gaun the rats a' thegither. I am wanting the horse this verra minute.”

“Ye canna hae her. She is mine! Ye gied her to me yoursell.”

“I did naething o' the kind, ye leein' scoondrel. Tak' your baggage off my powney and be damned to you.”

“I will not,” cried Gib, white with rage.

“You dare me to tak' my ain?”

“That I dae — deserter!”

The boy hissed the word close into Roderick's ear, and the big man raised his arm to fell him with a blow, but the back of his hand encountered the soft muzzle of Nanny who had been stepping gingerly forward during the dialogue, and was now whinnying with delight at the reunion with her old master. Rory could do no less than stroke her nose. The hood had slipped from Elsie's head, and the rain beat upon her soft dark hair that curled all the more tightly for the dampness.

“Oh, Mr. Campbell,” she said, “have you seen aught of my brother Donald?”

“No; but that he is not here I can swear, for I have been over every foot of the ground this afternoon.”

“Praise to the saints!” cried the girl, lifting her eyes to the gloomy heavens.

“Gib will take you back into the town.”

“He cannot do that, for he would be arrested.”

My friends knew the officer in charge of the guard at the turn of the road and he hath given me a pass to go back, but I must go alone."

"Then you will be having no more use for the powney."

"She mauna walk back there alane," broke in Touzle-tap passionately. "Rather wad I be ta'en a thousand times than see her do it."

Elsie slipped lightly to the ground.

"I do not wish to keep your horse, indeed, Sergeant Campbell. I doubt not you require him for some poor wounded man."

"Just that!" said Roderick gruffly. "Touzle-tap here must come to give me a lift with him on to her back."

"I winna leave the leddy," said Gib stoutly. "I maun see her in safety ere I gie a lift to ony man, e'en the Prince himsell."

Elsie put her hand on the lad's arm.

"Come, Gib," she whispered, "I will go too."

The boy straightened himself into a man again at her touch and made the military salute he had learned in his winter of soldiering. It was the one piece of etiquette he knew.

"Juist as the leddy pleases," he replied; and without more ado Roderick took Nanny by the bridle and the two followed him across the blood-stained moor. The way was rough and there were many painful sights in view — the romance of war had yielded to its wretchedness. Elsie would fain have stopped to offer help here and there, but Gib had her by the hand and he drew her on.

“We will be losing sight of him gin we wait,” he said, nodding towards Roderick in front.

“You were wrong, Gib, to think he wanted the pony for himself. I am sure Sergeant Campbell hath a good heart.”

“Middlin’, Mistress MacLean. I ken him as weel as if I had been up and doon through him wi’ a lighted can’le. Whaur’s he been hiding himsell sin’ the luck turned against us?”

“He may have been wounded, or a prisoner, or helping some one else who was.”

Touzle-tap laughed.

“He was helping himsell to a bonny big horse the last I saw of him at Falkirk. Na, na, Mistress MacLean, Roderick Cam’ell looks out for Rory. He wadna dae muckle for Gudesake, gin the deil were deid.”

Despite his anger at our great-uncle, the homeless, friendless cadie was like a woman in his sympathy for “the bonny wee leddy” in her fears and her tears.

“Master MacLean maun hae gotten clean aff,” he said to her cheerfully.

“But I will never know.”

“I will go seek him for you and never rest till I find him.”

“Will you?” cried Elsie eagerly, clasping his hand more tightly. “That is a good, brave boy;” but Gib, who was feeling himself very much of a man, was not flattered. Still less was he pleased when he discovered the identity of the wounded man for whom Nanny had been demanded.



“Why, it is Master Buchanan,” said Elsie, and then, overcome with shyness, she retired behind the broad back of Roderick, who was bending over his charge; but Hector had caught a glimpse of her, and he held out his hand.

“Mistress MacLean! Sure ’t is worth while to be wounded, to die even, for a sight of your winsome face.”

Gib heaved a great sigh. That was the way to talk to a bonny lady. Would he ever learn it? But Roderick was not the man to allow a waste of time or words. With the help of Touzle-tap he lifted Hector upon the horse and bade him hold on with his arms, for his legs were of no use to him.

“I will lead the beastie off the muir.”

“And what then, sergeant?” asked Hector gayly. His spirits rose so soon as he found himself in motion. Elsie came forward with some timidity.

“If once we were back to the highroad, I could guide Mr. Buchanan to a by-path leading to the house of my friends, who would, I am sure, conceal and care for him till he is strong enough to seek refuge elsewhere. They said they would do as much for Donald, had I found him.”

“But think of the risk they run, my dear lady,” said Hector. “Rest assured there will be rewards offered for the apprehension of every rebel, and those who harbor them may land in prison.”

“These ladies are Whigs; they will not be suspected.”

Our great-uncle scorned the plan, being a wo-



man's, but Hector by this time knew Elsie well enough to be aware she was not one who lightly accepted responsibility. She never undertook more than she felt herself able to carry through, and if she undertook the charge of himself — Good ! He knew he would be well cared for.

Having nothing better to propose, Roderick gave way at length and led Nanny forward while Gib and Elsie brought up the rear. The darkness was setting in and the rain had dwindled to a steady drizzle, but Touzle-tap, though wet to the skin, had never in his life been so happy. Wrapping Elsie's cloak more closely about her and drawing the hood over her head, he kept hold of her elbow to help her over the numerous obstructions, and sometimes lifted her bodily in his arms to carry her over a bad bit. She thought no more of that than if it had been a gillie lifting her across a swollen burn in her childhood ; but to Gib the moments that he so held her were set apart among all the moments, days, and years of his young life. He was protecting her ; what his own peril might be was of no consequence whatever. That it was real and imminent he was soon to realize.

## CHAPTER VI

### AFTER CULLODEN

WHEN the little party came out upon a road leading to Inverness, there was some debate as to the proper course to pursue, but the discussion was rudely cut short by the sound of horses' hoofs upon the highway.

"Dragoons!" cried Hector.

"Leave them to me," Roderick said. "You faint, sir, on the back of the powney. Gib, you rin awa'!"

There were four troopers and a sergeant, evidently patrolling the road, and they at once surrounded the refugees, including Touzle-tap, who had disdained Roderick's advice. Not for worlds would he leave "the bonny wee leddy" in the face of danger.

"Who goes there?" shouted the sergeant, from the back of his tall horse.

"Piper, Black Watch, bringing home wounded trooper," replied Roderick.

"That is a lie at the outset. The Black Watch is many leagues hence."

"I belong to one of the new companies."

"Have you a permit from your officer to be in this place at this time?"

“My certie! I never thought of asking it,” said Roderick with a laugh. “Being but a piper, I go and come as I please.”

“Piper or not, it behooves you to give a better account of yourself ere we can let you pass. Who are these with you?”

“The man on the horse seems to be dead, sir,” said a trooper who had jumped down and was surveying the captain’s face by the light of a lantern. He turned its glare full upon Elsie who had stepped forward in alarm at his words.

“’Sdeath! but here is a beauty,” exclaimed the sergeant, dismounting for a nearer view. “Didst find her too upon the field of battle, Mr. Piper?”

“That did I,” returned Roderick, chuckling.

“How got she there?”

“She has a pass.”

Elsie held forth the scrap of paper, which the sergeant examined by the lantern’s light, with an occasional side glance at the girl’s face.

“This allows only yourself to pass, Mistress MacLean. There is no word of horse or dragoon.”

“She came upon the powney, of course,” explained our great-uncle, “and finding the wounded trooper on the moor she challenged me to help him on her horse, which I did, more dead than alive. Sure, ye cannot be blaming the lass for trying to save her sweetheart.”

Elsie drew back, thankful for the darkness that hid her blushes, but Gib came to the front, beginning angrily, —

“He is not” — Roderick waved him aside and

continued, "Now if you are satisfied, the lady must be moving on, as it grows late."

"Late indeed," said the sergeant. "I myself will see that the young woman gets home safely, and by that means make sure who is this lover of hers. You, piper, will go with my men to the guard-house. So fine a figure of a man must needs be well known to many in the ranks — on both sides. Is this your servant, Mistress MacLean?"

"Her humble servant," answered Gib eagerly, too eagerly.

"There is no word of him either in the pass. He can go with your other friend the piper."

Touzle-tap saw that the time had now come to take Roderick's advice. Before the dismounted trooper could lay hands upon him, he dodged between the legs of the sergeant's horse, which reared, and bolted at full gallop along the road to Inverness. The troopers fired at random in the darkness and Gib made good his escape.

"He's a slippery deil, that boy," said Roderick apologetically.

"We will take heed that you likewise do not slip through our fingers," said the sergeant, in anger. "I had meant to have taken the lady with me upon my horse, but now that I have none, I will walk with her. If the road be not too long for her, 't will be short enough for me. I will take the pony's bridle, mistress, and do you lead the way to your home or wherever you were going. Off with your prisoner, men."

So Roderick was lodged that night in the jail of

Inverness and did not hear till long afterwards what had befallen the others.

Elsie set off in fear and trembling, poor lassie. For aught she knew, Hector might indeed be dead, and at all events he was unable to protect her. The admiring glances the sergeant had cast upon her in the lantern's light alarmed her to the very soul, and now she had not even Gib to rely upon. So soon as she turned into the lonely by-path leading up the rocky hillside to the home of her friends, the trooper let Nanny's bridle slide along his arm and came nearer to her.

"You keep so far off, I scarce can follow you," said he. "Give me your hand."

"There is not room for two to walk abreast on the path, sir."

"It is this pony and the load upon it that delays us. Of what use is a dead sweetheart? Were not a live one better?"

There was a movement on the horse's back which might have shown the dragoon that Hector was not so dead as he appeared. Elsie moved across the path to put Nanny between herself and the dreaded sergeant.

"Where are you now?" said he. "I cannot see the way here at all. Come in front of me, I tell you."

When Elsie, tremblingly, did as she was bidden, the fellow threw his left arm around her shrinking figure and made so bold as to try to kiss her, but at the girl's faint cry he received a ringing blow

on the side of the head, which made him stagger in the path.

“Oh, ho!” he said. “The sweetheart hath come to life.”

Hector was sitting upright in the saddle and even in that dim light it could be seen that he was pointing a pistol.

“I might have shot you a dozen times as we came up the path,” said he, “and I will do it now, if you molest the lady.”

“Zounds! my fine fellow, two can play at that game.” So saying, the trooper fired straight at Hector, but Nanny saved his life by stumbling in the track, though she threw him off her back like a log.

“Now, my beauty, you will come with me,” said the sergeant; and swinging Elsie up on the pony’s back, he started her on a quick trot down the path up which they had come, while Hector lay helplessly where he had fallen. He could not walk, and if he fired he was as likely to hit Mistress MacLean as her abductor.

Half dead with fright, the poor girl could but hold on to Nanny, her one friend at hand, for the sergeant said, —

“If you try to slip away from me, I will shoot you too.”

He seemed in some doubt, as they neared the highway, about the direction of the path, and tying the girl securely upon Nanny’s back, he went forward a few yards to reconnoitre. It was then that Elsie, feeling some one, or something, leap upon



the horse behind her, would have shrieked aloud with a new terror, but a hand was put over her mouth and a voice in her ear whispered, —

“Gib!”

The lad quickly cut the cord by which she was tied.

“Lend me your cloak — and fly!” said he.

Elsie sped off like a hare up the path again, while Touzle-tap, smiling to himself, sat sideways upon the pony. The cloak was a trifle short for him, but by crooking his knees it almost covered his feet, and drawing up the hood over his head, he kissed the side of it when he thought upon whose cheek it had lately rested.

“I am sure of the way now, my beauty,” said the trooper, returning. “’T is a pity the horse is not big enough to carry us both, but the rain is off again, the night is young, and you and I will be better friends afore morning.”

“I am feared for the dark,” said Gib in a mincing tone that he imagined to be a good imitation of Elsie’s. Did he not know every inflection of her sweet voice?

“I will e’en walk beside you, my dear,” said the sergeant; and he did so for half a mile at least, with his arm unrebuked about the waist of the supposed lassie, whom he fancied the death of her sweetheart had brought to reason. Gib replied to his amorous talk in monosyllables as far as possible, being fearful of discovery before Elsie had a good start up that dark and lonely path on which he was loath to picture her.



At length he could endure his anxiety no longer, and when the dragoon pressed hotly for "just one kiss," he gave Nanny's bridle a sharp jerk, causing her to wheel about and tread upon the toes of the bold trooper. Then springing astride the saddle, Gib gave the astonished sergeant a kick full in the stomach which doubled him up for some seconds. In those seconds he turned Nanny's head away from the town and set her galloping as hard as her wearied legs could carry her.

"What if I cannot find the bridle-path again," was his one fear; but Nanny turned into it as a matter of course, and he trusted to her instinct to follow it, as he could not see many feet ahead. He would have passed Elsie by in the darkness, for she, hearing the hoof-beats, thought it might be the trooper returning, until she heard the rider whistling gleefully "The Blackbird," to make his politics known.

"Gib! Gib!" she called to him from the roadside, and he sprang off Nanny to find the lady kneeling beside Hector Buchanan.

"We must get him upon the horse again," said she.

"The sooner the better," Gib replied; but it was a hard task to accomplish, the captain himself, though a tall, strong man, being able to help them so little.

When the uphill march began once more, Touzle-tap listened intently for pursuit in the rear, but they came safely to the hilltop and felt the western breeze with a whiff of the dawn in it

blowing upon their faces. The more level ground eased Hector's sufferings and gave an upward turn to his buoyant spirit.

"It is the track to the right we take," said Elsie. "That to the left leads off to the mountains."

"Then were it not the safer one for me to pursue?" asked Mr. Buchanan. "After to-night's adventure I will still more endanger yourself and your friends."

"I will gang wi' the captain to the hills and fiend for him there," said Gib.

"No, no. It is the mountain path that will be searched. My friends are too good friends of the government ever to be suspected of harboring rebels, nor would they do so for any save my own — my brother."

"They know Donald?"

"They have never seen him."

"Is it your idea, then, that I should pass for him?"

"It might be safer. Mayhap, if they knew you were no kin to me they would not take you in."

"Your brother will I be then till the day when you will perchance admit me to even closer relationship."

Elsie said nothing, but in some way she felt that Touzle-tap strongly resented the proposed arrangement. She was a young woman who could not face the disapproval even of the humblest of her friends. What those who were not her friends thought of her proceedings was of no consequence.

“You must come too, Gib, to look after Nanny,” she said, but the boy replied, —

“No, Mistress MacLean. Ye are safe now?”

“Yes, oh yes,” said the girl, with a heartfelt sigh, when the outline of a low-lying country house could be seen against the faint brightness to the east. “I wonder where my poor Donald hath lain this night.”

“I will gang now to seek him and will bring ye word o’ him when I can.”

“Say to Master MacLean that Mistress Elspeth hath adopted another brother in his place,” said Hector with a gay laugh, “and that I will be keeping her entirely to myself, if he come not soon to claim her.”

Without a word of farewell, the boy stole off into the darkness towards the mountain path.

It was but natural that the discomfited dragoon, upon his return afoot to Inverness, should try to revenge himself upon Roderick, the only one within his power of the suspicious quartette which had been his undoing; but his animosity wrought good instead of ill to our great-uncle. Instead of being sent southward upon a fever-stricken ship to die in a loathsome London dungeon, as did many hapless Jacobites, the sergeant had him brought to trial at once, and by good luck the officer called upon to identify him was none other than Lieutenant Campbell of Glenlyon, his Falkirk deliverer, who chanced to be in the town.

“Of a surety he belongs to my company,” said

Mr. Campbell, "and much need have I of him at the present moment, being short-handed for the work that is to be done."

Roderick therefore was released at once and set out with the lieutenant and a score of men upon an expedition destined to proceed through one of the disaffected parts of the country and burn the houses, not of Jacobites alone, but of any proven to have harbored them. The Master of Glenlyon, who had many friends and even relatives among the rebels, found the task by no means congenial, and between one burning and the next he frequently chose to walk beside "Rory," as he called him, and forget his woes in homely talk.

Our great-uncle, on the contrary, was no more squeamish about this than about any other of the disagreeable tasks put upon him in the course of his long career. He let the others see to it that the human inhabitants of the doomed dwellings were all safely removed before the match was laid; he made it his business to look after the animals, inspecting the outhouses so thoroughly that not so much as a blind kitten suffered in a fire of our Uncle Rory's kindling. In course of time he came to take a sort of pride in planning the conflagrations, and was even sorry to be obliged to confine his attentions to the Jacobite country houses. I think he must have been a bit of a socialist, for our grandfather said he talked as if he would not have been slow to execute an order for burning the houses of Whig gentlemen also and reducing them to the level of the poorest clansmen.

The whole of the early summer was passed in this manner, but by the end of June the work was done and Lieutenant Campbell directed the most of his men to proceed to Crieff to report themselves, while he went, with Roderick only, to Inverness, where he had business of a private nature that would occupy him for a day or two.

“Heugh! Rory, I am glad it is over,” he said, as the two traversed a mountain path together. “To burn the houses of enemies, to turn daintily-bred women and children out upon the heather, is bad enough, but to set fire to a roof that hath sheltered one full often, to burn the very table at which one hath ever been a welcome guest, is not work for gentlemen.”

“Had the Jacobites been victorious, they had done the same by us,” said Roderick in consolation.

“I think not. They would have been too anxious to make us their friends. ’T is even reported that the Prince treated all prisoners so kindly they were glad to join his ranks.”

“Humph! Not enough men could be spared to guard them as prisoners.”

“That may be. I have noted before that you are singularly well posted upon the whole matter, Rory. I would almost be thinking you had been out with the rebels yourself.”

“Humph! I am a Campbell.”

“Rest assured I have been at the pains to satisfy myself upon that point ere I trusted you. But a truce to treason—think you this path will of a surety lead us on to the high road to Inverness?”

“That I know not, sir, never having been here before.”

“Nor I, so far as I can remember — and yet — let me see — there is somewhat about the landscape that looks familiar. Ah! There is a house; we will go to it and inquire.”

“I know where I am now,” exclaimed the lieutenant, when they entered the private grounds of the mansion. “This is Edendarroch, where the Misses Colquhoun live with their aged father. Thank God, they are of our party and I can accept their hospitality without the fear of being required to burn their house about their ears the next week.”

## CHAPTER VII

### RODERICK TO THE RESCUE

THERE was a little patch of wood planted where it could best screen the dwelling from the east wind, and in front of the trees was a garden bench, on which a lady was seated, apparently lost in admiration of the sunset which was turning the western mountains into the hills of Jerusalem the Golden.

“Too young for either of the Miss Colquhouns. It must be a visitor,” said Lieutenant Campbell, giving a few hasty touches to his attire which had suffered somewhat in the rough tramp across country. “Things are falling out even better than I expected, Rory. Many a happy time have I spent here as a boy.”

Roderick did not reply, his eyes being fixed upon the lady, in whom he recognized Elspeth MacLean; and when he and the lieutenant drew nearer he saw that there was a tall young man in the uniform of a dragoon lying upon the grass at her feet.

“A rival, a hated rival!” said young Glenlyon with a laugh; but it changed to a whistle of astonishment when the rival in question rolled over and looked him in the face.

“Hector Buchanan!” he exclaimed, and Hector



rose slowly to his feet, for he still had not the full use of his lower limbs.

“The same at your service,” said the Jacobite officer, bowing low. Then turning to Elsie he continued, —

“Let me introduce to you my friend (with a slight emphasis on the word) Mr. Campbell, the younger, of Glenlyon.”

“Lieutenant of the Black Watch, I am in duty bound to inform you,” said Glenlyon, and Elsie’s hand faltered on its way to give him greeting.

She had known Roderick afar and therefore had sat still at his approach, instead of helping the patient to a safe hiding-place, according to her custom whenever a stranger appeared; but at the words “Black Watch” she saw she had made a mistake and fearfully awaited the issue.

“Your father’s son turned traitor?” cried Hector.

“My father is not with me in this matter,” Glenlyon replied.

“Nor yet your younger brother. He was with us.”

“And is now a hunted fugitive for his devotion to a hopeless cause. But why dally words with you? I am an officer in the service of King George, and it is my duty to make you prisoner.”

“I am not like to run away,” said Hector, with a sullen glance at his nether limbs. “Had I but my strength again, we should fight it out, man to man, upon the heather, and we should see which of us would be the prisoner.”

“Believe me, I curse the chance that led me here when I might have been even now on the high road to Inverness. But you would surely have been discovered, soon or late, so near the town. Know you not that there is a price set upon your head?”

“A price that the Master of Glenlyon will be glad to accept, since he hath fallen out with his father, who holds the purse-strings.”

Mr. Campbell's eyes were resting upon the fair maid who stood trembling at Hector's side, and he replied mildly, —

“You wrong me indeed, Buchanan. My finding you here was the purest accident.”

“Accident, by heaven! You expect me to believe that when you are guided by the very man who put me upon his horse to ride hither, my old sergeant, Roderick Campbell. One traitor breeds many, and he hath no doubt turned informer, for the sake of the reward. Well, he also is a Campbell, and I trow finds blood to be thicker than water.”

“I have oft suspected that Rory had been on your side for a time,” said the lieutenant lightly, “but he hath nobly atoned for his indiscretion by his zeal in the burning of Jacobite mansions throughout the country.”

An inarticulate sound burst from Elsie MacLean's white lips ere she cried, —

“'Tis all my fault, indeed! The sergeant knew not where he was coming. I shall never forgive myself so long as I live.”

Hector laid his hand upon her shoulder.

“Nay, little one, grieve not. Though I should go to the scaffold, as many a better man than I hath done of late, I will deem it worth while to have had these quiet weeks here with you. I am ready now to depart with Lieutenant Campbell, whenever it suits his convenience.”

“There is no special need for haste,” said Glenlyon. “I must e’en pay my respects to Mistress Colquhoun.”

The two maiden ladies were now fluttering across the lawn to learn the quality of the new-comers, and being satisfied thereupon, the elder drew Elsie forward, with a caressing arm about her shoulders.

“What ails thee, my bonny wean?” Then to Mr. Campbell she said, —

“Have you mind o’ the wee Elsie MacLean I tellt ye about, as a laddie, whose mother was another sister to us at the Edinburgh Academy? To think that you and she should meet at last! And this is her brother, the dragoon who was wounded at Culloden.”

“Brother!” exclaimed Glenlyon, smiling. “Faith, I deem his devotion to be more than brotherly and I have yet to learn that Captain Hector Buchanan, of the Jacobite army, had e’er a sister.”

“Captain Hector Buchanan of the Jacobite army,” repeated the elder Miss Colquhoun gravely. “Is that so, Elsie?”

Overcome with grief and confusion, the girl hung her head and was silent, whereupon Lieutenant Campbell repented of his rash speech.

“Be not alarmed for your own safety, nor for that of your household, Miss Colquhoun. ’T is true that we are commanded to arrest those who harbor rebels, but when it is done unwittingly” —

“’T was not done unwittingly,” replied the brave old lady. “For the only son of my dearest friend I was willing to risk much. Think you that I knew not when I took in Donald MacLean, as I supposed, that I was giving shelter to an enemy of King George? It is not that which distresses me; ’t is that the maid here, whom I trusted as my own soul, should so grossly have deceived me.”

“Be not too harsh, sister,” said the younger Miss Colquhoun. “This gentleman is the child’s lover belike, and for his sake she hath braved even your displeasure.”

“The blame is mine that I let her do it,” said Hector, “but I was weak and ill when first I came to you, and though my body grew stronger, my will grew weaker at the thought of parting from my betrothed.”

Elsie looked up in alarmed surprise, and young Campbell remarked in a jocular aside,—

“She is no more betrothed to him than to you, Rory. So much the better. I shall have a fair field when once my rival is out of the way.”

But the younger Miss Colquhoun had still a taste for romance, and she said sympathetically,—

“There, sister, it is as I told you. You must not be too hard upon the lassie.”

“Are you man and wife?” the elder demanded sternly of Hector.

“Not yet, madame, but I believe we should have been, ere this, under a happier star.”

“Yes, you should have been, and if it be possible to find priest or parson, I shall see that you marry the girl before you leave this place. The scaffold may make her a widow then so soon as it pleases ; her reputation will be secure.”

“Indeed, Miss Colquhoun,” said Mr. Campbell quickly, “such a step were both unwise and cruel. You know not even if the lady be willing to be thus wedded in haste.”

“She hath been willing enough to spend hour after hour in the company of this ‘brother’ of hers ; to read to him, sing to him, make dainties with her own hands to tempt his appetite, to mend his clothes and bandage his feet — services which no modest woman would perform save for her nearest and dearest. If she be not his wife, she ought to be, and wed him she shall, since he professes to be willing. Her mother in heaven shall not have it in her power to cast it up to me, when I meet her there, that I let her daughter go to ruin under my very eyes.”

“Your chances of meeting her there will be but small, sister, if you throw such dreadful suspicions upon our guests,” said the younger lady, to whom Elsie was clinging in an agony of tears.

The girl was fond of Hector, as one grows fond of a charge, however troublesome ; but to have the weightiest of all responsibilities thrust upon her at a moment’s notice, and for such a cause, would break her heart.

“Since my little property hath been confiscated, I am a poor enough bridegroom for any maid,” said Hector, moving with difficulty to Elsie’s side, and lifting one of her limp hands; “but if Mistress MacLean will own herself to be my wife, here and now, what need have we for any priest? By the laws of Scotland, we are already wed if we acknowledge ourselves to be man and wife before witnesses.”

“Oh, no, no!” cried Elsie, drawing away her hand, and burying her face upon the friendly shoulder of Miss Colquhoun, the younger.

“There you have your answer, sir,” said that lady. “Elsbeth hath been brought up too good a Catholic to have faith in that kind of a mock marriage.”

“Pardon me, it grows dark while we argle-bargle here,” said Mr. Campbell, with a light laugh.

“Against the coming of the priest, Miss Colquhoun, might we not retire within to rest our weary bones? My man and I have been upon the road since daybreak.”

“And are hungry, I doubt not,” said Miss Colquhoun, her hospitable instincts coming to the fore. “’T was to call you to supper that my sister and I came forth, little thinking what was in store for us.”

“Well, well, let us bury our strife till we have made an end of the meal. I have no fear of my bold rebel trying to make his escape from the new chains with which you seek to bind him, and as for yourselves, ladies, I pledge you my word of



honor not to disclose where he was captured. May I have the pleasure of taking Mistress MacLean in to supper ? ”

Our great-uncle was of the opinion that Miss Colquhoun weakened in her purpose of sending for the priest when she saw Glenlyon so taken up with the lassie, but Hector saw the same, and being mad with jealousy, gave the lady no peace till a trusty messenger had been dispatched to Inverness for a clergyman.

Roderick had seen sufficient of Lieutenant Campbell throughout the summer to know he was not the man to fall in love at first sight with any maid, however fair, and that in pretending to do so he merely strove, good-naturedly, to hinder the forcing of the girl into an unlucky union with an attainted Jacobite ; but Miss Colquhoun evidently took his attentions seriously, for Rory overheard her say to her sister,—

“It was aye the wish of my heart, and it may yet come true. A widow, if she be still in her teens, many men would prefer to a maid.”

Pondering upon this remark while his betters were at supper, Roderick decided that the outlook for Hector Buchanan was none of the brightest.

“Damn the women,” said he to himself, as through the window of the dining-room he saw Elsie playing the coquette with Glenlyon. Poor lassie ! She was but using the only weapon of her sex. Here was a friendly enemy who must be softened towards Hector and yet be sufficiently smitten with herself to continue his protests



against her being tricked into a marriage with another.

Roderick foraged for himself in the kitchen and laid in a goodly supply of bread and cheese in his sporran.

“Mercy on the man!” cried the cook. “When will ye be eating a’ that?”

“The morn, or the next day,” replied Roderick laconically.

Being inwardly reinforced, he betook himself to the stable, where he was greeted by the familiar neigh of his old friend, Nanny. There was but one other horse in the stalls, an antiquated nag with which the Misses Colquhoun made their periodical trips to Inverness. Only a side-saddle could be found, but “The captain will be nane the waur o’ that for his lame legs,” thought our great-uncle, as he led out the two animals and tied them to one of the trees in the little grove on the farther side from the house. Returning to the dining-room window, he saw that the ladies had left the table and that Hector and young Glenlyon were passing the bottle freely, while they argued some point with great vehemence. The young men were too busy to notice that the window, which was in halves opening to the ground, was being deftly unclosed from the outside.

Roderick now went back to the byre, drove out the milch cow to its pasture, and having had a whole summer’s experience in the work he very quickly had the stable in a blaze so fierce that no living thing therein could have escaped, had there

been a living thing within. Our great-uncle then took up his post at the dining-room window and had not long to wait before an alarm of "Fire! Fire!" rang through the house, carrying with it the terror which only those who have lived in lone country districts can understand. Mr. Campbell sprang from the table and rushed out of the room. Hector, of course, was slower of movement, and almost before he realized what had happened, Roderick was hurrying him out of the window and across the lawn to where the two horses were tethered.

The young man was slightly under the influence of the liquor he had drunk, but by the time he had ridden down the bridle-path and was out upon the highway, the cool night breeze had done its reviving work and he turned savagely upon Roderick.

"What is the meaning of this? Why have you dragged me away upon my wedding night? Was it in your scheme to burn my bride alive?"

He tried to wheel his horse about and go up the hill again, but our great-uncle upon nimble little Nanny caught his bridle and urged him forward.

"There is naught afire but the stable," said he, "and the wind is blowing away from the house. I had to do my duty, though the lieutenant seemed to be forgetting his."

"You scoundrel! Is that the way you repay those ladies for having harbored me so long?"

"That is what other folk have got for doing less, and moreover, your head would not be safe

upon your shoulders if you stayed on and married the jade, for Mr. Campbell wants her himself."

"I know that! I know that! Curse you!" cried Hector, whom jealousy had made credulous. He strove strenuously to turn his horse, but Roderick was too strong for him, mentally as well as physically.

"The morn, when you are sober, you will be thanking me for saving you from the hangman. The lassie's safe enough, and if you live you will marry her yet; but to put your head into two nooses at once is not the course of a wise man, but a fool;" and with this philosophy Hector had to be satisfied.

The country about Inverness being unfamiliar to our great-uncle, he was afraid to venture far in the darkness; so, leaving the high road at the first turning, he and Captain Buchanan bivouacked for the night in the darkest corner of a glen, taking turns at watching and sleeping.

So soon as the early dawn of the June morning appeared, they set out again, and, avoiding the outskirts of the town, before nightfall they came safely to the shore of the Moray Firth.

It was unwise to enter even the cottage of a fisherman, so much were these good folk overawed by frequent visits from troopers in search of escaping Jacobites; but Roderick found a resting place in a cave along shore for his captain, who was quite exhausted by his long and rough ride. The bread and cheese from Edendarroch kitchen lasted but a short while, and on the second day

Roderick announced his intention of riding into Inverness and procuring food for themselves and their beasts.

“Why put your head into the lion’s mouth, Rory?” said Hector. “’T is you have brought me here, and hence I cannot escape without you. If you are taken in the town, I shall starve.”

“I will not be taken. There is none could appear against me save Mr. Campbell, and he will not, for his own sake. He is not the man to set the dragoons scouring the countryside for us. Finding his prisoner escaped, he will quietly take his way to Crieff and say naught about it.”

“Or quietly stay where he is and endeavor to console the ladies for my loss,” said Hector bitterly. “I would I had never been indebted to any of them. Could you not contrive to return the horse to Miss Colquhoun, Rory? I feel like a knave to have stolen her only one.”

“I doubt not that the beastie would know its road home, if I set it upon the right track. I can leave Nanny in the town with a friend of my own, who is a blacksmith, and so we are quit of them both.”

“Your plan is, then, to escape by sea?”

“Of course. You may not have heard tell that I have a very large acquaintance among the free-trading folk of this coast.”

“I have heard more — that you were a famous smuggler yourself before you entered the Edinburgh City Guard.”

“I was never caught,” said Roderick modestly.

“And I was much thought of by my men. It may be a week, or it may be a fortnight, but soon or late I will chance upon a vessel that can be trusted to give you a safe passage to Holland.”

Hector busied himself scribbling a note to Elsie upon the scrap of paper in which the bread and cheese had been wrapped, and this he tied to the saddle of the borrowed horse, in the hope of its reaching her. He asked her to apologize to the Misses Colquhoun for his unceremonious departure and to thank them for the loan of the horse, which they would no doubt be pleased to learn had not been burned to death. He sent his compliments to Mr. Campbell and regretted the necessity for his exit before the bottle was empty. To herself he sent his undying love and told her that he would consider himself bound to her as firmly as if he had waited the arrival of the priest.

This done and Roderick away with the horses and the letter, the young man waited his return in a fever of impatience. He would have been still more fevered had he known what was passing in the town.

## CHAPTER VIII

### BACK TO HIS OLD TRADE

OUR great-uncle reached the blacksmith's shop with the two horses and saw that Nanny was comfortably quartered, but his desire for news led him to linger about the forge, listening to the gossip of his friend's customers. When these had all gone but one, an elderly man who looked like a small farmer, the blacksmith began to question Roderick about his adventures the previous winter.

"You may speak without fear before our friend, Mr. Macfarlane, here, as his son was out with Lord Ogilvie and is even now in hiding near his own home."

"Hist!" said Mr. Macfarlane, who was by no means sure of Roderick's quality; so our great-uncle must take pains to reassure him by telling how he had marched into England with the Prince, and how he had taken Manchester, single-handed. This story Macfarlane must cap with some of his son's exploits, and then the blacksmith must narrate some of his own experiences in the aiding of Jacobite refugees; but the reminiscences were rudely cut short by the entrance of a private of the Black Watch.

"Hullo, Rory," said he, giving our great-uncle



a dig in the ribs, with undue familiarity. "When go you back to the regiment?"

"Where have you been yourself?"

"Home on sick leave, but I am starting for Crieff in the morning. You had best come, too, and I will keep the bogles off you."

Roderick's ears were sharp and he overheard Mr. Macfarlane's whisper, —

"Is your friend a spy?"

The smith turned a dour look upon our great-uncle.

"The mare is shod now, Mr. *Campbell*. Perhaps you had best be taking both your horses and begone."

"Two horses, Rory?" cried the soldier. "You lucky devil! I will be riding one and you the other. We shall make Crieff afore the morning."

"It is not to Crieff I am going, nor with you whatever," replied Roderick, nettled by the terrible anxiety of Mr. Macfarlane and the averted face of the smith.

He took Miss Colquhoun's horse by the head and led it forth to mount, but while in the very act of scrambling awkwardly upon its back, a couple of dragoons clattered up and dismounted at the blacksmith's door. One of them gave Roderick a friendly hoist upon his steed, but as he did so exclaimed, —

"The fat piper again, by Jove! Whose horse have you been stealing this time? A lady's one, I'll wager! See, Bill, it has a side-saddle."

Roderick muttered a word of thanks for assistance, but with no other reply set off at a brisk



trot — he scarce knew where, but the horse of itself took the road to Edendarroch. When he had time to reflect, he knew that he had done a suspicious thing in thus riding off in haste. Why had he not stayed with his acquaintance of the Black Watch and let the smith and the farmer glower as they liked? What a fool he had been to mix himself up with the Jacobites again. Small thanks he had gotten from Mr. Buchanan for taking him away from Edendarroch, though by so doing he had put his own neck in danger, serious danger, there was no doubt of it. Even now he could hear the sound of horses' hoofs upon the highway behind him, and he put his steed to its best paces, but the pursuer gained.

“No use trying to run away with this old nag and a lady's saddle,” thought Roderick, so he went more slowly and let the rider overtake him. There was but one, it appeared; perhaps the other trooper was seeking him on the other road. Our great-uncle would not look round and he cursed his folly in not having so much as a pistol about him; but when the rider came abreast of him it was no dragoon, but Mr. Macfarlane, white and breathless.

“Were ye out with the Prince, or were ye not?” said he.

“I was that.”

“And were ye in the Black Watch or not?”

“I was that.”

“Then it is not a finger I will be lifting to save you, though your peril is great this very minute.”

“How so?”

“The dragoons swear that they saw you fighting for Prince Charles at Falkirk, but the Forty-second private takes his oath that you belong to his regiment; and to settle the wager, they will be on their way after you so soon as the smith has fastened a loose shoe on each of the horses. He will take as long to it as he can, but meanwhile they sent me to find out which road you are on, for they say they can soon overtake that nag of yours.”

“You had best be riding back, then, to tell them.”

“Which road you are on?”

“No; tell them that both are right, so that neither can win the bet. The dragoons, to be sure, can claim the reward for taking me, as I really was out with the Prince; had to join the Black Watch to save my life, but have now deserted.”

“If that be the case, I can take you to the safe hiding-place where my son now is. We turn up a lane close by here.”

“Thank you kindly, Mr. Macfarlane,” said our great-uncle, much pleased by this mark of renewed confidence, “but your son would be none the safer for having me with him.”

“He is lonesome and would be proud to have a social body, like yourself, to talk to.”

Roderick hesitated. There was no manner of doubt it would be wise to lie low for a day or two, till this pair of troopers was put off the scent. What was Hector Buchanan to him that he should

further endanger his life in his service? Still to forsake him now would be to waste all that he had already done in his behalf — and Rory was a Scot. He might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

“I will take your horse to my stable along with my own, and you shall have it once more when once the danger is blown past.”

“Thank you, no. I will not be putting you to the trouble, Mr. Macfarlane. I have a friend in hiding along the shore of the Firth and am hastening back to him with the food I have gotten.”

“A friend upon the shore, and you ride inland!”

“Does this road lead past Edendarroch?”

“The Colquhoun place? Ay.”

“Then I know where I am now, and good-by and thanks to you, Mr. Macfarlane. I hope your son will escape being taken.”

So saying, Roderick sent the honest farmer back to town as mystified as when he had come forth. No sooner was he out of sight than our great-uncle dismounted and set the horse off alone towards Edendarroch, while he retraced his steps afoot; but the beast turned about and followed him. This it did again and again. Each time that Roderick thought he had got rid of the animal, he would hear the patter of hoofs and there was the old nag at his shoulder once more. At last our great-uncle resorted to stratagem. He pelted the horse with pebbles until he had frightened it into a gallop in the desired direction, and then climbing the dyke at the roadside, he lay

down in the deep furrow of a ploughed field. The horse came trotting back, sniffed about with head in the air, but, seeing no signs of its late rider, turned round again and made off to Edendarroch as steadily as if Miss Colquhoun were driving it. Being so well known it was not likely to be stopped by the way, and our great-uncle rose with relief from his furrow, but what he saw made him hurriedly drop into it again.

The two dragoons were riding up the road.

“I have made a mess of it this time,” thought Roderick. “I refused the offer of a good refuge and now I have let go the horse, my one chance of escape. What a fashous thing it is to have come of honest parents.”

The troopers drew rein near his hiding-place, so near that he could hear what they said.

“Certain am I that I saw the head of him rise from yonder knowe.”

“Nonsense, Bill! Listen! You can hear his horse’s hoofs ahead of us, going at a good pace too. I’ll wager the rascally piper hath got wind of us and is putting on the spurs.”

“Come on, then? We’ll win our bet and the reward for taking him, too.”

“They will be having a read of Mr. Buchanan’s love letter for their pains,” said Roderick to himself, with a chuckle; but he was mistaken, for by turning up the bridle-path the old horse reached Edendarroch first, as he learned long afterwards.

Our great-uncle dared not return to the high-road, but he made his way across one ploughed field

after another, and thence by dint of much rough tramping and scrambling, he came to the Moray Firth at last.

It was fully three weeks before Hector was rescued from his cavern and taken in a small boat out to the so-called fishing smack waiting off shore. Her captain, knowing Roderick well, insisted that he should come aboard too, as surety for this dangerous passenger; and nothing loath, our great-uncle sailed across the North Sea and saw Captain Buchanan landed in Holland ere he returned to the Moray Firth. Thence he made his way to Inverness, recovered Nanny, and set out, boldly, upon her back to ride southward.

Our great-uncle was always somewhat reticent upon the causes which led him to go back to his wife at this stage of his career. He may have encountered her by chance, or it may have been that he did not know what else to do with himself. After his late adventures, he dared not return to the Black Watch, nor had he any taste for joining fortunes with the Jacobites, broken men, now being hunted from one place of refuge to another. He could not endure the thought of reëntering the City Guard without Gib, the cadie, even did he not run a good chance of being arrested; so probably he thought there was nothing for it but to return to his old trade and trust to his Whig wife to keep suspicion from him.

This she did right loyally, for Mistress Jess allowed none to bully her man except herself. If she made Roderick's life a burden to him, he took

it philosophically, as a punishment for having fought against his rightful sovereign, King George, and he proceeded forthwith to rob the same rightful sovereign by making numerous voyages to the coast of Holland in his fishing craft. It may have been his trip with Mr. Buchanan that revived his old taste for smuggling. At any rate, it gave him an occasional respite from his scolding partner in life, as well as an income independent of her.

One evening in November of that year, 1746, Nanny was going up a steep hill, with Roderick and Jess walking one on either side of the cart, for though it was laden only with creels the small horse was growing old and they saved her all they could. Out of a thicket on the side nearest to Roderick there strolled a trollope of a girl in a draggled gown, who craved a ride of him, as his baskets were empty. Now our great-uncle was the last man to do aught he could avoid for any woman, and that one so dirty and disheveled should even presume to speak to him upon the public road was past belief.

“Awa’ wi’ ye!” he cried, at which Jess on the other side pricked up her ears and at once went into opposition.

“Is it a lift ye’re wanting?” said she. “Then have it ye shall so sune’s we win to the tap o’ the brae.”

“Thenk ye, mem,” said the stranger, dropping a respectful curtsy as she pulled a tattered calash farther over her face.

“I will not be having Nanny to drag ony sic re-



fuse," said Rory in wrath ; but the more he stormed, the more determined was Jess to befriend the way-farer. She sat beside her at the back of the cart and let Roderick walk, leading the horse, and when their own humble dwelling was reached, nothing would do but the lass must have a warm seat by the fire and a bite and sup to set her upon her further journey.

Roderick would not look at the unwelcome guest, and he would have seen but little if he had, for she refused to remove the capacious bonnet. She seemed a modest, shrinking sort of a female, at least so long as Jess was in the room ; but when the mistress left it for a short space, the stranger rose, slipped over to Roderick, and plumped herself down upon his knee. The big man began to swear lustily, but putting one hand over his mouth, and an arm tightly about his neck, the hoyden nearly throttled him while she gave him a hearty smack on the cheek and whispered in his ear, —

“ Keep it up, man, keep it up ! ”

Roderick was shamed and disgusted beyond measure. He tried to rise, but the bold jade kept her arms about him, and it was not until he managed to pull the calash from her head that he recognized Gib, the cadie. When Jess returned, the two were sitting over the fire in the same positions in which she had left them ; but ere long Roderick begged leave of absence to go down to the shore to see after the nets, and thither the visitor soon followed him, after many thanks and polite farewells to the lady of the house.



It was a strange though not uncommon tale at that time, which Touzle-tap told to Roderick, a tale of hiding in the mountains and starving when it was not safe to venture forth for provisions. Gib was the first of his party who tried it, dressed in the costume he then wore, which had been given to him by a Jacobite widow. The dragoons were hot upon the trail of that particular party because one of them was reported to be the Young Pretender himself, though it was only Donald MacLean. He kept up the illusion, knowing that thereby he was increasing the chances of escape for the real Prince Charles, and he instructed his comrades to address him as "Your Royal Highness."

"And I — I did it," said poor Gib, with a sob, covering his face with his hands as he sat on the end of the stranded fishing boat.

Roderick remembered that the moon was half full, now beaming brightly down upon the sea, now sliding behind a cloud. He had naught to say for Touzle-tap's comfort, but he placed his large hand upon the boy's knee and presently Gib went on, —

"The dragoons had been pressing us hard a' day, but I aye kept near to Mr. MacLean."

"Dangerous company," growled Roderick.

"Maybe; but he was a braw lad, if ever there was ane, and had I no promised his leddy sister to look after him?"

Roderick gave a grunt of disdain, but Gib continued, —

"Mr. MacLean wad e'en let his face be seen by the sodgers, not the full face, but the side which

most favored the Prince, and a grand ploy we made o' it. I named him 'Your Royal Highness' within their verra hearing."

"'Look out for yoursell, Gib,' he shouted to me, but I said, 'I winna leave your Royal Highness,' and when the butchers shot him down, he cried with his last breath, 'Traitors ! Ye have slain your Prince !' "

Gib had risen from his seat and was waving his arms as he kicked his skirts about in an excited fashion.

"They might hae killt me too, for I didna stir frae the spot, but they saved me for a witness, as I wasna of age."

"'Is it the arch-rebel we have caught at last ?' they asked me. 'I know not what you mean by arch-rebel,' I said, 'I but know that you have slain my Prince,' for I thought it right to abide by what Master MacLean had said himself, in dying, but wae 's me ! They cut aff his bonny heid and sent it awa' to Lunnon for identification."

Touzle-tap wept scalding, bitter tears at the recollection, such tears as Roderick never dreamed the lively lad could weep, and the big man put his arm about his shoulders, patting him as tenderly as if he had been a collie dog, or even a horse ; but unfortunately, the action was seen — and misunderstood. The virago, Jess, was at their backs ere they knew of her approach, and a sounding whack she gave to Roderick, first upon one ear, then upon the other, buffeting him back and forth like a handball, till the sergeant was quite silly in his

head. He owed to my grandfather himself that he knew not how long it might have been ere he gained courage to strike back, but Gib came between him and the fury, warding off some of the blows with an activity that was quite beyond our great-uncle.

“When ye have done wi’ your flyting, Mistress Campbell,” said Touzle-tap, “I will throw mysell upon your mercy and tell you that I am no lassie, but a Jacobite in disguise.”

This confession but added fuel to the flames.

“Some hellicat scoundrel that Rory took up wi’ when he was aff at the wars.”

“No, mistress; your gudeman was wi’ the Whigs, upon the loyal side as you wad ca’ it, but he is an auld friend o’ mine sin’ the days when I was a cadie in Edinburgh and himsell in the Toon Guard.”

“I ken wha ye are noo, ye varmint,” said Jess. The lad looked manly enough, in spite of his feminine attire, as he stood there with the cold moonlight strong upon his features.

Mrs. Campbell turned upon her husband.

“I said ye might bide wi’ me so lang’s ye had naething ado wi’ your sister’s brat, the misbegotten wean that disgraced the hoose o’ an honest woman, but noo that ye hae putten petticoats upon him juist to cheat me intill giein’ him a hame, I will hae nae mair fash wi’ either o’ ye. The deil can look after his ain.”

Now this was very unjust of Mistress Jess, but Roderick’s tongue was ever slow in retort, and be-

fore he gained his speech, his wife had marched off in high dudgeon — and he never saw her again.

As for Gib, he was overpowered by Jess's revelation.

“Are ye really my *uncle* Rory? Dang my breeks; but it's fine to hae a family. Tell me about my mither and my father,” but not a word was to be got out of Roderick that night. He declared his head was far too sore to go back upon the past.

The two lay down, side by side, under an upturned boat on the shore, ready to make an early start in the morning, for there was no telling to what lengths Mistress Jess might carry her spite. It would not be unlike her to set about having the boy arrested; so Roderick would not leave him. The older man slept soundly enough upon his bed of seaweed, but the boy lay long awake, oppressed not with the thought of his personal danger, nor uplifted by the discovery of his relationship to our great-uncle, but tortured with the idea that he must find his way to “the bonny wee leddy” and tell her what had befallen her brother.

“Whaur is she?” he inquired of Roderick, when he saw him rise to light his lantern and prepare for setting sail at dawn, late enough on a November morning.

“Wha?”

“Mistress MacLean.”

“I haena seen her sin' I left Inverness.”

“But ye ken whaur she is.”

“Maybe ay, and maybe no. I'll no be for telling ye onyway.”

“But you must, Uncle Rory,” said Gib, in his most insinuating tone. “I promised to let her ken, and ye wadna hae a nephew o’ your ain gang back on his word.”

“Humph! She will ken a’ about it langsyne. Ill news travels fast, and since it is nae news ava that the Prince is ower the water into France, Mistress MacLean canna but be thinking that it was her brither wha was killt.”

“That mak’s nae difference. I maun abide by my word.”

“Ye’ll no be sae keen about abiding by your word, as ye ca’ it, when I tell ye that the ledly is back at her ain hame in Edinburgh. Ye might as weel be tying the rape round your neck here as gang there to hae it dune.”

Roderick suited action to word, and playfully cast a loop of the rope he was working with over the boy’s head, but Gib continued, —

“Are you sure she is there?”

“Jess sellt her some fish yestreen and she said there was an auld maid visiting wi’ her, ane o’ the Miss Colquhouns, belike. So the lassie is a’ richt, and ye had aye a fancy for seeing foreign parts, so I will be taking ye for a wee bit sail ower to hae a look at the Dutchmen.”

“It is to Edinburgh I maun gang; ye can please yoursell.”

Roderick was certain to do that in any case, but this time it pleased him to see Gib safe into the town and safe out again, if that were possible. The day was fine, but the wind was contrary, and

it was late in the afternoon before they made the harbor of Leith, and quite dark ere they had tramped thence to Edinburgh, but Gib refused to seek shelter for the night till he had unloaded his terrible burden.

“I maun be getting me some claes first, that’s a’!” said he.

“Ye were safer to keep on the lassie’s rigout,” said Roderick.

“Think you I wad appear thus afore Mistress MacLean?”

“Humph! Ye’ll be for wearing the Stuart tartan, I wager. Why, man, even the kilt is now forbid to be worn whatever.”

“I will be weel content wi’ a jacket and a pair o’ trews, if my uncle will be buying them for me. I hae nae siller.”

Roderick was as yet new-fangled about his title of “Uncle,” and the boy was quick enough to see that he need only use it frequently to get his own way in most things, though Roderick had so far refused to gratify his curiosity concerning his parents.

The two made their way together to the abode of Mistress MacLean, for Roderick was too anxious about the lad’s safety to let him out of his sight. The town was so overrun with spies and informers that even poor Gib would not be too small a fish to be drawn into the net; though he looked anything but “poor Gib,” our great-uncle thought, when he saw him washed and dressed in the plain but complete suit of clothes, the first new garments he had ever owned.



## CHAPTER IX

### GUARDIAN OF THE PEACE ONCE MORE

ELSIE did not keep them long in waiting ; indeed she almost ran into the room giving upon the passage before they had time to look about them.

“Is it true — it cannot be true — tell me that it is not my own brother who has been shot instead of the Prince.”

“It is too true,” said Gib, in a reverent tone.

“Oh, I knew it — I well knew what would happen when he joined the rebels ! A hundred times in my dreams have I seen him led to the scaffold.”

“Better that he died upon the field, Mistress,” said Gib humbly. “He suffered not at all.”

“How know you that ? Were you near enough to see him fall and yet stand there alive to tell me so ? Oh that I had been a man ! I would have avenged the death of my dear, and been slain at his side.”

Touze-tap hung his head, but Roderick replied brusquely, —

“The lad made his escape with the greatest difficulty.”

“But he did escape, and so might my Donald, had he been but well warned and guarded.”

“He wad be at nae pains to hide,” said Gib. “Always he wad be showing himsell when or whaur there was a chance of his being mistook for His Royal Highness.”

“His Royal Slyness!” cried Elsie contemptuously, for she was beside herself with grief. “It is much he will be caring how many of his loyal men suffer death for him. Leave me, I pray you, and may I ne’er lay eyes upon your ill-omened faces again. I saw you both the night my dear enlisted, and this is but the sequel to that.”

Roderick gave a short laugh as they left the house.

“There are more women with nippy tongues in the world than my Jess,” said he; but Gib was gazing straight in front of him like a man in a dream and made no reply. Passing into the ill-lighted streets, the older man alone had his wits about him, and it was he who saw a white face peering at them from the side of a dark close over the way. Later he caught the sound of following footsteps, that paused when he and Gib paused, went on when they did, and seemed to have business up the same unfrequented lanes and alleys to which Roderick led the way.

“A spy!” he thought, “and the laddie has not sense left in his legs to run away.”

Having come to this conclusion, our great-uncle turned sharply upon the pursuer, who at once took to his heels; but he had not Rory’s intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of wynd and close and was therefore soon run to earth. Gib, usually

the keenest of observers, took no note of where he was going till he came to himself at the sight of his uncle, holding up a lean, hungry-looking wretch in a dark corner and shaking the life out of him.

“What for are you following honest folk?”

“’T is you who follow me,” said the man breathlessly. “I went after you but a short ways, thinking you were a — a friend of mine.”

“A friend of yours, indeed! Better fed than yourself, I am thinking, if his shape be like to mine.”

“In truth, sir, I have been told that Captain Alway is full as big a man as yourself.”

“Captain Alway of the brig Stirling Castle? I know him well, so beware what lies you tell. What wanted you of him?”

“A passage to France, your honor. He promised me the same, but he sails in the early morning and I am afraid I shall not find him.”

“Very much afraid, I should say, seeing you are no doubt one of those Jacobites, pestilential crew, that have tried to ruin the country.”

“Save it, you mean,” burst in Gib hotly, and the refugee moved nearer the boy, as to a friend, but Roderick gave his nephew a nudge to be silent.

“Tell the truth,” said the guardian of the peace to the shrinking figure before him. “I belong to the City Guard, and if you keep aught from me I shall place you in the cells and haul you before the bailie in the morning. Then we shall be seeing about your trip to France. Were you with the rebels, or were you not?”

“Indeed, sir, I but followed my master. How could I do less, seeing he was but a lad in his teens and his lady mother put him in my care?”

“Where is he now?”

“Dead at length of the wounds he got at Cul-loden, though these many months have we been in hiding together. Could he but have gone home for his mother to nurse him” — here the young man’s voice broke with emotion and Gib’s tongue could no longer be restrained.

“He is an honest fellow, Uncle Rory. Let him gang in peace.”

But Roderick had other ideas in his head.

“Captain Alway had agreed to take you — and your master — to France. Think you he will take you alone?”

“I am in hopes that he will.”

“For a consideration?”

“Ay.”

“Have you the money about you?”

The poor wretch fell upon his knees, thinking to be robbed.

“Hoots, man, get up,” said Roderick, “and listen to me, if your ears be not stuffed with cowardly cotton. The captain knows not that your master is dead?”

“No, sir.”

“And has he ever seen him?”

“No, sir.”

“And you have the passage money for two?”

“Yes; but, indeed, sir, my master gave it me.”

“I doubt it not, but I can swear from what I

know of Captain Alway, he is not the man to put his neck in danger for the sake of a gentleman's servant. You must produce your gentleman."

"But he is dead, sir, as I told you."

"How was he called?"

"Ferrier, sir. Alan Ferrier, of Auchencruive."

"Behold, then, Mr. Alan Ferrier, come to life again," said our great-uncle, drawing Gib forward. "This young gentleman will not be averse to a sea voyage and the opportunity to improve his education in Paris. The captain will be none the wiser."

"Mr. Ferrier was older, sir, and black as a crow."

"That can be remedied by the lad getting his hair cut and a wig upon it before morning. I know where it can be done — but please yourself, my good fellow. I have told you the only way I see out of your difficulty; perhaps you know of a better."

"Roderick — uncle — ye ken I canna gang," said Gib in alarm.

"Why not?" said the older man roughly, drawing him aside. "Will ye no dae sae muckle to save the life o' a fellow Jacobite, no to speak o' your ain?"

"I canna find it in my heart to leave Scotland."

"Stuff and nonsense! What has Scotland e'er done for you?"

"I maun stay to watch ower her," said the boy, dropping his head and his voice together, but Roderick laughed aloud.

“A body wad think that Master MacLean had left ye his sister as a legacy. A heap of good ye can be to her — an arrant rebel like yoursell that darena show your face in the toon by daylight. I were a better hand mysell at keeping an eye on the lass.”

“But will you?”

“That I will,” said Roderick, who would have promised much more sooner than see the boy lose this heaven-sent chance of escape abroad.

“I am thinking I can lead you to the tavern Captain Alway frequents,” he said to the servant. “You and your master here had best go in to him alone, after I have gotten Mr. Ferrier a few of his effects he will need to take with him. Rest assured I will be keeping an eye upon you until the hour of sailing, and I will have you arrested if you make the smallest attempt to give your new master the slip ere you are landed upon the coast of France. After that you can please yourselves whether you keep together or not.”

“You may go free then,” said Gib, in so friendly a tone he quite won the heart of the refugee and braced him up for the part he was to play. As for Touzle-tap, it amused Roderick highly to see the way he already began to carry himself, as he imagined the gentleman would whom he was to personate. The tinge of melancholy upon his features accorded well with a youth forced to flee his native land.

“Cheer up, laddie,” said his uncle to him at parting. “You will be having the French like a



Frenchman, when you come hame. In this purse of mine there is siller enough to keep you till you find a way of keeping yoursell."

"Thank you, thank you, Uncle Rory! You maun hae dived deep indeed intill your savings. Are ye sure ye can spare sae muckle?"

"I hae nane but mysell to keep, and now I am back into the toon I will tak' my place in the guard."

"But will you be safe?"

"Nane safer."

"And your promise, Uncle Rory — you will not forget it? You will let me ken if e'er she be in trouble that I can lighten?"

"You're clean daft — but I promise."

It was hardly to be expected that our great-uncle should put himself greatly about to keep his word, but he never failed to gaze observantly upon Mistress MacLean, whenever she came across his path. She had lost her ready smile and was a lonesome-looking little figure, going about the town in her mourning garb. She must have remarked Roderick's unusual notice of her, for once she went so far as to stop and speak to him, inquiring of his health and welfare, and asking what had become of Touzle-tap. Though pleased to hear that he was safe in Paris, she shook her head when she heard that he was actually in a boarding-school there, kept by some priests of the Franciscan order to whom his fellow-traveler had introduced him. A charity school it was, but Rory did not mention that, nor did he tell Mistress Elspeth that

Gib had taken it upon himself to be christened and confirmed into the Roman Catholic Church, solely because the MacLeans were of that faith, Roderick believed; though he acknowledged that religion of some sort might be a necessary safeguard for the lad in such a den of iniquity as the French capital, when his old uncle was no longer at hand to keep him out of serious mischief, as he had done in Edinburgh.

“He is a very ambitious boy,” said Mistress MacLean.

“You may well be saying that,” returned the proud uncle. “Soon we will be hearing of him at the Scots College.”

The name of her brother's *alma mater* brought the ready tears to the girl's eyes, and she hurriedly passed on; but Roderick had noted how well-worn were her gloves, and how shabby her gown was turning. These things no doubt preyed upon the young lady's pride and her natural love of finery, but they were not particulars he would dream of describing in the letter a neighbor regularly transcribed for him to Gib, feeling sure that the lad would be fool enough to give up his fight for an education and endeavor to empty his rapidly diminishing purse in her service. What use was it to tell Touzle-tap, forsooth, that Elsie's step had lost its buoyancy and that she seemed scarcely able to drag one foot after another?

But all this was changed the next year when the Act of Indemnity was passed and most of the Jacobites who had sought refuge abroad came

home again, while those who had been hiding at home showed themselves openly.

“What’s come ower the lass?” asked Roderick of himself, as Mistress MacLean came tripping down the High Street with step so light she seemed to walk on air. Her eyes were shining with a new lustre, and her curling brown hair and dimpling cheek alike bespoke a revival. The guardsman was never long in finding out anything he wanted to know, and that same evening his curiosity was gratified by seeing Elspeth in her white dimity gown, strolling up towards the castle with the returned wanderer, Hector Buchanan. He had come to fill her life when it was empty; her martyred brother had commended him to her; she could do no less than respond at length to his overwhelming affection. She smiled upon Roderick, and Hector gave him a nod in passing, small enough return to the man who had saved his life, our great-uncle thought, but the sweetheart must come first of course.

Mr. Buchanan made ample amends by seeking out Roderick later, in the guard-house, where he told him that through the influence of his friend, Glenlyon, he had obtained a commission in the Black Watch, and he would be pleased to have his former sergeant with him, as piper, or in whatsoever capacity he pleased.

“I have had my fill of fighting,” Roderick replied, “and moreover I will not be leaving my nephew that I have sent to Paris — for his education. He will be coming home so soon as the school term is over.”

“You mean Touzle-tap, the cadie? What hinders him to enlist likewise. A fine soldier he will make when he is full-grown. Well do I mind how he charged at Culloden.”

“’T is Culloden he will not be forgetting.”

“You think that I have? Tush! A man must live and a soldier must fight. The Jacobite cause is a burst bubble. Even Mistress MacLean, my promised wife, approves of my making my peace with King George, and she has more cause than most to curse him.”

“Mistress MacLean was never Jacobite at heart. She loved the cause solely upon her brother’s account. Because he was heart and soul in it she could not stay without. Now that it has been the means of her losing him, she loathes it.”

“For so noted a woman-hater, Rory, you seem to understand the sex fairly well.”

“I have had experience,” said our great-uncle with a droll grimace. “When are you to be wed?”

“On Wednesday first, at noon, for my regiment is ordered to Ireland and I will not leave the lady again. You must be on duty at the church, Rory, to keep back the crush of spectators — an easy task, the kind your heart lies to. Mistress MacLean has but few acquaintances in the town and I have still fewer. We cannot wait to collect our kin from the Highlands.”

“I am glad it will be a’ by before the boy comes hame,” said Roderick to himself. “She will be weel oot o’ the way and he will be forgetting her.”

It fell out as Hector had expected — there were but few to see the lovely little bride come forth from the ceremony, so Roderick had an unobstructed view. Her brown eyes were full of tears though her lips were smiling, and the bridegroom bent over her in an ecstasy of lover-like devotion. Having seen enough, Roderick turned his back upon the happy couple, and there right behind him was Touzle-tap, looking very much of a man, but his teeth were set and his young face drawn with pain as he devoured with his eyes Mrs. Hector Buchanan.

“If he be not kindly wi’ her — if e’er he be harsh to her” — he stammered, disregarding Roderick’s hearty words of welcome home.

“Hoots, laddie,” said his uncle, taking him by the shoulders as he stood on the street like a statue, staring after the carriage that had borne off the pair; “there’s mony a bonny lass left in the toon wha will be proud to tak’ up wi’ the braw student frae Paris.”

“She was a leddy,” sighed Gib.

“And are ye no as guid a gentleman as ony?”

“What mean ye?”

“I mean that your father was ane.”

I am convinced that Roderick had no intention of telling Gib the story of his birth at that time; he merely wished to divert him from the unwelcome spectacle which had greeted his home coming; but the lad had grown apace in self-reliance and in dignity during his year abroad, and he was no longer to be put off.

“Wha was my father?” he demanded, when he and Roderick were seated in the same little attic the guardsman had occupied before he went out with the Prince. Jamie Black alone was absent.

“Your father was Captain Gilbert Forsyth, a Roman Catholic and a Jacobite of the worst breed, but a gentleman forbye.”

“A Catholic and a Jacobite!” cried Gilbert the younger, the color rushing to his face. “Then have I a guid right to be baith. Was he out in the Fifteen?”

“That he was, and rightly banished for it too; but he came back to Scotland in disguise, fourteen or fifteen years afterwards, and he lodged wi’ us. ’T was then he fell in wi’ my sister Jean.”

“And married her?”

“She was but a lass of twenty, and he was double her age, and might have had a dozen wives in foreign parts for a’ we kend, but she was fair daft about him.”

“So they were married.”

“So she said.”

“And he?”

“Went back to Rome, or wherever he cam’ frae, and died there.”

“Are ye sure?”

“Quite sure. My sister got certain word of his death, but he had never acknowledged her as his wife to his friends in Scotland, and though I took her word for it, Jess would not. She made poor Jean’s life a hell to her before you were born,



and after you cam' it was waur. Ae day when ye were but a wee wean of twa or three, we lost ye. Ye had wan'ered up the glen and been droont in the burn. Poor Jean was fair demented. She raiket the glen frae end to end, and when she was quite sure ye were deid, she wad put up wi' Jess's tongue nae langer. She sailed for America in company wi' some colonists frae our part, and never a word hae we heard o' her frae that day till this."

"But I wasna droont."

"Na, na; ye were saved for the gallows. A shepherd had found ye and taken ye hame to his cabin on the hill. 'T was a whilie before he made out wha ye belanged till, and by that time Jean was awa."

"And ye never tellt her?"

"I had nae address and couldna hae written gin I had. She said she wad trouble us nae mair, and I was fond o' ye forbye, and didna want to gie ye up, e'en to hersell."

"Ye wad rather gie up your ain wife for me," said Gib in some bitterness. To a large-hearted, lonely boy, there was something exceedingly thrilling in the thought that he might have a mother alive, even though she be at the other side of the world.

"I keepit ye at hame for twa-three years mair," continued Rory, "but the mistress gave me nae peace about my sister's ill-begotten wean as she ca'ed ye. Having nane o' her ain, she was jealous, ye ken. So ae day, I picket ye up under my arm and cam' in to 'list in the Toon Guard, though

I was loath to leave the free-trade that brocht me in a heap o' siller. Ye were content to bide wi' me for a whilie, and I had ye taught to read and write by the schulemaster doon the stair, for I aye had mind that your father was a gentleman."

"Thank you."

"Humph! Ye didna thank me muckle then. Naught wad dae ye but to be out on the streets like a common cadie, and being a willfu' wean ye had your way."

"I didna ken ye were my uncle."

"I never tellt ye, for fear the next question wad be, 'Whaur 's my mither?'"

"That it wad, and 't is to America I will be going to look for her, though I should hae to wark my way across."

"There will be nae ither way for ye to win there," said Roderick sullenly. "My last bawbee is spent."

"And upon me! Dang my breeks! I am an ungratefu' wretch, Uncle Rory, but can ye no see — d'ye no understand — ane's mither is different" —

"I ken fine. I had ane o' my ain."

"Then ye will no tak' it ill — the parting wi' me?"

"I winna part wi' ye. I will gang tae."

Here ends the story which I have constructed, faultily, I avow, from the memories imparted to me by my grandfather. Now begins Roderick's own narrative.



PART SECOND  
IN THE NEW WORLD



## CHAPTER X

### A WILD GOOSE CHASE

I THOUGHT myself a bit of a sailor, for I had had numerous trading trips to Holland in the old days, but these were as naught compared to the voyage across the Atlantic in the bad ship Stormy Petrel, which I made in the year 1748, in company with my nephew, Gilbert Forsyth.

“Curse you for a roving scamp,” I said to him when we had been whomled about for six weeks on the long rollers, with never a glint of a green headland, but the laddie only laughed. He took to the sea as naturally as he took to aught else that came his way, and ere the voyage was ended he could mount the rigging like a cat and was able to help the sailors mightily at their tasks, we being short of men, as of everything else upon that wretched craft.

No shore in the world ever looked so welcome to me as did the sandy stretches of Long Island, past which we sailed into the harbor of New York.

“Please God, I bide on land henceforth,” said I to Gilbert, who was strolling along at my side through the dirty and ill-paved streets of the little town. He had a roll in his gait like unto a regular seaman, and declared that, if we found not his



mother within a reasonable time, he would ship as a sailor, to what part of the world it mattered not a straw.

New York was a low-built, straggling sort of place, compared to Edinburgh, but I was in no haste to leave. After the hard tack and salt beef of the ship, we felt like lords to be feasting upon a kind of duck called the bluebill, and upon oysters, four times the size of those at home. It was a busy town, especially about the harbor, where the flags of every nation flew, now that peace had been declared. The houses were mostly of brick, some of them built in the new fashion of turning the gables away from the street; and the abundant shade trees were most needful, for a hotter place I never visited, though it was but the month of June.

In Scotland, the daylight was lasting till nearly ten o'clock, while in New York it left us soon after eight; but we made the most of it, walking about the streets, though the sight of the family parties seated in their gardens or upon their roof balconies, enjoying the cool of the evening, made him homesick, Gilbert said. One would think he came out of a warm nest with parent birds and a numerous brood of chicks, to hear him talk. Howbeit, he became fevered with impatience to be off on the search for his mother, but I am not one who is willing to start upon an enterprise until the end thereof be in sight.

I had picked up a smattering of Dutch upon my Holland excursions, and was therefore able to ques-

tion other than the English-speaking folk of the town concerning the locality where my sister was most like to be found. One and all agreed that the neighborhood of Lake Horicon in the northern part of the State was that most affected by my fellow countrymen, who, being notable fighters, had been given grants of land there, with a view to keeping back invaders from Canada during the different wars. My sister Jean was a country lass, born and bred ; she was not the one to linger in towns. Since she had come out with settlers from the Scotch Highlands she was most likely to be with them still ; but how to reach Lake Horicon was the question.

“If once we could make our way up the Hudson River so far as Albany,” I said to my nephew, “the rest were easy ;” but therein I spake like a man in his sleep, as I discovered later. Meanwhile, my money being nearly done, we did our best to find work in New York ; but that was difficult, neither of us having a trade, unless soldiering count for one, and even that had gone out of use since the peace. To work as a day laborer suited neither my age nor my weight, and was unbefitting a lad like Gilbert, whose father was a gentleman.

The boy’s heart lay to the sea, so we hung about the harbor, and by good luck heard one day the shouting of a very fat Dutchman who had gotten himself wedged between the wharf and his deeply laden sailboat, having slipped upon the plank as he was coming ashore. I was perhaps better acquaint with profane expressions than with aught else in

the Holland tongue, and had no trouble to make out what the man was saying as we rescued him from his strait. He was damning the wharf, the plank, the yacht, his mate who had left him alone on it, and even his own corpulency.

“Pugh!” said I in broken Dutch. “Had you been lean you were now in the water.”

He looked hard at me then, and seeing I was near as large as himself, he gave a jolly laugh and held out his hand.

“What can I do for you?”

“Take me to Albany,” said I, for I had noted upon the stern of the craft her name, “Catharina, Albany.”

“That will I, if you will ship as mate and thus rid me of the rascal who has gone off with his wife, our cook, to transact business of their own in the town, leaving me to stick here with not a hand to help me unload the cargo, though he knew well that I must be on my way homewards at the turn of the tide.”

“The young man here is a sailor,” said I. “He can take the place of your mate and I will go with you as cook. This many a year have I made my own meals, and they have not disagreed with me, as you see.”

The Dutchman laughed again, and was delighted at the chance of giving his mate the slip, which I said was but proper treatment for any man who could go off pleasuring with a female and leave his comrade in the lurch.

So Gilbert and I set to work forthwith, and ere

sundown we had the cargo of deals transferred from the yacht to a lumber yard hard by; and when the laddie had run to the tavern, defrayed our charges, and collected our small baggages, the Dutchman was ready to set sail. The new mate soon picked up enough of his language to understand what was said to him by the master of the craft, who chuckled mightily at having secured a regular sailor for his work.

'T was pleasant indeed, so soon after our escape from a vile-smelling ship upon a waste of waters, to be sailing up that noble river with its shores oft changing from highland to low, from cultivated fields and orchards to the thick woods that in many places came to the very edge of the water. We met numbers of boats going down to New York, and were passed by others returning; for though we journeyed light, it took us five days to reach Albany, because, on account of the inexperience of the mate and the laziness of the master, we anchored every night, a much more reasonable way of traveling than to plough onwards through storm and darkness, as we had done upon the Atlantic.

We became very friendly with our Dutchman, who appreciated my cooking no less than Gilbert's sailing. His name we found to be Joost Zuurdeeg, and he was overseer, or steward, to a wealthy countryman of his own, who was the proprietor of three islands in the Hudson, and lived upon one of them, a mile this side of Albany, but he had a town house also. It was to the island that

Joost was bound, and he urged us both to take service there, for the summer at least, with his master, who had plenty of negro slaves, but was willing to pay highly for white labor. We smiled at the proposal, though indeed it had been far better for us to have accepted it, as we learned later.

Zuurdeeg was a great smoker and a great talker forby, so that he added a deal to our knowledge of his language before we left him, and told us much of the country through which we were passing and had still to pass before reaching our destination. Lake Horicon was farther off than I had thought.

“You must hire an Indian guide in Albany,” said Joost, whereat the laddie and I looked at one another and laughed. Did he fancy that a sergeant of the City Guard and a cadie from Auld Reekie were not fit to find their way about any part of the world whatsoever?

“I ne’er lost mysell on the moors, when hiding from the troopers,” said Gib, “nor yet in Paris; and here, when I hae a compass, it is a simple matter. We hae but to follow the course of the streams northward.”

He was very proud of the compass given him by the captain of the Stormy Petrel, a small reward for his help aboard ship, but Gib valued it above all his earthly possessions. I set more store by Joost’s parting gift, which was no less than a stout, flat-bottomed boat, we having no skill of the birch-bark canoes. We waited in Albany only long enough to lay in a moderate supply of provisions. I carried my Lochaber axe and the



musket I brought from Scotland, while Gilbert had a huge pair of pistols we had gotten in New York. The river was alive with sturgeon, we had hooks and lines and could fish as well as hunt for our larder.

As we rowed up the Hudson, the farms and clearings became farther and farther apart, and the stretches of forest closer together. The river was more rapid as we went onward, and it was none so easy working our way in the heat of the sun, but we reached the fort at Saratoga in safety.

Exactly where we went after that is beyond me to tell, though I know we left the Hudson at a place called Nicholson, and shortly thereafter stowed away our boat, which had become of small use to us on account of the shallowness and swiftness of the streams and the number of trees across them; some having fallen in the course of nature, others having been purposely felled to obstruct the advance of French and Indians. In New York and Albany there had been few signs that a war was just ended, but now we fell in with many families newly returned to their farms and clearings, living in rude cabins until such time as they could rebuild their burnt houses. In Scotland I had seen plenty of Jacobites placed in similar circumstances by heartless Whig marauders.

It was after we had passed the last of these unfortunates that we lost our way; indeed it was marvelous that we had held to it so long, even with good directions from the people of the country. There was a mighty difference, we found, between

threading the lanes of Auld Reekie or tramping the treeless Highlands, and following an Indian trail through the thick woods, even with streams and a compass for guides. At that time I had no skill in woodcraft whatever, and Gilbert was in the same case. His spirit kept up amazingly so long as he judged I had an idea where we were, but one night, as we lay awake, being half devoured by the mosquitoes, with no sounds to break the stillness save their detestable humming, the deep bass croak of a bull-frog, or the crash of a falling tree, he fell to weeping like a child, and I said to him gruffly, —

“What ails thee, laddie?”

“Think you he will be kind to her, Rory?”

Then I knew that he was pondering, not upon our dilemma, but was back at the door of St. Giles’s watching the bride and groom come forth. I have ever remarked that when a man or boy is homesick it is aye some woman body he calls to mind. Having none belonging to him by rights, Gib must take it into his silly red head to greet about Mrs. Hector Buchanan.

“Why should he not be kind to her?” quoth I.  
“He has wanted her long.”

“But now that she is won — and such a genty bit lassie” —

“She is older than yoursell, ye yammering gilpey;” and thereupon I rolled over on my side and feigned sleep, though anxious enough, not about the fate of Mrs. Hector Buchanan, who had got more than her deserts in being married to the brawest soldier I ever fought under, but about the



fate of one Roderick Campbell and his nephew. My ammunition was well-nigh spent, and we were chiefly dependent upon it for our food, since much of our supply we had been obliged to leave behind us in the boat; a sinful waste to which I could only bring myself by reflecting that we might collect it upon the return journey. Probably Jean would be glad of it, though how I should find again the spot where we had hid the boat, or find ourselves even in this dreary forest where we were hidden, it beat me to tell.

So soon as the dawn broke and the blue jays began to scream in the treetops, we rose and crashed our way northwards, which was no great task for Gilbert, he being young, active, and able to leap over slippery, moss-covered rocks and fallen tree-trunks, to push through a very small opening in the undergrowth. I required a larger one, and so lent the laddie my Lochaber axe to clear the way for me, though grieved indeed to be obliged to shorten the handle for the purpose. I grudged the wasting of powder and shot, but had no mind to starve, and at the close of the second day of our blind wanderings, I brought down a brace of partridges, one with each barrel.

“Are ye no feared to bring the savages upon us wi’ your firing?” said Gilbert.

“I would like to be seeing a savage or any human face,” I replied, setting to work to pluck the feathers from the birds. Though hungry enough to have eaten them just as they were, I said, “You build a fire to roast these.”

He chose a place where there was a little opening among the trees overhead, having a care not to set them afire, but he went on with his alarms.

“Dang my breeks! Are ye no feared to bring the savages upon us wi’ the smoke?” and I marvelled at the laddie, for it was usually he who was venturesome and I the reverse. He laid no claim to the second sight, but it is in the family, on the Campbell side, and mayhap coming events cast their shadow across his path. But I was main hungry and felt that to die a lingering death by starvation was worse than any other fate that could befall us.

“Keep ane for the morn,” said Gib, when I had the birds browned to a turn.

“Hoots!” quoth I. “Ye ’re unco forsiehty, like Forsyth’s cat wha saved her supper for her breakfast and was deid afore the morning.”

I had scarce broken my fast when, “There’s something stirring behind yon tree,” whispered the lad, and turning my head with my mouth full, I saw first one, then another and another — British soldiers, a sight more terrifying to Gilbert than so many savages would have been. He forgot for the moment he was no more a hunted Jacobite.

“Dutch?” asked the first intruder, casting a hungry eye upon our fowls. I had as little love for the English as Gilbert himself, but I deemed it politic to reply, “British,” whereat our three unexpected guests seated themselves upon a log hard by and needed but scant invitation to share our supper. My dander rose at the sight, for I cannot

abide gluttony in a man. I was not inclined to let it be known that we had lost our way, and therefore inquired of the soldiers if they had lost theirs.

“Zounds!” said the spokesman. “We are but a musket shot from our fort, and ’t was the noise of your firing that drew us hither, thinking you were Indians. There are roving bands about on the watch for English travelers. You were in luck not to have fallen into their clutches.”

“’T was in fear of them we left the main route between Albany and Lake Horicon. We had not intended to visit your fort,” I continued, — though what was the name of it I knew no more than a stuffed haddock, — “and therefore have no letter of introduction to your commander; but since our guides have played us false, we will be obliged to you for a safe conduct.”

I had seen enough of high life to bear me out in the tone I took with the men, but Gib, sharp enough at times, was so much overawed by the British uniform, he looked the picture of imbecility when the soldiers doffed their tall hats and humbly apologized for having broken in so rudely upon the meal of a person of my quality.

“If it please your honor,” said one, “will you instruct your servant to refrain from firing again;” whereat I turned and made a grimace at the lad, significant of the part he was to play, and he recovered himself sufficiently to walk modestly behind us, carrying my axe and musket, instead of bounding forward in front of me as he had been wont to do.

Thus escorted, we reached the blockhouse on the bank of Wood Creek, that was dignified by the name Fort Anne. It was not uncommon for gentlemen to dress like runners of the woods when they went a-hunting, or like traders when they traveled; so the officer in command was easily imposed upon by my story of guides and baggage having gone astray. Indeed he would have welcomed visitors of any description from Europe, so thirsty was he for news of the outside world from which he was so far removed. When he heard my name, he said politely, —

“There was a Captain Lachlan Campbell who ten years since made a settlement upon the shores of Lake Horicon. Peradventure you are of kin to him.”

“The same family,” said I, which was no wide stretching of the truth, for are not all the Campbells of kin to the Duke of Argyle? “’Tis to visit Captain Campbell I am bound.”

“Then can I save you further journey. He hath given up the colony in disgust, and for aught I know is returned to his own country.”

“What riled him?”

“The Highlandmen he brought out at his own expense had no sooner filled their lungs with the air of this damned free country than they refused to work for their laird, as they would have been proud to do at home. Each man must own his own land, forsooth, and work for himself alone.”

“So he left them?”

“I know not whether ’t was he who left them or

they who left him, but the French and Indians scattered them well in time, burning their houses over their heads, a just punishment for their rebellion."

To all this Gilbert was listening with both of his long ears, and he had hardly refrained from breaking in upon our discourse with eager questionings had I not made a warning grimace with the side of my face which was hid from the officer.

"We shall push on into Captain Campbell's country, nevertheless," said I, "and mayhap will fall in with some of his people who can tell us whither he has gone."

## CHAPTER XI

### THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE INDIAN

WE adhered to our determination, despite the urgent request of the commander that I should remain longer at the fort. He had not heard of the passing of the Act of Indemnity, but rejoiced mightily thereat, as he had some near friends and even relatives among the rebels.

“They may now return to their homes,” said he, “while I am pinioned here in the wilderness.”

In truth I felt some pity for the poor devil and prayed for his speedy deliverance. This I did the more heartily as he gave us the three soldiers we had first met to serve as guides and escort to Lake Horicon, where I made no doubt I should fall upon some trace of my sister Jean.

But as it turned out, the soldiers proved naught but a trap to us, discharging their pieces quite recklessly at birds and animals that were not fit to eat, and on the second day's journey from Fort Anne they brought a swarm of savages about us. These allies of the French were slow to lay down the hatchet, affecting not to understand that peace had been declared; and a hot fight we had with them that July day, if fight it can be called, where our foes did not show themselves, but fired at us



from behind trees on either hand. I learned afterwards that we had come between two distinct bands of Indians of different tribes and each thought that we were in league with the other party.

A shot from a warrior on our left chanced to kill a leader on our right, whereat the whole hellish mob rushed into the open, bent upon killing, first of all, the white men. Our three soldiers were dispatched in the twinkling of an eye, but their end moved me not, for I had seen hundreds of their kind slain at Falkirk. Gilbert fought for his life like a man, firing his pistols at the invisible foe, and swinging my Lochaber axe among them when they appeared, but what chance had a haffin against such odds? Before I could get near to him he fell beneath a tomahawk, and I no longer cared what became of myself.

Without a doubt I had shared his fate, had not the savage who undertook my scalping laid violent hands upon my wig, which came off in his fist, disclosing my perfectly bald pate, that I wrinkled into furrows, and turned likewise upon the scoundrel a grimace so diabolical he fell to the earth in abject fear. Full of grief and rage at the murder of my dear lad, I was on the point of striking him a death-blow with my firelock, but suddenly be-thought me that such an action would not bring Gilbert to life again, nor was this the Indian who had killed him. It was undoubtedly one of the other party. The sanest course was to think of my sister Jean and preserve my own life for her sake, however valueless it might now appear. As a means

to this end, I waved my arms, making some mystic motions over the head of the wretch before me and raising him to his feet.

When his comrades surrounded and would have made an end of me, he spake to them, as I afterwards learned, saying I was a great magician, and claiming me in the place of a brother who had been shot by one of the English soldiers. I saw the three of them weltering there in blood, their scalps removed, but Gilbert's body I saw not, though many a night thereafter I lay awake and thought of it lying exposed to the elements, as I had seen the dead upon Drummossie Moor. But there had been no wild beasts at Culloden, save those that took the human shapes of His Grace of Cumberland and his troopers, while the American forest was full of vicious animals, I doubted not. I was old enough to have known better than to let the laddie talk me into setting out upon such a wild goose chase. Would that I had been the one to suffer! I had had enough of the game of life, while he was but beginning to play. He was dead and regrets were useless, but I wished I could have given him Christian burial, for he was a Roman Catholic and would rest uneasily, even though the beasts of prey should find him not.

I was sure there had been a white man among the savages that surrounded us, a Frenchman, probably a *coureur de bois*, one of those Canadian rangers scarcely less savage than the Indians themselves; but whatever he was, he was not of our company, but must have withdrawn his men in the direction of Wood Creek.

The wound in my leg was trifling, but I refused to walk, being tired with the long tramp I had already taken, and resolved to keep up the impression of having something uncanny about me, that I might receive the more consideration, and in this I succeeded admirably. The savages made a litter of stout branches and four of their number carried me thereon, the two foremost widening the trail with their hatchets, to make room for me to pass; but in so doing they jolted me so unmercifully I had speedily found my leg well enough to bear my weight had we not come out upon the shore of a wide and sunny loch that I knew must be Horicon.

The Indians found the boats where they had left them, and we embarked, five canoes with two savages in each. Me they placed in the largest of the five, with a man paddling at bow and stern, and after the days I had passed trudging afoot through the wilderness, the motion was truly agreeable; and were it not for the thought of the laddie left dead behind me, I might have been as easy in mind as in body, for I am not one to repine at ill fortune, having all my life been subject to the buffetings of Fate. When a man has passed forty odd years upon this earthly treadmill, he is never taken aback at aught that occurs, but blesses his stars if he retain his faculties and some measure of bodily strength to combat the ills that afflict him.

It was late in the afternoon I had been captured, but before nightfall we were far down the lake. After passing a narrow portion, we landed and camped till morning. No guard was set upon me,

the savages knowing full well that I could not make my escape, by land or water, even if I would. They had taken my musket from me, and in the morning they took my clothes also. It was useless to offer resistance, so at their bidding, by signs, I walked into the lake, and was washed free from the blood of white men, as I afterwards understood.

My wound being disclosed, the Indians placed some healing leaves upon it, and allowed me to make a rude bandage out of a portion of my clothing. This done, they stained my whole body with a brown juice that made it the color of their own, and painted my face and head in the reds and yellows affected by the dead warrior whose place I was taking. Could I but have seen myself I were a spectacle indeed, and I caught myself saying, "Glad am I that Gilbert is not here to laugh at me;" but the thought of him saddened me once more, and I had no heart for the making of faces to impress my captors.

"Better for the laddie to be dead than to come to this," thought I, as I looked down upon my figure arrayed in the scanty summer costume of an Indian brave, which consisted chiefly of a wampum necklace, a rattlesnake girdle, and a breech-clout. I saw my different articles of apparel adorning the swarthy warriors about me, even to my wig, which one of them wore wrong side foremost till it came slipping so far over his nose he hung it at his belt, where my scalp might have been.

Sparkling and transparent was the water of

Horicon, not brown like our mountain lochs; but I suspected it must have a well-known Highland attribute when I saw an Indian carefully fill a curious jar of European make and carry it along with him.

“Unspoken water,” said I to myself. “There will be some one sick in his wigwam;” but I soon remarked that I must be mistaken in my conjecture, for the water-carrier and his comrades kept up their chattering, and whatever healing power the water might have possessed would be destroyed thereby.

The savages proceeded slowly down the lake, stopping here and there to fish or to go ashore for hunting, and at one place they carried their canoes — and me — for some distance overland. We passed from Horicon into Lake Champlain, though at that time I knew not the name of the bonny sheet of water, nor did I know that the square stone fort upon the tongue of land jutting out into it was St. Frederic, called by the English, Crown Point. 'Twas there that a small boat shot out from the shore, and challenged the first canoe. The Indian with me told me months afterwards, when I came to know his language, all that passed.

The men from the French fort accused them of having waylaid five Englishmen, and of killing or making prisoners of them all, the party of Seneca Indians sent out from St. Frederic under a Canadian officer having arrived too late to the rescue. They had returned to the fort directly, by way of



Wood Creek, and had told the story of the fight. Such affairs could no longer be permitted, the Frenchman said, and our party must forthwith deliver up what prisoners it had taken.

The Indians declared that they had no prisoners, that it was the Senecas who had killed the whole five Englishmen, and were but trying to make trouble by fixing the blame upon them, because they had indeed killed one of the Senecas, though by accident, and one of their own had been shot in return. The Frenchmen made the canoes pass in review before them, and they looked very hard at me; but my "owner" explained that I was their medicine-man whom they had taken with them for luck, but now I was in disgrace since fortune had not favored them, and next time they would take a "black-robe" instead. So all my grimacing and gesticulating went for naught, and from my heart I sighed for Gib, with the French lessons I had lightlied before. My courage sank to my bare feet when we paddled onwards out of sight of the French fort and my last hope of rescue vanished therewith.

We went on in the same leisurely fashion to the very end of Lake Champlain, where it makes its outlet into a river flowing due north, and there we occasionally saw the face of a white man in canoe or shallop, going from one farmhouse to another along the river highway; but what mattered it when I looked like an Indian, though a rare stout one, and could not speak the language of the country?



To relieve the monotony, I offered to share in the paddling, but was main sorry for it afterwards because kneeling in the cramped position that the movement requires, soon becomes intolerable to a person of my weight. I provided some amusement for the savages, no doubt, by my clumsy spluttering, though they showed it not in the faintest semblance of a smile. The Indians of North America are indeed the gravest people I ever lived among, having plenty of imagination, but no humor. Not one of them looked upon my facial contortions in any but the most serious light, regarding them as signs that the demons really possessed me.

I thought it was another lake we came to at last, but it turned out to be the St. Lawrence, the great river of Canada, where there was a flowing tide to help us onward, though we must have been many a league from the sea, the water being quite fresh. We passed close to a walled town upon an island, that I afterward knew to be Montreal, but did not land there, continuing on our way till we reached the Indian village of Caughnawaga.

Scarce could I believe my eyes when I saw upon the shore several houses of European make, besides a small chapel and even some attempts at fortification. As I stumbled out of the canoe, being cramped with my long sitting, the first person my eyes rested upon was a priest of the order of Jesuits, to whom was handed the jar of water which had been carried so far and so carefully. Later on he told me that the water of Horicon

alone was pure enough for baptismal and other purposes connected with the holy rites he administered, and for that reason the lake was known to the French as St. Sacrament. The Black Robe addressed me first in Dutch, "You are from Albany?"

"Yes, but I am not a Dutchman."

"English?"

"No," said I, with a savage scowl, for I had rather been taken for a Dutchman. The priest looked puzzled, and to gratify his curiosity I told him I was a Scot.

"The same thing," he answered, with an airy wave of his hand, speaking very fair English.

"'T is not the same thing whatever. I have but newly ceased fighting the English in Scotland, and came out here to be quit of them."

"Ah, then you are one of us. We, too, have been recently fighting the English, and have stopped, — for the present, — though these parishioners of mine cannot easily be withdrawn from the war."

He turned and spake sharply to the Indians, reproaching them for having made me prisoner, I judged by his gestures.

"They shall bring you some fitting garments at once," said he to me, "and I trust you will excuse their clerical cut, as there chances to be no white man, save myself, in the village at present."

"Thank you, not for me," said I; for what availed it to rig myself out like a Jesuit priest when my laddie was no longer alive to laugh at

me? "I found the heat of this country unbearable in European clothes, and this mixture of paint and grease which the savages have daubed upon my limbs keeps off the mosquitoes, which were torturing me beyond measure. If your reverence pleases, I will stick to my present costume."

"It certainly hath its advantages," said the good father, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Without doubt; and it seems to be the only safe one for travel in these parts, since the Indians make war upon all white men alike."

"The rascals!" said he, with a shake of his head. "I must teach them better manners."

"Rather an unruly lot of pupils," I thought, that night, as I lay in one of the long lodges upon a sort of shelf that served for beds and watched the figures squatting about the fires that were lighted down the middle, whereat the women were cooking the evening meal. The priest had taken me at first into his own house which adjoined the chapel, a rude and bare little place, but there was an odor of sanctity about it that made me prefer the Indian dwellings, despite the dirt, the smoke, and the fleas. Besides, my adopted brother, whose name being interpreted meant Red Wolf, would not let me go, and even went so far as to introduce me to his brother's widow and child as their husband and father.

I had had enough of petticoat rule in Scotland, and was not desirous of coming under it again, though there was a difference wide as the Atlantic itself between Mistress Campbell, the fishwife,

and these dark-faced, meek-eyed squaws who aye seemed asking permission of their lords to remain alive. Would Jess could have seen them! What I had undergone at her hands made me suspicious of the whole sex, however, and I would have naught to do with any of them, even when Red Wolf and his sister-in-law had built me a small lodge of my own. I lived alone in it, save for the young of certain wild animals I found a solace in training to come at my call — but I am going in advance of my story.

I took every pains to foster Red Wolf's belief in my supernatural powers, and by degrees it spread to his fellows. Such superstitions were supposed to have been put away with the adoption of the Christian religion, but the natural man has a strong leaning to the ways of his natural state, and sure there could be no sin in treating with uncommon respect one who was on such good terms with both the Jesuits of the Mission. As a rule there was a standing feud between priest and medicine-man; I was an exception. I was acquaint with a goodly number of Highland remedies, — for sleeplessness, toothache, sore feet, and the like, — and ere long I had learned enough of the native herbs to prescribe for these simple ailments, and many more complex forbye. When my patients grew worse instead of better under my treatment, I was ever ready with some plausible excuse therefor. Nor was I to be beaten at the interpretation of dreams, to which I gave so

harmless or so practical a twist that Father Tournois himself approved and upheld me therein.

It has ever been my custom, in whatever situation I might be placed, to make myself one of the folk I am with. I had been a Jacobite with the Jacobites, a Whig with the Whigs, and now I was to become an Indian with the Indians. If the truth were told, I did not long feel myself a stranger at Caughnawaga, for there are many points of resemblance between those converted Iroquois and my own countrymen of the Highlands. Both are fierce fighters, superstitious, stiff with pride, loyal to their own clan or tribe, but ready to make war upon another at the smallest excuse, resentful of authority, fond of plundering and raiding, but not of a siege nor of fighting against their kinsmen — but of that I shall speak hereafter.

## CHAPTER XII

### I RETURN TO ALBANY ON BUSINESS

ALL summer long I abode at Caughnawaga, which the French called Sault St. Louis, from the rapids in the great river near, and I went upon the shorter hunting trips with the men of the village, though for the longer tramps I had no stomach. We had occasional visits from Canadian traders, with whom I could converse at ease before long, learning their language and the Iroquois with equal facility, though I could not have spelt a word of either to save my neck. Most of the business of the village seemed to be done at the house and shop of two maiden ladies, the Demoiselles Desauniers, whose acquaintance, naturally, I sought not to make, though I was consumed with curiosity concerning them. Very diligent they were in teaching the catechism of their church to the Indian children with which every lodge was swarming, but their labors were not entirely missionary, I could have taken my oath.

One morning, a band of our Indians returned from a St. Lawrence journey, who brought with them several canoes paddled by wild and fierce-looking savages, no more like the Caughnawagas than a Highland stot is like an English cow.

“Who are these?” I asked of Red Wolf.



“They are Outagamies from the far west, on the way to Montreal with their furs.”

“Then what do they here?”

“Our men have met them above Lachine and coaxed them with presents to bring their skins to us instead. They have journeyed many days from the land of the setting sun, and their furs are rare, worth many beaver skins.”

“But what do they here?” I persisted. “Will they not still have to take their pelts on to Montreal for sale?”

“Not so, brother. There is another market than that of Montreal.”

“Where?”

“Albany.”

“But to trade with the Dutch and English is surely forbid by *Onontio*,” the Indian name for the governor at Quebec.

“The Iroquois own no master,” said Red Wolf, with a shrug of the shoulder; but suddenly recollected and crossed himself, muttering something like *Jesu Marie* under his breath.

“It was in returning from a trip to Albany that we met you, my brother,” he continued.

“You had been there with furs and were coming back with goods?”

“No; we had no goods that time and could take a little hunting.”

“Hunting of men,” I thought bitterly, with my poor laddie in mind, but another idea was taking shape there. At length I seemed to see a way to continue my search for the boy’s mother.

“Some of you will be going to Albany with this lot of furs?”

“That will be as the Black Robe and the Demoiselles please.”

“They are partners in the trade?”

“Yes.”

“And they get better prices for their furs at Albany than at Montreal?”

“Yes; at least the English goods are better.”

“But you are not always trusted to bring them back?”

“When our people go to Albany, the Dutchmen make them drink so deep of the fire-water, they will barter all their goods again for another drop of rum.”

It took me a long time and much gesticulation to get so much out of Red Wolf, but the fellow had really begun to have an affection for me, since I healed him of an imaginary ailment I told him he possessed, and he could deny me nothing on which my mind was set, except my liberty.

“Give me charge of your furs,” I said to Father Tournois, when I met him after vespers that night. “I promise to drive as hard a bargain as any Dutchman in Albany.”

“But will you be able to keep drink from the Indians?”

“That will I, at least until their business is done. I had large experience in the control of riotous young men while an officer of the City Guard in the capital of Scotland.”

“Good! But can we trust you to return?”

“Send Red Wolf, my dear brother, to take care of me. He will see to it that I escape not.”

I had no intention to bind myself by any vow about spending the winter at Sault St. Louis much as the summer had been to my taste; 't was my duty to make further search for my sister. Now that her son was no more I cared but little whether I found her or not, though of course I would not let that stand in the way of helping her should I chance to light upon her.

So it was settled, and I made the long journey by canoe with portages and found it tiresome to a degree, though as commander I paddled none and laid not a finger upon the loads. The squaws carried them, as was but proper, and a custom I would fain see introduced into Europe. Reclining at my ease in the bottom of the largest canoe, I could not but reflect upon the difference in my appearance and sentiments since last I had traveled between Albany and the St. Lawrence. Then I had been a heart-broken Scot, mourning my own captivity and the loss of my young kinsman; now I was a naturalized Indian, with not a want nor an aspiration beyond those of my dusky comrades. I had even learned to smoke their home-grown tobacco, and seldom sighed for the snuff of my forbears.

Our furs were consigned to a certain Dutchman called Vervoort, who was not to be found in Albany; so one of our Indians proposed seeking for him at his island home in the Hudson, where he had never yet been and evidently wanted to go. I wondered

if it was the same island upon which we had left Joost Zuurdeeg in the spring, and so it turned out to be, for there he was himself waiting for us at the landing stage, and looking fatter than ever, I thought, for I had grown used to the gaunt Indians. He was by no means sure about letting us land, for business of this kind was always done by his master in Albany, and I was just as unwilling to present myself before an acquaintance in my present guise, but Indians are like spoiled children and ever have their own way. I determined to have mine likewise and not to interview Joost by broad daylight, so I bade Red Wolf say to him that we wished to stroll about the island which was a mile long and a quarter as broad, and that we would return about dusk for our bargaining. Red Wolf obeyed me readily, for he, no more than the rest, had been at the place before and was curious to explore it. Being used to the freaks of red men, Joost consented, though it was against his master's orders to allow any Indians to land upon the island, — but he was in New York.

I would have preferred to leave my adopted brother in charge of the furs, but he preferred to walk at my heels, having it in his mind no doubt that I might give him the slip, though indeed I had no immediate prospect of so doing. There was no telling what I might chance upon in the town on our way homewards. So with Red Wolf at my back I stalked along the edge of the Dutchman's plantation and eyed his rows of Indian corn, with the yellow pumpkins lying between, and the heaps

of red apples piled under the trees, ready to be gathered in. I felt a sort of savage resentment against his prosperity, till it was dispelled by a woman's voice, singing, not a Dutchwoman either, for this is what she sang : —

“ Oh ! were we young as we ance hae been,  
 We should hae been gallopin' doun yon green,  
 And linkin' it ower the lily-white lea ;  
 And werena my heart licht I wad dee.”

Twenty years it carried me back, and far across the seas. I peeped round the corner of the high stack to see whence the sound proceeded, and it was a homely picture that met my eyes — a comely, bien-looking matron about forty years of age, watching her four or five children who were sliding in the straw. Wee Dutch weans, there was no mistaking them, but was it indeed their mother who was singing the words and the air that I had heard langsyne from a lass of twenty who was my sister Jean ? Of a sudden she turned her face and I looked into the blue eyes of Jean herself. She gave a gasp of alarm at sight of me and Red Wolf, — two fearsome Indians, — and the weans set up a roar that had raised the dead.

“ Shall I lift their scalps ? ” asked my adopted brother, fingering his tomahawk.

“ If you dare ! ” I exclaimed, trying to draw him off ; but the outcry had brought my friend Joost upon the scene, and being curious to hear how he would address the lady I stood where I was and let the bairns bawl.

“ 'T is naught,” said he, “ but some Indians who

have brought furs here to barter for goods, not finding the master in Albany."

The lady gathered her brood about her and started for the house, while I looked after her, earnestly, unaware that Joost was as earnestly regarding me, till he brought me a sounding whack upon the bare shoulder.

"'Tis indeed yourself, Mr. Campbell," said he. "Sure there is not another man so fat in America."

"Saving only yourself," I replied. "Who is that lady?"

"My master's wife, Vrouw Vervoort."

"How long married?"

"A matter of ten years or so."

"And the children?"

"All hers, though my master was a widower when she took him."

"Is she well content?"

"Of course. Who would not be with so many slaves and so large an income? But tell me, friend, what in the name of all the devils prompted this disguise?"

When I told him my story, he even wept, having a good heart, over Gilbert's sad fate.

"If you had taken my offer and stopped off to work for my master upon this island he had even now been alive," which was but too true, and the lad would have found his mother, — but that I did not tell Joost.

"Stay with me now," he continued, "and turn Christian."



“I have an adopted brother,” quoth I, with a wink towards Red Wolf, who knew no Dutch and had stood like a graven image during our talk.

“You are his property — I understand” — said Joost, “but I doubt not he loves rum as much as he loves his brother, nay, even more.”

“I have sworn that none of the party shall get drunk till our business is done.”

“Nor shall they; but after the furs are exchanged and the goods packed in the canoes for the return journey, you must upset your boat — we will put no goods into it as you are load enough. Then you cannot go back with the rest, for you will be drowned.”

“Just that! I am no swimmer.”

“So much the better. Can you not float?”

“I have done so much.”

“Your canoe is upset. The Indians swim ashore, but you cannot, as they well know. The current is swift, and will carry you round that point where I will be with a boat-hook to draw you to land.”

“But I may sink.”

“Tut! It gets shallow at once. You may walk ashore, if you please.”

This programme was carried out to the letter, and from the underbrush of the bank, wherein Joost concealed me, I could hear the savages making a great outcry over my loss. They followed my supposed course far down the stream, beseeching the spirits with whom I was in league to return me once more; but ere they had paddled up again, I was safe in Zuurdeeg’s house, undergoing

such a scrubbing at his hands as I hope never to endure again. Nor was I made white by one washing ; but dressed in a suit of Joost's clothes, I could pass for an ordinary Dutchman, well tanned by the sun.

The home of Zuurdeeg seemed a marvel of cleanliness after the filth of an Iroquois lodge, but I was more struck with some pieces of old silver-plate and rare-looking china that had been less out of place in his master's. The old fellow noted my roving glances.

“English goods, contraband of war,” he said with a chuckle.

“I thought it was with the French you had been at war, not the English.”

“The Dutch have called themselves neutral, and I have not disdained to buy from these Caughnawaga friends of yours, as well as from other tribes, the household goods of which they have despoiled the English.”

“You have not been discovered?”

“Not I, though others have been, and 't is said that should there be another war the British have sworn to burn Albany first, in revenge for our — lukewarmness ; but what would they have ? Are we to cease doing business because two nations in Europe cannot agree ? What care we for French or English ? When the faithful Indians travel long distances, in peril of their lives, to bring us the results of their winter hunts, shall we refuse to give them the goods they crave in exchange, solely because certain governors have forbidden it ? And

if perchance they should bring with them a few baubles — silver or china — of which they know not the value, must a man inform their minds, or try to induce them to make use of such things in their own lodges? No; it were better by far to purchase them — at a reasonable rate.”

“You are a man after my own heart, Joost Zuurdeeg. Sure ’t is not in human nature to resist the getting of a good bargain, but if some of the English from New York should chance to land here, and see your treasures” —

“No English ever come here. My master loves them not.”

“And yet his wife” —

“Is a Scot, like yourself, and hates the English as only near relatives can hate one another. Now that you are clad, I must present you to her as a countryman.”

“Do not, I pray you. Let me be a Dutchman whilst I remain here. I have no wish to rake over old middens.”

This remark led Joost to believe that it was not entirely of my own free will I had left Scotland, and I was quite willing he should fancy so; for he was the sort of man to think all the more highly of one upon whom he thought the devil had a lien. But what availed my precautions when Jean knew me for her brother the first straight look she had of my face.

It happened in this wise. I worked with Joost at the part of the island most distant from the house, superintending the negroes who were cut-

ting firewood for winter use; but one day my lady and her children met us as we were driving home the oxen with some back-logs for the kitchen fire, and craved of us a ride. I kept my face turned from her so far as I could, though I knew right well she was eyeing me curiously. She waited in patience till we had reached the house and Joost was lifting down the weans. Then she turned, and, looking me full in the face, said in the Gaelic, "You are none other than my own brother, Roderick Campbell, from Fife."

Knowing of old my dislike for the display of emotion, she took me quietly aside into her parlor ere she bade me tell her where I had been, how I had come there, and why I had not sooner revealed myself.

"You are a fine lady now, Jean. You belong to the gentry, the landed proprietors of this country; I was none so sure that you would be caring to have your old brother turn up to remind you of the pit whence you were dug."

"No Scotswoman was ever ashamed of her family," she replied proudly.

"But there is your husband to think of." Her cheek reddened ever so slightly. I had seen enough of my upstart brother-in-law to know that he would not relish having his children call me "uncle," and one of his wife's chief attractions in his eyes was the fact of her having no relations, he himself being overburdened with such. So much had I learned from Joost Zuurdeeg.

"We will talk of my husband again," said Jean.

“Let me hear your story,” and I told it to her in detail, excepting aught that related to her son, Gilbert Forsyth. Better that she should continue to think him dead langsyne, a wee red-headed bairn, than to learn that he had lived to grow up and be murdered at her very door. She had other children; I would keep to myself the memory of my dear laddie.

So I told Jean I had crossed the seas to seek for her, wishing also to free myself from the bondage of Mistress Jess, whereat my sister marveled not.

“Many’s the time I was surprised you could bide with her so long as you did,” said she; and then I pled with her to tell me of herself, for her Gaelic sounded full sweet in my ears, though none could accuse a middle-aged man of being homesick.

“Did you go to the Campbells at Lake Horicon?”

“That I did, but the settlement was not the Garden of Eden, as you may have heard tell, though the French came as an angel with sword of flame to drive us out. The Dutch continued to do business with the French throughout the last war, and ’t was a Dutchman in the fur trade that saved me from the Indians who had burned the house of my friends and were carrying me captive into Canada. Even yet, I have not recovered from my fear of the savages and well-nigh fainted with fright when I saw a couple of them but lately upon this island, where they never come.”

Here was another reason I should not tell her of Gilbert, nor of how he met his death.

“You married your deliverer?”

“Yes; though he was not a gentleman born, like my first husband, nor yet the rich man he hath since become. At that time he was desolate as myself, having lost his wife and three weans with the smallpox.”

“So you took pity on him — and have lived to regret it?”

“Who hath told you so?” My sister rose to her feet, the Highland fire in her eyes. “My man may be rough, but he is kind — to me and the children. His dealings with others concern me not.”

“And just as well,” I thought, “for some of the transactions of your Dutchman would not bear the light of day.”

From what a stepfather had my poor laddie escaped!



## CHAPTER XIII

### MY BROTHER-IN-LAW TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME

ALL things considered, I deemed it best that my sister should not introduce me to her husband as a relation, but merely as a humble friend from Scotland, should he condescend to take any notice of me whatever. Therein we made a mistake, for it was but natural that Jean and I should for-gather now and then, to have a crack about old times, and the shifty Dutchman actually took it into his stupid head to be jealous of me. Having little English and no Gaelic, he was at a loss to understand what passed between his wife and me when he played the eavesdropper, as he often did, returning unexpectedly from his business jaunts to Albany, where, on one plea or another, he was in the habit of passing much of his time during the winter.

I mind one day in particular. I was in a large armchair at my sister's fireside, and the weans were sporting about me, one on either knee and one on each shoulder, playing the spinet upon my bald pate and urging me to make my most ghastly grimaces, while Jean sat opposite at her spinning-wheel, smiling at their glee. Through the shriek-

ing and laughter of the bairns, the crackling of the huge logs upon the hearth, and the whirring of the wheel, we heard not the opening of the door, nor dreamt that the master of the house was upon the island till he stood in our midst. A dead silence fell upon the merry group.

“Away with you!” he cried to the children fiercely, and they slunk off, slowly at first, then scuttering quickly, like rats to their holes, beyond the reach of his arm. I rose too, and began to search for my fur cap which the weans had hidden when I proposed leaving them. The master turned upon Jean.

“Who is this man,” pointing at me with his riding whip, “who sits in my chair, fondles my children, and plays the husband to my wife in my absence?”

“He is my brother,” said Jean, her color rising high.

“Brother!” sneered Vervoort. “I have been watching, ever since the fellow came about, to see how far the affair would go, and now am I convinced that ’t was the worst bargain e’er I made in my life when I bought you from the Indians. Ask of Joost why this villain left Scotland and what he hath done with the red-headed boy, the image of yourself, that was with him when he passed this way in the spring of last year.”

Jean looked at me in perplexed alarm, but my face told her naught, and she repeated doggedly to her husband, “He came to this country to look for me, being my only brother, Roderick Campbell.”

“Campbell? You called yourself Forsyth when I married you.”

“I was a widow.”

“So you said, and I was fool enough to accept your saying, but I dare swear you had no more right to be called Forsyth than this rogue has to be called Campbell.”

Now there is one thing I cannot abide and that is to have any slur cast upon the family name, or any doubt upon my right to bear it. Therefore I stood up to my brother-in-law, being a bigger man than himself, and I said, “Mynheer must pardon me if I have not heretofore claimed the distinction of being related to him. The Campbells are not prone to acknowledge the bad matches which certain of the family, being in sore straits, have been forced to make abroad.”

“Damn you and your family both,” said the Dutchman, bristling like a porcupine. “When my lady here can produce proofs of her legal connection with Forsyth, I will have faith in her legal connection with you; if indeed you and he be not the same person.”

I am not a passionate man, but my gorge rose at this insult, and I wrenched the whip from Vervoort’s hand and would have thrashed him roundly had not my sister intervened.

“There is a measure of truth in what he says, Rory. To this day I know not if my marriage with Captain Forsyth would be deemed a genuine one by the Romish church to which he belonged. This is my husband for sure, the honest man who

gave me his name and a good home, and I am grateful to him — but he must shake hands with my brother,” she added, turning to Vervoort, who was grinning in triumph as he looked at us.

“I have ever thought you a good woman, Jean, and I would have stooped lower yet to make you an honest one, but you must not lie to me now and say that this man is your brother.”

“What else would he be?” She was actually smiling. “Look at him! Is the figure to catch a woman’s fancy?”

The husband relished this pleasantry more than I did. I thought it heartless in the extreme of my own sister to make game of me before him, but I knew her of old to be one who would seek peace at any price.

“You are right, by thunder!” cried Vervoort with a great guffaw. “The female lives not who would fall in love with him for his youth and beauty. Zounds! He must be of kin to you, or you could not endure the sight of him anywhere upon the island — but I decline to receive him into my house as my brother-in-law.”

“Nobody asked you,” said I, and making an ugly face at him I went out.

Jean’s husband, however, was like unto myself in one particular, — he was not the man to allow his prejudices to weigh against his business interests. When next I encountered him he did not fall upon my neck and hail me as “Brother Rory,” but neither did he banish me from his august presence. He called me “Campbell,” which was all I desired of him.

“Campbell,” said he, “Joost tells me that you have spent a summer with the Christian Mohawks at Sault St. Louis.”

“And he spake truth — for once.” I was wroth at the fellow for having cast suspicion upon my motives in leaving home and likewise for having told about the “red-headed boy,” of whom I lived in such daily fear that my sister would question me, I had to shun all private discourse with her.

“What say you to passing this summer also in Canada,” continued Vervoort, “as my agent?”

“You mean for carrying on the fur trade?”

“Exactly. Father Tournois hath been ordered to Quebec, and will be called to account for his share therein. I have now no one at the Sault upon whom I can rely. You speak French and Iroquois?”

“True,” said I, though at that time my knowledge of French was the slimmest. “I also understand Dutch, English, and Gaelic. I have had some experience in the fur trade and am not to be beaten at a bargain.”

“That remains to be seen,” said Vervoort, who had the true trading instinct for crying down that which he wished to purchase. “You are no longer a young man and less active at the portages than many a one, I doubt not; but you might do fairly for living among the savages and keeping them well disposed towards us.”

“You think I am to be trusted?”

“My wife says so.”

“Then ’t is not your agent I will be, nor under

you in any capacity. I have been too long my own master to relish being servant."

"What have you been all winter?"

"Helping Joost, because it pleased me to do so, but since he has been lying of me to you, I shall betake myself to the town to seek my fortune. There are no doubt other fur traders in Albany who would be glad of a reliable man at Caughnawaga, and who would give him a share in the profits."

"Oh, ho! 'T is a partner you want to be."

"I said not that I would be *your* partner."

"Come, come, Campbell. I know more of you and will give you better terms than you can get elsewhere."

That being likewise my own opinion, then and there was laid the foundation of the partnership between me and my brother-in-law, which proved so profitable to us both. After what had passed, I would rather live in Canada than upon his island, and Vervoort was glad to see a way of getting rid of me; though Jean's eyes were full of tears when we parted and her weans hung about me in exuberant woe. But none of them had actual need of me, and I could not soon forget the slighting remarks my sister had made about my personal appearance. Brothers evidently counted for naught when the standing with a husband was in jeopardy.

The spring had come and I was keen to get away before labor on the farm commenced. Therefore, so soon as the lakes and rivers to the north-



ward were free from ice, I set out with five men in three canoes and a store of blankets, knives, hatchets, powder, shot — and rum of course — for barter with some Indians we expected to meet near Crown Point. In the end we journeyed all the way to Sault St. Louis, where I was received as one risen from the dead. I missed my first friend, Father Tournois, but his successor bade fair to hold me in as high esteem. At sight of me Red Wolf could scarce restrain his joy within the orthodox Indian bounds, and even the Demoiselles Desauniers seemed pleased to see me back, though their welcome I knew to be tinged with self-interest, as they inquired anxiously what goods we had brought.

The lazy life of hunting and fishing had suited me finely before, and when to it was added the variety and the money-making of the free-trader I asked no more of fortune. Red Wolf's sister-in-law, the widow of the man in whose stead I had been adopted into the tribe, waited upon me like the humblest slave, asking naught in return, but I resolved to make her little daughter, Kariwaghyen-nonh, a child of nine or ten, the heiress to my fortune, when I should have it made. She was a bonny wee lassie, for an Indian, and bade fair to grow up virtuous, being with her mother a convert to Father Tournois, and likewise a protégée of Mademoiselle Desaunier, who was teaching her to speak French and to dress herself according to European ideas of modesty.

Father Le Febvre, the new priest, was warned

by the fate of his predecessor to have naught to do with the fur trade, and as for the Demoiselles, I soon cut them out of it, deeming it unfitting for females to meddle in the affairs of men. My brother-in-law found me so good a man of business he presently acknowledged the relationship between us, — at a distance, — and indeed a most valuable middleman I proved to be, though I say it who should not. None knew better than I the value in beaver skins of the furs that came floating down the St. Lawrence from the vast regions of the far west, and which we intercepted as oft as we could on their way to Montreal. None was a better judge of the Indian character, nor more able to cajole the Caughnawagas into doing my will. Was I not one of themselves?

I began by spending my winters in Albany, but soon tired of the prim, cleanly town and grew to prefer the Sault at all seasons. The Canadian climate was cold but bracing, and I was aye warmly clad in the richest of furs, my Indian brethren regarding naught too good for their medicine-man, as they still considered me. I have never boasted of it, but in truth I believe I have somewhat of the second sight, inherited from my grandmother, who was a seer of note in Argyleshire. At all events I was not backward in prophesying to the simple savages, and it was astounding even to myself how oft my foretellings were borne out by the facts as they occurred. A habit of observation cultivated through a long dependence thereupon, rather than upon book-learning, stood

me in good stead now. When I could not foresee I could invent, but I would allow none to cheat my simple friends — save myself. The Indians knew right well that no quantity of French brandy or of Dutch rum ever made me incapable of looking after their interests, though I would have given buckets of either for one good glass of Scotch.

So the years passed on, seven of them since I had come to America, in which time a man's very essence is supposed to be changed. Mine was of a surety, and I was now an out and out Iroquois. The joys of the tribe had become my joys, their sorrows mine, and for French, Dutch, or English I cared not one jot. Civilization speedily loses its charms for a man of sense, and I doubt not that the majority of the race would return to a savage state, could we but rid ourselves of the families, clothes, and houses that hold us in bondage.

I saw my sister but seldom during this period, for she liked not the look of me in savage garb, and sure 't was too much trouble to dress like a Dutchman each time I went to visit her. My business with her husband was transacted always in town. Jean kept from her weans the knowledge of who I was and what I had become, and would have me think I had disgraced myself and my family by turning Mohawk. Fegs! 'T was she who had disgraced it by turning Dutchwoman.

I grudged exceedingly that war should break out again between France and England, just when I was in a fair way to make a competence for my old age.

“’Tis the will of the Lord,” said Father Le Febvre. “We are commanded to drive the heretic back to the seaboard. What right hath he to the country bordering on Champlain and St. Sacrament?”

The right or wrong of the quarrel concerned me not; what did concern me was the fear that our traffic with Albany would be interrupted, but it was not. The Dutch traders cared no more than I did for French or English, but caution bade us steer clear of both. My previous experience at home in the disguise or the concealment of contraband packages was now turned to good account, and I came to be known as the most successful smuggler on the frontier. No trader needed to fear that either his goods or his furs would come to grief, if placed in my care, and I took contracts with others besides my brother-in-law.

It was in the summer of 1755, I remember, that Legardeur de Saint-Pierre, a Canadian officer, well known to the Indians, came among us to call for volunteers to join in an expedition the French general, Dieskau, was getting up in defense of Fort St. Frederic at Crown Point. An English force was marching against it under one William Johnson, who could command about as many Iroquois on his side, though his were unconverted heathen, far different from our Christianized Mohawks and Oneidas of the Sault. Having no stomach for further fighting, I kept in the background while the veteran addressed the braves

about the council-fire, inciting them to lift the hatchet against the English.

From behind a tree, I watched all that went on, and my attention became riveted upon the group of young men who had come with M. de St. Pierre. Two of them were Canadians, dressed like *coureurs de bois*, but the third wore the white coat with black facings, the knee-breeches and three-cornered hat of the colony regulars. He looked like a man of five-and-twenty, just such an one as my nephew, Gilbert, might have grown to be, and strangely enough he reminded me of him, though taller and more robust. His features were like Gib's, though burned dark as an Indian, in striking contrast to his clear blue eyes and his white coat. The color of his hair I could not determine, for he wore a well-fitting wig and was altogether a bit of a dandy, I gathered from the way he carefully brushed a dry leaf or two from his coat-sleeve. I could hear his young comrades joking him upon the matter, but, though I listened attentively, the sound of his voice, speaking fluent French, was entirely unfamiliar.

"Tush!" I said to myself, sweeping the cobwebs from my eyes with my bare arm, "you are nearing your dotage, Rory, and will soon be fit only to bide at home, like a squaw, mending nets and canoes."

The escort of M. de Saint-Pierre, though outwardly paying respectful attention to the harangue of their chief and to the speeches of the others who rose one by one from the solemn-faced ring of



warriors, were not above a little practical joking to while away the time. One of them with a long stick twitched an ember from the fire towards the spotless coat of the marine officer. It missed fire, falling instead upon one of his long silk hose and burning a hole therein, which caused the wearer to leap to his feet and give vent to the most curious expression I ever heard from the lips of a soldier of France. As sure as my name is Roderick Campbell, he said, "Dang my breeks!"

I have learned caution to be a virtue under all circumstances and therefore I rushed not forth from my hiding-place but began to whistle softly, and the air I chose was, "The Auld Stuarts back again."

I saw that the young man's attention was arrested, that he remained standing, while his eyes roved hither and thither to discover the origin of a sound as unexpected to him as his ejaculation had been to me. When at last he caught sight of my head at the side of the tree-trunk, I looked not at him, but calmly took off the tuft of hair that made me a scalplock, and set my bald pate working in the terrific ridges that I swear no man upon either hemisphere can accomplish save myself. Then I carefully replaced the cockernony and sauntered back among the trees without my presence or absence having been noted by the ring about the fire. I saw a white coat coming towards me through the gloom, a tottering, agitated figure, which caught me by the arms as in a vise and spake to me in the broadest of Scots.



“Wha are ye? Are ye my Uncle Rory, or his wraith?”

“Are ye Touzle-tap, or his wraith?” I replied, and then I clasped him in my arms, for my dead had come to life again.

## CHAPTER XIV

### I REGAIN AN OLD COMRADE

IT was a long story Gilbert told me that night, seated upon the bank of the great river with the roar of the rapids in our ears and the glare of the camp-fire shining through the trees; in truth the morning broke ere we had made an end of exchanging our adventures. The laddie, it appeared, had been taken off by one band of Indians, as I by the other, with this difference that in his party was the white man I had noticed, who was none other than Legardeur de Saint-Pierre.

“I owe everything to him,” said Gilbert fervently.

“Indeed!” I replied, with some heat, which the laddie was quick as of old to remark. He laid his hand upon mine.

“After parting with you, I mean, Uncle Rory. Sure ’t is like unto a new birth to be talking with you in the Gaelic.”

“I understand French, if it please you better,” and in that tongue he continued his story.

“M. de Saint-Pierre stayed the Indian’s hand that would have scalped me, and upon assuring himself that I was not dead, he had me carried to Fort St. Frederic, where I lay many weeks sick of

a fever brought on by the knock on the head which had felled me. Saint-Pierre was back and forth during that time, for he is not one to stay long in the same place. M. de Lusignan and all the officers were kind to me, but it was the Canadian whom I looked upon as my deliverer: and indeed he appeared the only friend left to me in the world, for I was assured that none but myself had escaped alive out of our party, inquiries having been made."

"That is true enough," said I, "and had I but known the French, as I know it now, we had not been separated all these years. The soldiers from the fort could not but take me for an Indian, thanks to my inherited Roman nose and high cheek-bones that fostered vanity within me, till I saw how common they were at Caughnawaga."

"When I recovered," continued Gilbert, "I made every possible search for my mother, but could learn naught of her whereabouts. I ne'er met with a single person who had ever seen or heard tell of her, and the more I realized my solitary position, the more did I attach myself to Legardeur de Saint-Pierre, and he to me. It may have been my youth that attracted him, or my ignorance of the woodcraft which was a second nature to himself and of which I longed to be informed. Howbeit, he took me to Montreal with him and also to Quebec, where the governor made me an ensign in the colony troops."

"And now you are" —

"Captain," said the laddie proudly, making me the military salute.

“Captain Gilbert Forsyth, like your father.”

“Not Forsyth — no — for I know not if I have any right to that name, but Captain Gilbert, pronounced after the French manner.”

“Proceed, Captain Jeelbeare,” said I, in great satisfaction. ’T was worth all the years of our separation to see him sitting there in his uniform, as fine a gentleman as any in the land. I was proud to have raised him.

“I was much in the woods with M. de Saint-Pierre, and the life suited me far better than lounging about a fort or town. Five years ago, when he was commanded to lead an expedition into the far west in search of the sea that every voyageur had hitherto tried to reach, — and failed, — he asked for me to go with him, and I was overjoyed at the opportunity, as I was bursting with curiosity regarding this wonderful America upon which you and I had been landed, Uncle Rory.”

“Humph! ’T is precious little of it I have been seeing for my pains — just from here to Albany and back again.”

“Mayhap you would not have relished our expedition had you gone upon it, as we were half-starved most of the time — but what a land this is, Rory! We journeyed for days and weeks without ever coming to the end of it or getting a blink of the ocean that we sought, though we crossed lakes that seemed wide as the Atlantic. Our Highland lochs are but teacups of water in comparison. From the head of Lake Superior, which is well named, we pushed our canoe with many por-

tages to another, smaller, inland lake into which flowed a mighty river from the far west, called the Saskatchewan, and this we were bent upon exploring. You would not believe that country to be upon the same continent as what we see in these parts, Rory. Here we have thick woods, rapid streams, rocks and mountains; there are the treeless, trackless prairies, through which the great rivers roll sluggishly. There the foot of white man has never trod, and there are herds of the mighty bison, beyond counting, that the savages hunt for their food, or in wanton sport. Pshaw! Why need France quarrel with England about this little patch of country around Lakes Champlain and St. Sacrament, when there is room for all the folk of France and Canada combined to live and prosper in that magnificent land I have visited? Can you not picture the time when this district here will be given over to the British and a hardy northern race of Frenchmen will grow up to the westward, where already the *coureurs de bois* are leading the way? Our dominion shall reach even to the undiscovered ocean, and southward, through the Ohio valley to our colony of Louisiana. Let the English have the paltry East; we shall hold to the glorious South and West."

"I have ne'er thought upon it," said I, which was indeed the truth. "Saw ye any furs worth shipment in your travels?"

"I made a study of the appearance and habits of all the wild animals that were new to me."

"But took never a skin?"

“No. What could I have done with them? We had labor enough to carry with us our necessary provisions. I also took note of every strange plant that I saw, and made a collection of seeds, as they take but little room.”

“What! Are you not yet done with your schooling?”

“I am but begun,” he said with a laugh. You mind, as a cadie, I was aye fond of getting to the root of all things. “The last governor, M. de la Galissonière, instructed his officers, especially those stationed at outlying posts, to report upon the plants of their districts, for by this means is much knowledge gained that is of practical value to the habitant.”

“Humph!” said I in scorn, for the lad spake like a pedant. “Pretty work for a soldier!”

“None could be better in time of peace; but we had our fill of fighting with unfriendly Indians, and in the end we came but in sight of a stupendous range of mountains which bars the way to the great ocean of the west. Three years were we gone upon our explorations, and I was made lieutenant upon our return. The taste for roaming, once acquired, is not easy to overcome, and glad was I to be ordered off again with Saint-Pierre, this time to Fort-le-Bœuf. A dreary season had I put in there, Uncle Rory, had it not been for my interest in the natural objects of a region new to me. The English raised objections to our fort, and to others we had built upon the Beautiful River and its tributaries, claiming the



whole valley for themselves, forsooth! There was an embassy to us that very year from the governor of New York, asking us to withdraw, and 't was my lot to translate the dispatches and to act as interpreter to their bearer, a Major George Washington, of the Virginia militia. Of course we did not retire from the Ohio, as Mr. Washington politely requested, though we matched him in courtesy. To me 't was welcome as a new plant to see that young man about my own age, as a specimen of the colonial English. If they be all like unto him, the race is better transplanted, but believe me, Rory, I can ne'er think with aught but hatred of the English as I saw them at home."

"So much the better, since you are 'listed to fight them. Your feeling is no doubt inherited from both father and mother, though now, I think of it, yourself was out in the Forty-five."

"And can ne'er forget it," said the lad, shaking his head sadly. "Have you heard what became of the Prince?"

"That have I not," I replied, in haste, fearing who might be the next person he would question me upon. "Go on with your story, laddie."

"There is little more to tell. We were recalled from the Ohio and I was made captain just before we were ordered here. Now methinks there is some fighting in store."

I was pleased to hear it, for fighting to the soldier is the chance to rise in his profession, and I was keen to see my laddie at the very top.

In the morning all were astir. I had not dreamt

of going out to fight, but was I the one to stay behind when my nephew, newly restored to me, was going forth to meet the foe? So I set out with the rest. Our band of Indians was joined by others friendly to the French, and by companies of Canadians. In due course we were met by the French regiments of the line — Languedoc and la Reine, Gilbert said — under the Baron Dieskau, making well-nigh four thousand men in all, a large army for those times.

We stayed not at St. Frederic, but moved on to Carillon, called Ticonderoga by the Indians. It was the fort at the meeting of the waters, where we hoped to intercept General Johnson, marching to the attack, whether he came by Lake St. Sacrament or by Wood Creek. Here the Indians drank and feasted, according to their custom, though the commander-in-chief chafed mightily at their demands for meat and drink, and longed for occasion to set us upon the war-path. It soon came.

We left Carillon in canoes the first week in September and paddled up that part of Lake Champlain which leads into Wood Creek, but, instead of entering its mouth, we followed an inlet stretching westward, called South Bay. Disembarking at its head, we took up the forest trail that brought us to the shore of St. Sacrament, where the British were encamped.

When a body of infantry marches shoulder to shoulder, it is possible for the officers to have them well in hand, but I am no great stickler for discipline, which I ever classed with etiquette and

other unnecessaries of life. The Canadian and Indian method of advance—every man for himself and a tree for cover—commended itself to my judgment, but not to that of General Dieskau. I liked him not, nor his way of rating us; no more did I like fighting the British, when it came to the point. I was not a fierce Jacobite, like Gilbert, having fought upon both sides in the affair of Forty-five, and being able conscientiously to say that I bore no ill will to either. I cared not for the French to win, save that they had been kind to my laddie, and their victory would give him the opportunity for further advancement.

Knowing the sort of untried colonials General Johnson chiefly had under him, M. Dieskau awaited in confidence an ill-judged attack upon us, and was not disappointed. We lay in ambush for them, about six hundred Indians at one side and an equal number of Canadians upon the other, while in plain view were the two hundred or so of French regulars which the English thought were all they had to face. The flanking parties were to reserve fire until the foe was entirely within this "bag" M. Dieskau had prepared; but he reckoned without Roderick Campbell. When the vanguard of the British was abreast of where I lay beside Red Wolf, I whispered to him, "See you not Mohawks with the English? Doth Iroquois shoot Iroquois?"

This touched him upon a sore spot, for most of the Caughnawagas were converted Mohawks.

"They are heathen," he muttered.

“Then will you send your brothers to hell, where there is no hope of conversion?”

In reply, Red Wolf fired his musket in the air, and a puff of smoke came from behind tree after tree, for the word had quickly passed, —

“Shall we slay our brethren?”

So the trap was sprung too soon and naught but the advance guard was caught in it, instead of the whole column, as M. Dieskau intended. He was well pleased with his partial success, however, and bade us pursue the flying English back to their encampment.

When the rush of the fighting was over I went in search of my laddie, of whom I had lost sight, and I found him at length kneeling beside the dead body of Legardeur de Saint-Pierre.

“I forsook his side for yours,” he said, as if he blamed me for the death of his hero. “When your savage traitors revealed the ambush, I would have restrained him from exposing himself to the fire of the enemy, had I been with him.”

“Methinks M. de Saint-Pierre’s experience of fighting to have been somewhat in advance of your own,” said I shortly, but the laddie heard me not, being distraught with grief.

“’Tis my fate!” said he. “Every man to whom I attach myself is slain before my eyes — Donald MacLean and now Saint-Pierre.”

“Hoots, laddie! I am not afraid to have you attach yourself to me on that account. Come away. This was but a skirmish. The British are not beaten, and we have to attack them at their

camp where they are intrenched, ere our work is done. No true soldier stays to mourn the dead till he hath struck a blow in revenge for the death. Let us go."

Captain Gilbert played his part well in the battle of the afternoon. I watched him closely and would have utterly disowned him had he shown the white feather, though I knew full well that the brush with Indians he had had in the far west was but child's play compared to this struggle between white men, where muskets kept up an incessant death-rattle, and great guns dropped among us the screeching shells that tore through tree branches and men's skulls alike.

When at length the English leaped their barriers and came upon us in hand to hand conflict, I heard that nephew of mine cheering, as no Frenchman can cheer, urging his men to stand fast, but they broke and fled. General Dieskau was wounded, so was his second in command, and so, alas! was Captain Gilbert. I rushed forward when I saw him fall and dragged him in my arms beyond the reach of the scalping knives of Johnson's heathen Mohawks. Then I whistled to Red Wolf, who was never far from me, and we carried the lad along the trail taken by a number of our friends who had left before the fight was over.

We came up with them at the scene of the morning battle, and Gilbert must needs turn faint at sight of the savages scalping the dead and wounded, and relieving them of various articles for which, poor wretches, they had no further use. I



had not thought to find the lad squeamish as a lassie about an affair of this kind. Had he not been at Culloden? Perchance it was the loss of blood that weakened his nerve.

I remarked that Red Wolf was keen to be off for his share of the plunder, so I kept him no longer than was needful to hide our wounded man in a safe retreat to which he guided us. After I had dressed his hurts and found to my relief that they were less serious than I had supposed, I besought the lad to let me attire him as an Indian, so that he might pass for a Mohawk should the English bush-rangers get wind of us, but he refused to lay aside his white coat. I even thought he was about to give me a rating worthy of his mother for having adopted the Indian costume myself, but he spake otherwise.

“Many of our young men of family,” said he, as if he were one of them, “prefer the life of the woods to the life of the town, and dress accordingly, but I should have thought that at your age” —

“I am not old, though fifty may seem so to four-and-twenty;” and then I laughed at myself, for I had felt old enough till my laddie came back to be my comrade once more.

In all our talk I dreamt not of making known to him my discovery of his mother. Where was the use? She was in the enemy’s country and he could not visit her save in peril of his life. Moreover, I deemed it unwise to unnerve him from fighting against her and her friends. What was his



stepfather likely to do for him? His career was cut out for him in the French army; he could never be aught but a private in the English, where promotions go not by merit; even could he be brought to change sides, which I greatly doubted. Gilbert never had my breadth of mind to enable him to see so plainly the rights of either party, that it was of no moment with which one enlisted. Jean had other children, sons and daughters; I had only Gib, and I would keep him to myself.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE SCOT CANNOT FORGET

I WRAPPED my laddie in an Indian blanket and made him as comfortable as I could for the night, under the shelter of a rock, but he lay there, looking up at the stars, refusing to sleep and determined to talk, though I feigned snoring and other devices to coax him into silence. His wounds may have been smarting, though he made no complaint.

“What news have you had from Scotland in all these years?” he asked.

“Not a word. Jess cannot write.”

“’T was not of her I was thinking;” nor yet of either of his dead heroes I could swear, though it may have been he was forcing his mind away from the horrors of the battlefield.

“What would my aunt, Mistress Jess, say if she saw her douce husband flitting about with a score of painted savages at his heels?”

“I am no great hand at the flitting,” quoth I, pleased to note the laddie’s old tone of raillery, “nor ever was. You mind at Falkirk the bold stand we made because I was too heavy to run away.”

“I have indeed good mind of that battle and the number of men that Donald MacLean brought

down with his own arm. He had a very pretty hand with the small sword for a student, a man of peace."

I knew what was coming next, as though the words had been already spoken.

"Heard you aught of his sister?"

"No," I replied gruffly, "How many sweet-hearts have you made among the demoiselles, Captain Gilbert?"

"None, as you may guess. I have been but little in towns, where the soil favors their growth, and besides I was well warned by my old uncle to beware of the sex." I should have been pleased, but I was not, entirely, as I feared he was still in the thralldom which had bound him as a boy of sixteen. A Scot cannot forget, even if he would. Gib remarked my silence and went on, "'Tis the truth I have told you, Uncle Rory. I have but small love for either Montreal or Quebec, or their fair dames. What are these places after Auld Reekie?"

"Ay, what?"

A certain tavern up a certain close rose before my mind's eye in fond recollection, but Gib, I doubt not, was mooning over the Castle, as it stood up out of the gloom upon a starry night, the walk around Arthur's Seat of a June morning, and the views therefrom towards the Frith of Forth and the far-off Lothian Hills.

"What spare time I had I spent with my books," said he.

"Books!" I exclaimed. "Aught that a man

can learn from books a hen could haud in her steekit nieve, as you might have said yoursell, langsyne."

"But now we have changed all that," replied the laddie in his finest French. "An officer must not rush blindly into danger when risking the lives of others. He must have an inkling of the science of warfare, and that is to be learned only from books."

"Humph! A heap you and your general have made out of the science of warfare this very day."

"It is always disconcerting to fight with, or against, savages who know not the rules of the game."

"But the soldiers from Europe seem to expect that they will know them. They look to the Indians to play their game, instead of learning themselves to play the Indians'."

"The French are more clever than the English in that respect. Ah, what a man was Saint-Pierre!"

"Yes, yes; he was worthy to be Highland chieftain, being as good a fighter even as Hector Buchanan."

The laddie winced at the name, but it took his thoughts away from the bloody present.

"Well I mind the day we first saw him, the first time too that I had seen her in her own home."

"Who?" I asked, though I knew right well.

"Mistress Elspeth MacLean."

He spake the name as if he loved the sound of it and would fain hear the effect upon the solitudes

of Lake Horicon. The solitudes remained unmoved, but I did not.

“Gudesake, laddie, have ye forgot that she is no longer Mistress MacLean, but all these years hath been the wife of Hector Buchanan?”

“What matters that to me, when I had no hope of ever making her mine?”

“Cease then to talk or to think upon her.”

“That were as impossible as for you to make your hair grow.”

I liked not his simile and I spake in anger.

“A married woman, older than yourself” —

“By two years only, for her brother told me.”

“— whom you have not seen for ten years” —

“For eight only.”

“— who may be dead and buried, who never looked the road you were on, nor thought you worthy even to blacken her shoes” —

“I would I had the chance to blacken them now. ’T would not take me long; she had such tiny feet.”

“— a smirking, useless lass with no more spirit than to wed with the first man who asked her.”

“But not at his first asking, you will allow,” said Gib, positively laughing. I believe he cared not what I said, so long as I kept on talking about her and giving him the excuse to defend her; so I stopped, but he went on.

“Many times, lying awake by our camp-fire on the prairies I have gone over and over in my mind every time I saw her; how she looked and what she said to me. I think I can remember each word.”

“They were but few, and the last were not over kindly.”

“Because she was distracted with grief at the loss of her brother. I had gone through somewhat of the same for Donald myself, and had known as little how to measure my words. But what her thought of me in the past, the present, or the future may be, is of no moment, and can ne'er affect my thought of her. She may have grown old and careworn, but she is ever young in my dreams. What is it to me though she be dead or married? Hector Buchanan, nor no other man can rob me of my bonny wee leddy.”

He sighed, with the pain of his wounds, no doubt, and rolled over nearer to me, so that I felt his sound hand upon my shoulder.

“Are you sleeping, Rory?”

“No.”

“I want you to understand this matter. No Frenchman could, or perhaps 't was that I ne'er could open my heart to Saint-Pierre, he not being of my own blood, as you are. Perchance if we had found my mother” —

“Go on, go on; I am listening.”

“There is no man — save yourself, Rory — but takes about with him the picture of the woman he loves best in the world. One carries it in his pocket, another in his timepiece, a third about his neck, a fourth has it only in his fancy, and that is where mine abides. Mistress MacLean was the first real lady I ever knew. 'T was she who made me wish to be something better than a cadie. If



she hath not a great heart in her small frame, if she be not tender as she is truthful and even better than she's bonny, then her looks and her words belie her. When I have been tempted to turn *coureur de bois*, to forget the aim of being a gentleman which I had set before me, I have but to think upon what Elsie, for so I name her to myself, would say to this or to that, and the devil takes flight. Nothing low can long attract me in the face of her disapproval. She is more real to me than any saint in our calendar. A man can always get him a wife, if he wants one, but no squaw nor even a Canadian maid would content me. Sometimes I have thought of it, Rory, have thought of myself opening the door of my home to be greeted by my wife, and saying to myself, 'This is not Elsie MacLean.'"

"You're deleerit, laddie, clean daft."

"It may be so, but if this be madness, may I ne'er turn sane again."

Gilbert and I had many days of hiding in the woods about French Mountain before I deemed him sufficiently recovered of his wounds to return to his colors. He declared that I delayed his convalescence on purpose to keep him with me, but that was not so; though I own I may have overrated the risk of capture by the British. When the ground was white with frost as we rose in the mornings, and the falling leaves began to conceal the forest trails and to rob us of our cover, I saw that the laddie would be safer with a roof above his head and the walls of a fort about him. So towards

the end of October I paddled him to Carillon and was pleased to note the welcome he received from the French officers of the line, to many of whom he seemed to be personally known. He had long since been given up for dead.

On each of the trips I made to Albany that winter, I stopped off at Ticonderoga for a day or two, having found that the soldiers there, particularly those of the colony, were not averse to a bit of fur trading on their own account. At these times I saw much of Gilbert, though I never by look or sign gave any of his comrades in arms cause to consider me aught but a Caughnawaga from the Sault, speaking very bad French, as most of them did.

Very pretty fellows were the officers of Languedoc and la Reine, but my laddie was as fine a gentleman as any of them, as well read, as well bred, and seemingly as well born. His strict attention to duty, joined to a modesty rare among Canadians, had won their regard, it appeared, and he could hold his own, too, at the gaming tables, whereat they whiled away the tedium of a winter in the wilderness, far removed from the festivities of Quebec and Montreal.

When I took my departure, Gib would put on his snowshoes and follow me into the forest, and while my Indians tramped on ahead over the drifts, he would walk beside me, for the winter trail was wide enough, the undergrowth being smothered in snow. It was then he would talk to me of his hopes and ambitions. This war was to settle the future of the great west, and likewise of the Ohio valley.

He foresaw the building up of a vast empire there for France, and who should be foremost in the building but a certain young colony officer who knew the country better than most? The French had shown themselves aye more ready than the English to make friends with the native tribes, and who so likely to continue the good feeling, without which the land could not be occupied, as one whose uncle — father, he had been to him — was adopted into the Caughnawagas? So he talked and dreamed.

The winter wore away and with the spring a new campaign was opened, prosecuted more vigorously by the French than the last had been, for a new general of great repute had been sent out to replace Dieskau — the Marquis de Montcalm.

It came on to the summer of 1756. I mind it well, for I journeyed to Albany with a load of furs that had come from beyond Lake Superior. It was a grand stroke of luck, our getting them, for there were otter, silver fox, mink, sable, black bear, marten, such as were not often brought into the market at Montreal, and therefore commanded the highest prices there. It had been none so easy to make the savages bringing them turn aside at Sault St. Louis.

The trader to whom I proposed to sell the furs was not my brother-in-law this time, but another in the town who was up to the trick of getting a valuable skin from a thirsty Indian for a single dram, but, alack! he knew not the nationality of Red Wolf's adopted brother. The Dutchman has yet to be born who can get the better of a Scot. I saw

to it that the potions of my followers were well watered, and then in my best Dutch I drove a hard bargain for my skins, and got it, too, much to the trader's disgust. I waited long enough to see our goods for exchange packed up ready for shipment, and then I strolled off with Red Wolf and some other braves. My adopted brother had become so accustomed to keeping me in sight, I should have missed him sorely had he let me slip. Four or five Indians stalking about the town excited no remark. None inquired of us if we were Christian or heathen Iroquois, French or English in our sympathies. Our presence in Albany was taken as a guarantee of our friendliness to the British.

Of a sudden I felt a light touch upon my arm and Red Wolf said, —

“Listen!”

I could hear naught, for my ears were not trained to the acuteness of his own.

“Hearken to the voices of the departed.”

“Nonsense!” said I; “what mean you?”

The other Indians had meanwhile dropped flat upon the ground with their ears to the earth, listening to the strange sound of which I could not hear a whisper.

“Pugh!” said one of them, rising, with a gesture of disdain; “the Dutchman kills his pigs.”

But Red Wolf was more superstitious and a better Catholic.

“The souls of those in Purgatory call to us, my brother;” and now I too heard the sound, growing louder each moment, soaring, falling, wheezing,

skirling — was I back on the road to Clifton Hall, sorely beset by the English, and was the Prince himself coming in hot haste from Penrith to the rescue of his rear guard?

“Pshaw!” said I to myself. “I am exiled — in the colonies — ’t is ten years since I heard the pipes, — but — but, if that is not the *Baile Iona-rora*, I ’m a Dutchman.”

The bagpipes in America! ’T was enough to quicken the pulses of an older and more callous man even than I.

The Indian, and especially the Iroquois, prides himself upon never showing surprise, fear, or emotion of any kind, and I disgraced my tribe that day by eagerly craning my neck to watch what was coming into the long street parallel to the Hudson. Round the corner of the cross-road that led up the hill to the fort, there came first the pipers, four of them walking abreast as proudly as if they took possession of each foot of ground they trod upon; and after them was a whole regiment of Highlanders, over a thousand strong, swinging along in the middle of the road in that queer Dutch town, with the same high springy step that had trodden the heather. I had no need to study the dark tartan of the kilts, the buff facings of scarlet jacket and waistcoat to recognize my own old regiment, the Black Watch. Scores of the faces I knew by sight — Campbells, and Farquharsons, MacIntyres and MacIntoshes, Murrays and Munros. There were Jacobites among them too, recruited since the Forty-five.

Waving plaids, blue bonnets, Gaelic voices, droning pipes — it all went to my head, and Red Wolf thought his brother had at length succumbed to the Dutchman's firewater. To worsen my condition, I heard a woman sobbing near me as if her heart would break.

“ Oh, the bonny lads! The bonny lads! Frae my ain countree,” she said ; and I knew the voice to be that of my sober, self-contained sister, Jean. She never noticed me, and I let her weep on alone, as I should have been ashamed to weep with her. I had not dreamt it of her — nor of myself — to have had so much feeling left for the old sod that we should care what regiments King George sent out to fight his battles in America.

I laughed in my sleeve when I thought upon Gilbert and his dreams of French dominion. What chance was there now of their fulfillment when the men of Flanders and Fontenoy had come to the front?

The soldiers were nearly all past, but at the rear came two officers on horseback, riding slowly and looking about them more than the privates had done. The one nearest me was no other than Hector Buchanan. For the first time did I regret having turned Indian and being thus prevented from saluting my old captain and bidding him welcome to the colonies. He looked older than when I had seen him last by more than the years that had parted us, but his hair was as curly, if slightly touched with gray, and his color a deeper red than of yore. He was stouter, too, as becomes



a man approaching middle life, and had no call to laugh at the size of other folk. He and his companion looked at our group with curiosity, and Mr. Buchanan spake aloud, little dreaming that one of us had the Gaelic.

“A fat Indian, by my faith! As rare a bird as a fat Highlandman. He minds me of a sergeant I once had. Nay, scowl not upon me, King of the Woods. That sergeant of mine could outdo you in grimaces as well as outshine you upon the field of battle.”

I was well pleased not to be forgotten, though I should have been loath to make myself known in the guise of a Mohawk.

Jean had disappeared, but I thought much upon her on the homeward journey and her words, “My ain countree,” rang in my ears. Perhaps I was doing her a grievous wrong to keep the news of her son from her. It was even possible that, being the child of her youth and a Scot forbye, Gib might be more of a comfort to her than any of her little Dutchmen. I would see her without fail the next time I came to town, and tell her about Gilbert — if I saw fit.

## CHAPTER XVI

### OLD ACQUAINTANCES AND NEW

'T WAS late in the autumn ere I came to Albany again, but the Black Watch was still there, and performed its daily drill on the common pasture near the town. I spent several hours watching them and fell into talk with a piper, who had some knowledge of French, and was eager to exercise himself therein. Being also full of inquisitiveness about the race I represented, he plied me with questions concerning my mode of life, how many scalps I had nailed up in my wigwam, how many squaws I kept, and so on. Not to disappoint him, I told him extraordinary tales of the atrocities I had committed, and capped the climax by informing him that the bagpipes had originally been a musical instrument of our Indians, who used them in hunting to entice the deer within range.

“How came the pipes to Scotland, then?” he asked, and I made answer that the first white men who came to North America trapped numbers of savages on board their ships, and carried them off to Europe. One of these poor exiles must have drifted up to Scotland, where he would of a surety feel more at home than elsewhere, and of course he would have the pipes with him, for every one of

our people carried them of old, just as they carried a quiver of arrows. But alas! the grasping Highlanders robbed him of his national instrument and made it their own.

All else my gentleman had swallowed, but this stuck in his throat, for he chose to regard it as an insult to his calling, and his wrathful denials drew some of his comrades about him, to whom he explained what the rascally savage had said. A great laugh was raised which consoled him, but irritated me, and the piper said, —

“I’ll wager my plaid against that blanket you wear that neither you nor one of your red men e’er heard the pipes till we came to America.”

“That is no bet worth taking,” said I. “I’ll wager you the finest marten skin of those we brought with us to-day against the pipes themselves, that they are no strangers to us, and in proof thereof one of us shall play you a tune upon them.”

My answer being interpreted to the soldiers who had now gathered in quite a crowd about us, it tickled them mightily. A solo on the bagpipes from a red Indian was worth coming to America to hear, and they insisted upon the piper taking up the bet, which he was nothing loath to do when Red Wolf had drawn from beneath his blanket the valuable skin I had reserved as a present for my sister.

Then the pipes were offered solemnly to one after another of the Caughnawagas with me, who, being instructed by me in their own tongue, shrank from

them with a gesture of disgust. This I explained to the Highlandmen, by saying that since the introduction of firearms, the pipes were no longer a necessity, and we now had musical instruments of so much higher calibre, the savages thought it beneath them even to touch the pipes of their fathers.

“Ho! ho!” laughed the soldiers. “You have lost your bet.”

“Not so fast, messieurs,” said I. “’Tis indeed unbecoming for a leading man in our tribe to descend so far, but since my truth-speaking hath been called in question, I can do no otherwise than play you a tune myself. Give me the pipes.”

My fingers were fair itching to get hold of them, and the piper’s face fell when he saw the manner in which I took them in hand, placing the bag under my arm without a moment’s hesitation, and beginning the drone at once. I was madly tempted to play, “The Campbells are Coming;” but managed to keep a grip of myself, and skirled off into *la Claire Fontaine*, a French Canadian ditty I had got from Gib.

The piper and his comrades glowered at me as though I had been a warlock, but at a sign from me Red Wolf and the other braves closed around me, silently, and still playing, I made off with them towards the town, before the gallant privates of the Forty-second had recovered from their stupefaction — and I had the pipes.

High and low they searched for me through the town, I was afterwards told, and even sent a boat

upstream in the hope of overtaking us, the piper being wild to recover his property, but we were not to be found, as I had gone down the river to the island home of my sister Jean. The sound of children's voices drew me towards the kitchen garden, for a look at the weans in their play. There were a couple of new faces among them, dark-haired little girls, most unlike both in dress and appearance the tow-headed Vervoorts.

"Who are these?" I asked of the oldest boy, who came boldly to meet me, letting the others see that he feared no savage. Neither, it appeared, did the small strangers, for they too ran forward, hand in hand, and the elder dropped me a respectful curtsy, looking me over from head to foot as she said, —

"I am Mistress Elspeth Buchanan, and this is my little sister, Mysie. Her right name is Marion. What is your name, please?"

This was somewhat of a poser for me, but I replied with the translation of the Indian title I bore, which signified "Broadface."

"That is a very good name," said the little maid, who evinced not an atom of surprise at the hearing of a savage talk English, Edinburgh English, had she thought upon it. She and her sister walked about me, admiring every point of my costume, and then came my turn to ask questions.

"Where is your mother, my wee lassies?"

"She is within, talking to the lady of the house."

"No, Mysie; they are not talking, they are cry-

ing. I saw them myself, and that is why I brought you outdoors."

"They were talking, I heard them, though little of it I could understand."

"They spake in the Holland tongue," I suggested.

"No," replied the elder child scornfully, "'t was Gaelic."

"And you understood it not?"

"Our mamma," she explained, "has been at the pains to have us taught the French and the English, as becomes a gentleman's daughters, and she speaks with us always herself in one or the other, so we have forgot whatever of the Gaelic we knew."

"Humph!" said I. Their mother rose no higher in my esteem for the slight she had put upon her native tongue. My intent to tell Vrouw Vervoort of her son was weakened since she had taken this officer's wife to her heart. Should Gilbert hear of it, naught I could say would prevent him running the greatest risks to see them both; and even though he should escape detection his mind would be distracted from his duty and his career ruined. Better by far that he should know nothing until the war was over.

The little girls continued their prattle.

"This kind lady has asked mamma and us to stay with her, while papa goes off to fight the French."

"And will you?"

"That was what mamma was crying about, I ween. She wants to go to the wars with papa to



nurse him should he be wounded, but she could not take us too; and papa, he says she has come far enough, and should be content to stay where she is now, since she has found a friend."

"Would you like to bide here?"

"Fine! 'T is so long since we had other children to play with. Goodby, Mr. Broadface, they are waiting for us."

I could picture my sister and Mrs. Buchanan weeping upon one another's necks, after the manner of foolish women, and was loath to interrupt them, so I lounged into a corner and watched the bairns at their games till the two ladies came out of doors with the same intent. They walked about the garden, arm in arm, and never remarked the Indian sunning himself in the shelter of the haystack, so absorbed were they in their talk, of which I could not avoid hearing portions when they passed close to me.

"My first husband, like your own, was a Jacobite officer," said Vrouw Vervoort, but so far as I heard she deemed it unnecessary to enlighten Mrs. Buchanan further upon her relatives in Scotland; and just as well, for the younger woman looked up to her as to a great lady, and so she was — in Albany.

"Never since I left the convent as a mere lassie have I met with one to whom I could open my heart as to you," was the remark I caught from Mrs. Buchanan. She looked a mere lassie yet, though by Gib's calculation she must have been at least six-and-twenty. Very light and slim she

seemed beside my substantial sister, and dressed in a far more becoming fashion, which 't would beat me to describe. The sound of the Gaelic was music in my ears, and I lingered longer than I ought, to hear what I could.

“But your husband, Vrouw Vervoort, will it please him to receive us as guests for so long a time?”

“He will be glad for me to have company, so that he may be excused for being the more from home. You know what husbands are, my dear.”

“Yes,” said the other, with a sigh, “though indeed mine is better than most; but a soldier is not his own master to come and go as he pleases. 'T was good of him to be hampered with wife and children upon the voyage, but the folk on ship-board were all very kind.”

“You had no friends with whom he could have left you behind?”

They were seated now upon a bench somewhere within my hearing.

“None,” said Mrs. Buchanan, and I heard her at the weeping again. “My only brother”—and here followed the whole story of Donald MacLean's wonderful personation of the Prince and its result in his death, told as if he were the only person who had suffered for His Royal Highness. It put me out of patience with the pair, and I went back to my Indians.

“Gilbert shall never know she is on this side of the Atlantic,” said I to myself, but fate was against me, as you shall hear.

I saw the lad frequently during the next winter, for he was stationed at Crown Point, and often joined the scouting parties of Canadians and Indians, more, I believe, for the sake of seeing his old uncle than from any desire to repulse similar parties from Fort William Henry at the head of the lake. Dressed in the deerskin tunic and leggings of the *coureur de bois*, his own hair tied in a queue at the back of his neck, he seemed to me even a finer figure of a man than in his French uniform.

I had thought myself getting too old for winter tramps, till Gilbert came back to renew my youth; but I left my comfortable quarters at the Sault to join in every expedition to the southward that was proposed, keeping up with the best of them too. None enjoyed more than myself the famous fight with Captain Rogers and his Rangers in January, '57, when we drove them back where they belonged. These skirmishes were tests of skill and endurance upon either side, and more credit was due to the party who outran or outwitted the other, than if the chief rôle in the battle had been played by the "musket's mother."

But Captain Gilbert liked better to hunt the moose than to hunt the English, and when an Indian runner would come to tell me where he was to be found, my heart would leap like a lad's as I strapped on my snowshoes and set out to meet him. For many a league would we tramp the noiseless forest; by dazzling sunshine or frosty starlight, 't was all one to me. Sheltered at night in the hollow our Indians would dig out for us with their

snowshoes, we would lie with our feet to the camp-fire, and sleep as no man was ever known to sleep in a four-poster.

I have good mind of the night I first produced the bagpipes. We had followed our moose far enough away from the marauding British to be perfectly safe, and I yielded to the request Gilbert had been making ever since he heard I had a set of pipes in my possession. The music had had a saddening effect upon me, — and Jean the same, — but my laddie was different. If I had a fault to find with him since our reunion, it was that he was too serious, not so light-hearted and droll as he had been when a boy. The duties and responsibilities of life seemed to weigh heavily upon him, and for this I blamed his abominable book learning, being a firm believer in the maxim that ignorance is always bliss, and therefore 't is ever a folly to be wise. But to return to the pipes.

Never were they played with fitter surroundings, — moonlight glittering on the icy snow-crust, and sparkling through the crystal casing of the tree branches ; a picturesque group of Indians about our camp-fire, and all around the stillness of the pathless woods. 'T was no Canadian chanson I played, I promise you, but “Carle an the King come,” “MacLean’s Welcome,” and all the maddest reels that I knew.

The effect upon Gilbert caused even the stoic Iroquois to stare in amaze. He danced the Highland Fling, — in his moccasins, on the hard crust, — then the sword-dance, then some queer fandangoes

of his own invention, till every savage in the party rose and joined him. Such a grotesque scene it had never been my lot to witness — the snapping of fingers and kicking of heels, the heughs! of the Scot and the guttural grunts of the Caughnawagas — man! It was fine.

My brother-in-law, Mynheer Vervoort, died that winter, but I was now so firmly established in the fur trade that I missed him not, though I went through the form of expressing sympathy for Jean when first I saw her in her weeds. She was left with the surest consolation for the desolate widow — plenty of means.

Early in the new year, Gilbert went with M. Rigaud, brother of Canada's governor, upon an expedition against Fort William Henry. Prowling about the place and burning a few outbuildings was all that was done, although the information gained was of much importance to M. de Montcalm when he came to besiege the fort later in the season. I had gone no farther than Ticonderoga that time, and there impatiently waited my laddie's return, vowing that never again would I let him go into battle without me.

He came at length with the others, tramping up the slope on his snowshoes and leading by the hand a captive Englishman who walked unsteadily like a man in liquor. As they came nearer, I could scarce credit my senses, for the prisoner was Hector Buchanan.

“What aileth him?” I inquired of Gilbert, apart.

“Naught but snow-blindness, though he thinks he will never see again, and upon our march hither he has been cursing the country and bewailing his sins in the same breath, not knowing, of course, that I had the Gaelic. You, my uncle, deem him a fit mate for the angel he wedded; why I could tell you” —

“Tell me how you took him.”

“The English made a sortie from the fort and this fellow thought he had captured me, but I made him prisoner instead.”

“Easily done with a blind man.”

“He had all his senses about him then, Rory, and we wrestled fairly till I disarmed him. I was not willing to take his life. ’Twas upon the way hither that the strong sunlight upon the snow proved too much for his eyes.”

“The Forty-second is not at William Henry. What did he there, think you?”

“Probably he was on a mission of some kind from Albany, or he may have been weary of the drill and sought a little hunting. You see he is not in uniform.”

“Mayhap he found the kilt too cold for this climate.”

Mr. Buchanan had sunk upon the settle close at hand, as one completely exhausted. Never in all our campaigning together had I seen him look so fagged. The loss of daylight means more to the seeing animal than the loss of the dearest of friends. Hector had not looked so forlorn even the night I brought him away from Edendarroch.



Gib was quite proud of his prize and meant to keep him safe as a pigeon, little dreaming of the lady in Albany who would weep for his return. I confess I thought not of her myself, though I had good mind of her wee lassies.

“I am acquaint with the remedies for snow-blindness, Gib,” said I, “but you must speak of me to him as an Indian only.”

“Take him to my quarters and do what you like with him, so that you let him not escape.”

## CHAPTER XVII

### A PRISONER ON PAROLE

I HAD aye a fancy for the man, and was vexed to see Hector Buchanan thus helpless, even though I knew the cause and the cure. He seemed to prefer my guidance to Gilbert's, and praised in clumsy French the dexterity with which I bathed his eyes, but I replied only in monosyllables of the Mohawk tongue. When I had happed him up in Gilbert's bed, however, I forgot myself and said, —

“Lie there now, and ye'll be a' right the morn.”

“Rory Campbell!” he shouted, “or the devil!”

“The devil,” said I, and he could not see me or he might have thought I spake the truth. Having naught but the voice to go upon, he was not to be deceived, even though we had always spoken Gaelic together in days of old.

“Sit down here and give me the grip of a brother Scot.”

So strong is the habit of obedience to a superior officer, I did his bidding — more readily, perhaps, than when he was my superior officer. The advantage for him lay in his present weakness.

“You are no more Indian than I am,” quoth he; “but what do you here among these French scoundrels.”

“No more scoundrels than yourself, sir. What do you here with Geordie’s men, you that were with Charlie’s.”

“How know you that I am with Geordie’s men?”

“I saw you with my own eyes in Albany at the tail of the Black Watch.”

“Ah ha! Though I am blind, I see. You were the fat Indian I noticed.”

“The same.”

Mr. Buchanan lay back on his pillow and laughed till the tears came which were helpful to his eyes.

“And your wife, Rory, — the fishwife, you mind, — she is married again to Sandy MacAlister, the bell-man.”

“Poor Sandy! And to think of Mistress Jess an immoral woman. Would I could cast it up to her.”

“So you are really gotten up in the style of a savage.”

He felt me all over to make sure.

“Since you are so capital at disguises, Rory, you shall make me up as an Indian, too, and I will be going with you to your wigwam — anywhere out of this cursed hole.”

“I am the friend of the French, and cannot let their enemy escape.”

“You are an older friend of mine, though, Rory, and a clever one. I leave it to yourself to arrange matters.”

’T was no easy task he had put upon me, but for the sake of old times I resolved to do my best to get him away from Carillon. First of all I sought out M. Rigaud, and to him I said, —

“Our people have come back from the fight with no scalps, no booty. That is our common lot when we take the war-path with the troops of the line, but M. Rigaud is the brother of Onontio, and therefore he is ours. He and his Canadians know what is our due and fail not to give it to us. We cannot return empty-handed to our village, for there are three of our squaws who will say, ‘Where is the brave who went out with you and who comes not again?’ There is this one prisoner only to satisfy them, and him we must have. I claim the Englishman as our right, and if he comes not with us there will be a small showing from Sault St. Louis when next M. Rigaud makes the little war.”

“It is well,” he replied. “Let the heretic learn the truths of our holy religion in your Christian village before he is put to the torture, for he may die under it.” M. Rigaud’s idea of Christianity was not the same as Father le Febvre’s; but I let that pass, since I had gained my point with him.

Gilbert was not so complaisant.

“What want you with Buchanan?” he asked. “You will be letting him get off to William Henry.”

“That will I not. He shall be a prisoner on parole at the Sault.”

“Then leave him here. He will not take to the life of your people.”

“Let me give him a trial,” quoth I; and Captain Gilbert yielded a grudging consent.

In two days Buchanan’s eyes were better and I took him home with me. Gib was mistaken in

thinking he would not like the life ; he did. He settled down in my lodge, as if he had no desires beyond it, and seeing the respect with which I treated him my people rendered the same. He was greatly taken up with the young bear-cub I called "Touzle-tap," which sported about with the dogs of the village, and still more with my pet raccoon, as tame as any cat. He relished my queerest tales of dealings with Dutch and Indians, and capped them with his own adventures in Ireland, whence the Forty-second had been brought to America — but we never talked about the war. Instead, we fought over again the battles of the Forty-five and I played old tunes upon the pipes till I had no breath left in me.

The music passed with the savages for the incantations of their medicine-man, and they would gather without my lodge, listening in solemn silence and hoping for marvelous results. I confided to Hector — as I had not to Gib — how it fell out that I had won the bagpipes, and he laughed heartily. I had found my nephew just a thought too scrupulous in his ideas of honesty for a lad brought up on the streets of Auld Reekie. M. de Saint-Pierre may have been a mighty fine fellow, but I blamed more often those priests in Paris for having set my laddie telling his beads — and the truth. I feared that he had no longer "eneugh o' the deil in him to keep the deil aff him."

Being more of an honored guest than a prisoner, Hector made himself at home in every lodge in the village, though I had been better pleased had he

made an exception of that wherein abode the widow and daughter of Red Wolf's late brother. Kari-waghyennonh had become quite a woman by this time, and would fain be called Marie, as the French priest had christened her. She was certainly superior, both in looks and in learning, to the other young squaws of the tribe, and tossed her head accordingly at the advances of the young braves, but to Hector Buchanan she was far different. Saving the priests, he was the first white man with whom she had been thrown, for I did not count myself as such, nor did she; but, indeed, since the resurrection of my nephew I had taken but little notice of the lass, and no longer dreamt of making her my heiress or of adopting her in any degree. She had her mother; 't was no concern of mine what passed between her and Mr. Buchanan. It was Gilbert who frothed at the affair when it came to his ears.

"Has he not a wife at home?" he asked of me, his blue eyes aflame as I had never seen them in the heat of battle.

"He never spake of her to me," I replied, which was perfectly true. Had I not seen Mrs. Buchanan in Albany, I had supposed she was still in Scotland.

Gilbert had just come, and he sat at my lodge fire glooming like a thunder-cloud. He had seen the officer and the young squaw walking together, it appeared, and Hector had apparently been pluming himself upon his conquest.

"Women are kittle cattle," said I, with a laugh,



“and because a young one chances to have taken a fancy to Captain Buchanan, he is not to blame.”

“No, it is you who are to blame, Roderick Campbell,” he said savagely; “you who stand in the place of the girl’s father, you who brought this rake here and let him do as he liked.”

Never in all his life had my laddie dared to talk to me like that. When he was a boy, I had been wont to lay his quick temper to the score of his red hair, but now that it had turned auburn there was no excuse. I was speechless with amazement as he went on.

“I shall see to it that this *gentleman* friend of yours is exchanged straightway and sent back to the regiment he disgraces. The Black Watch stood for courage, for patriotism, for all things clean and honorable, when I was a boy.”

“And so it doth still. This man is one of your renegade Jacobites.”

“The less some folk have to say about renegade Jacobites the better,” said Gilbert with an oath, flinging himself out of my lodge.

He was as good as his word, and shortly returned with an order to conduct Captain Buchanan to Fort William Henry, where six privates of la Reine were offered in exchange. Upon the whole, I was not sorry to see Hector go, since “Better is a toom house than an ill tenant,” as my laddie remarked. No man must be suffered to make trouble between relations. I placed myself in command of the little company of Caughnawagas who served as escort to Gib and his prisoner, and

we were well upon the way ere I observed that Marie had followed us.

“Go back,” said I. “’Tis the part of the man to follow the maid, not the maid the man.”

“Prevent me not,” she replied. “Your Captain Gilbert hates him of the noble head and would do him a mischief.”

I talked, I grimaced, I threatened, but naught could move her determination. Women are indeed the most stubborn animals upon the face of the earth. I was afraid to call my nephew’s attention to the crazy squaw, lest he should send me back to the Sault with her; so follow us she did, the whole way to William Henry. There Gilbert was blindfolded and taken into the fort, but Indians being privileged, we went in with our eyes open; and Marie still followed.

When we reached the room where the officers were assembled, I saw that there were two or three ladies present, and cursed my luck when I recognized Mrs. Hector Buchanan. Hers was the first face he lighted upon when the bandage was removed from my laddie’s eyes, and he looked as if he had opened them in heaven. But she had no glance for him, only for her husband, to whom she fled like a wounded partridge.

“Hector! I thought you dead.”

“What do you here?” he asked, none too gently, for it was but natural he should feel abashed at being caressed before the strange officers.

“When Colonel Munro came hither to replace

Major Eyre," said she, "I begged to be of the party, hoping for news of you."

Some one pinched my arm and some one said in my ear, "Who is she? Who is she?"

It was Marie.

"His squaw," I replied. "Now are you repaid for coming?"

She slunk back without a word and left the room, but she had been observed, and one of the younger officers exclaimed, "A fair-seeming wench, by Jove!" and another continued, "They have all their good friends among the squaws, these French officers, especially those of the colony."

Mrs. Buchanan heard the remark, and perceptibly shrank from my laddie, who was even then being introduced by her husband, —

"Captain Gilbert of the Marine Corps. 'T was he who took me prisoner, when stricken with snow-blindness, and he therefore who had the best right to return me."

The little lady drew still farther back in her courtesy, and I laughed to myself, "'Ill blows the wind that profits nobody,' as Gib would say. She is not like to make up to him, nor he to recall himself to her."

I could see the lad's heart swelling against the sides of his white coat, but he was a deaf-mute in the presence of his divinity. To me she spake, holding out her hand, —

"My husband tells me it was you who freed him from his captivity at Ticonderoga, healed his

poor eyes, and saved him from the torture of the savages. I have to thank you for this great and happy deliverance."

I gave an Iroquois grunt in response, and then Hector interposed, "Good-by, my friend! The Forty-second is to be sent to Halifax, and 't is glad I am, for I should be sorry to stay in this region and run the chance of meeting you or any of my Caughnawaga friends upon the war-path."

"To Halifax? Oh, Hector!"

Captain Buchanan gave no heed to the puling cry of his lady, if indeed he heard it, but Captain Gilbert, I dare swear, never missed a single word that ever fell from that lady's lips in his presence. He never saw her in trouble but he took it upon himself to administer comfort, and much thanks he oft received for his sympathy, as in the present instance.

"Madame will find that there is less danger to monsieur, her husband, in going to Halifax than in remaining here."

"My husband seeks not the post of least danger, Captain Gilbert," she replied, throwing up her head in pride, though it had been low indeed the moment before. "He has ever been in the front of battle, and has hitherto met with foes too generous to take advantage of him at a time of physical weakness."

"Pardon! I meant no slur upon the prowess of M. le Capitaine," he said, and the dialogue might have continued yet farther had not the English officers been in haste to rid themselves of our in-

quisitive band of Indians, and therefore notified Captain Gilbert that his *la Reine* privates were ready to take up the march. French and English were always fond of exchanging civilities when opportunity offered, but in this case I had to thank my dusky brethren for depriving my nephew of further intercourse with Mrs. Buchanan, and I was well satisfied to see him once more blindfolded and led forth.

But the laddie was restless throughout the early spring and summer. He lost much of his interest in his chosen calling, and though he no more talked to me of his feelings, I knew right well that his heart was riven in twain; the one half at Crown Point, the other at William Henry. 'T was a relief to me to be able to tell him upon my next return from a trading trip to Albany that the Black Watch had actually sailed for Halifax.

"Of course she would go with him," he said aloud, though talking to himself.

"Of course," I echoed, though by no means sure of the fact. Hector Buchanan was not the man to be cumbered with the care of females and young children any farther and any longer than he could help. He was a thorough soldier, while I had begun to fear that Gilbert was too soft-hearted for a professional slayer of men. He had not the lust of battle in him, and had confessed to me that the wilderness journeys with *Legardeur de Saint-Pierre* had been more to his taste. He would fight to the bitter end for a lost cause, such as that of Prince Charles, but despite his high-

flown talk concerning the future of France in America, despite his avowed attitude towards Mrs. Buchanan, it was borne in upon me that he would cheerfully allow England to possess the whole of North America, provided he himself might possess one small dark-haired woman who was as far out of his reach as she had ever been.

But with me he preserved a dignified silence about her. It had been easy, no doubt, to lay bare sentiments surrounding a lady on the other side of the Atlantic, whom one never hopes to see again; but when the lady in question is brought within walking and canoeing distance, and is, moreover, the wife of another man, the less said of her the better.

So when we met again, Gilbert talked only of the victorious Montcalm and his officers, who indeed seemed to be better skilled in the art of war than any that England had yet sent to oppose them. Gib's favorite was M. de Bougainville, aide-de-camp to the French general, a young man about his own age, but with a widely different experience of life. A highly educated, polished man of the world, I marveled that he should take so much notice of a colonial, as Gilbert was considered. Perchance, having scientific tastes, the aide was glad to avail himself of my laddie's intimate acquaintance with regions far and near, their plants and animals, nay even their stones and fishes — havers fit only for women.

The two sympathized in their religious beliefs forbye, at least Gilbert called himself a Jansenist



because Bougainville was one, but I doubt if he knew, any more than myself, the meaning of the word. A reformed Roman, if Catholic at all, I gathered the sect to be, from what Father Le Febvre told me, and opposed to the Jesuits. But though he loved not M. de Bougainville's religion, the good priest owned that his morals were a pattern to the young men about him, a pattern which my nephew must be copying to the top of his bent.

Howbeit, the fine Frenchman talked much to Gilbert, teaching him many things, I doubt not, that had little to do with the science of war, and the lad adored him. It was M. de Bougainville, *Bougainville*, BOUGAINVILLE, till I was deaved with the sound of the name, and besought my nephew to call him "Bogey" for short. But the laddie was a born hero-worshiper, I had discovered — Donald MacLean, Legardeur de Saint-Pierre, even Roderick Campbell had had a turn, in default of a better, — and now it was this Bougainville.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE VICTORS SHAMED

I SAW M. de Bougainville for the first time when he came to the Sault in July of that year, along with General Montcalm and others, bearing the fiery cross, as we would say in Scotland, calling upon our braves to take the war-path, this time for an attack upon Fort William Henry. Gilbert had told his friend the story of his erratic old uncle, and it highly amused the fine young gentleman from France. He had a well-turned leg, a handsome face I will allow, and there hung about him an aroma of the court to which I could wish no nephew of mine to aspire, but Captain Gilbert looked by no means out of place in his company, and needed not to have displayed so profound an admiration for his parts.

Bougainville it was who sang the war-song to incite the lifting of the hatchet against the English, and he did it well. He assisted his general, too, in the honors of the feast that followed, and such courtesy have I not seen surpassed, even at Holyrood, though I suspicioned a sarcastic flavor when it was lavished upon the Caughnawagas.

There was no lack of wit among the French officers, but it passed me to comprehend much of

their pleasantry, though Gib could bandy jokes with the liveliest among them.

Their appeal had its due effect, and several hundreds of our warriors made their way to Carillon, ready to proceed to the other end of the lake when the time came. There assembled by degrees, well-nigh two thousand Indians, the half of them from Christian villages like our own, but the other half heathen from the far west, and a wilder crew have I never clapped eyes upon. They feared neither God, man, nor the devil, and though the priests with us had some control over their own flocks, Montcalm nor all his white coats could control that horde of Sacs and Foxes, Ottawas, Ojibwas, Iowas — but memory fails me when I try to think upon their names.

Gilbert found some old acquaintances among them, and also among the *coureurs de bois* who accompanied them, and very pleased was he to walk about their camp with M. de Bougainville, who took as much interest in those painted, naked savages as if they had been dead specimens in a museum. Very much alive were they though, and gave the Marquis de Montcalm a weary time of it with their feasting and incantations, as well as with their unsolicited advice as to how he should conduct the campaign. The French general had a weapon too heavy for him to wield when he drew that sword of the west from its scabbard, and so he found, to his cost.

It was the end of July before our forces were all collected about the doomed fortress. Including

the Canadians and Indians, the French were over eight thousand strong, while the English garrison numbered less than three thousand and was handicapped forbye with women and weans, a scarcity of food and ammunition, and sickness in their midst. Like the Highlanders, the Indians excel in sudden attack; they have no love for a siege and would have gone back to their own country in disgust had this one been protracted. Better for Montcalm's reputation had they done so.

Many a time and oft have I heard rehearsed the arguments for and against his responsibility for the massacre of the 10th of August, the day after the surrender of the fort. It concerns me not who was to blame, though Gilbert went so far as to say that had M. de Bougainville not been dispatched immediately to Montreal with news of the capitulation, he would have given good advice to his chief respecting the necessity of strong measures to restrain the ferocity of the western savages, into whose nature he had gained more insight than most — thanks to my nephew.

I had not lived for nine years among the Indians without seeing many sights that had turned the stomach of a more sensitive man, but what I saw that day gave me a scunner at the red men from which I never fully recovered. I had gone to sleep in my tent on the night of the ninth, thankful that the affair was over and my laddie unhurt. All that remained to be done was to escort the surrendered English soldiers to Fort Edward on the Hudson, the nearest post of the British.

The turmoil wakened me early in the morning, and it was truly a ghastly scene in the dim light of the dawn. The savages were ransacking the fort and murdering any sick persons they found therein for the sake of their paltry scalps. Nor did they stop there, but turned upon the unarmed prisoners who were but beginning the march to Fort Edward, and this before the very eyes of Montcalm and his officers, who rushed, sword in hand, into the thick of the slaughter, in a vain attempt to end it.

I saw my own Gilbert running to and fro like a man demented, shouting to the Indians by name, imploring the aid of the Canadian partisan officers, who alone knew their languages, but all to no purpose. The savages were drunk with blood-letting; as well try to stem a Highland burn in a spate. I feared that my laddie would be killed for his pains and so I fought my way towards him, delaying but long enough to rescue a bit of a boy from an Indian who had him by the hair.

The life of no woman or child was respected, and I reached Gilbert in time to find him well-nigh overpowered by a gigantic Pottawattomie from whose clutches he was striving to save a fainting female. Ere I arrived, he had succeeded so far that the lady's hands were tightly locked about my laddie's left arm, and her dark curls were blowing wild upon his white coat-sleeve, but she had left him only his right arm to defend himself — and her — from the swinging tomahawk of the savage. It struck his shoulder — and stayed there.

Gib's sword-arm fell limply to his side, while the Indian, with a yell of triumph, leaped towards his victim, twining his fingers in her loosened locks and brandishing his scalping-knife.

It was then that I came up behind, grasped the tomahawk from my laddie's shoulder, and placed it neatly in the same part of the savage — with the same effect. When his right arm fell powerless, I gave him a knock on the head, and picking up the scalping-knife he had dropped, I did unto him that which he would have done unto the lady. Then I saw that she was Mrs. Hector Buchanan.

Gilbert held her closely to him with his left arm, for she was insensible with fright, nor would he release her and allow me to bind up his wound till I had helped him carry her to a place of safety in the woods. He had already lost sight of all else but her, and the savage devils might work their will upon the rest of the helpless prisoners. She came to herself ere I had made an end of bandaging the flesh wound in his shoulder, and she sprang to her feet.

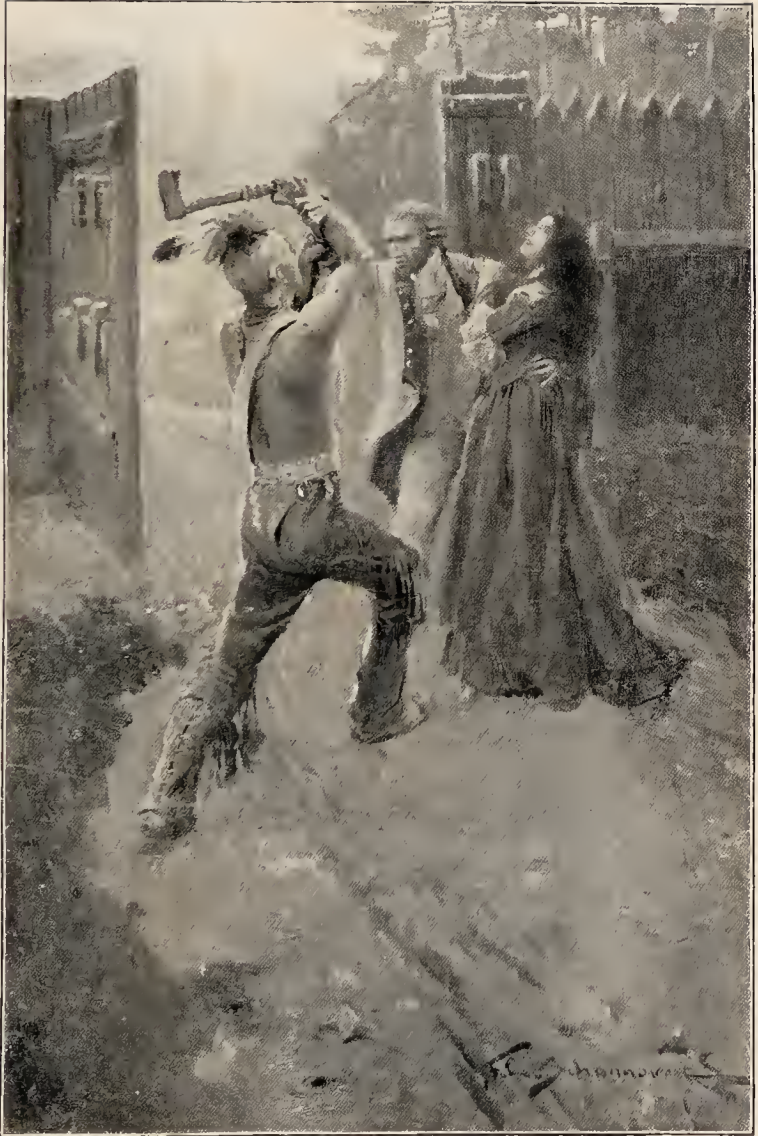
“Captain Gilbert!” she cried. “It is Captain Gilbert?”

“Yes, madame.” I verily believe the poor fool forgot the pain of his wound in the pleasure of thinking that she remembered him.

“Where are my children, my little girls, Elsie and Mysie?”

'T was the first he had heard of their existence. His face had been pale enough before, but now it flushed red as a lassie's.





HIS RIGHT ARM TO DEFEND HIMSELF—AND HER



“If you will stay here with this trusty Indian, madame, I will go seek them.”

But madame had no faith in trusty Indians that day, and she shrank from me in horror, nor did I see fit to recall myself to her memory.

“You must stay here with her,” I said to Gilbert, aside. “What could you be doing with one arm? I have seen the weans in Albany and will know them again, dead or alive. I will go look for them now.”

He sank back against the tree-trunk, like a man well content, for he was weak with loss of blood; and looking over my shoulder ere I was out of sight, I saw that Mrs. Hector was completing the adjustment of the bandage, which made me speed the more readily upon her errand.

Not a trace of her children could I find, however, though many of the prisoners had now been bought back by the French officers from their savage captors and were being supplied with clothes to replace those which had been dragged off their backs. General Montcalm, a fiery little man, was beside himself with shame and indignation over what had occurred, and some members of his staff were trying to console him by hotly blaming the English for having given the savages liquor out of their canteens after the kegs of rum in the fort had been destroyed by his order. They swore, too, at the partisan officers of the colony, who alone might have hindered the massacre, had they been so minded.

Not one of the blood-stained bodies, lying as

they had fallen, was either of the wee Buchanans, I made sure of that, and then I visited the decimated ranks of the English prisoners, who were again preparing to begin a melancholy march to Fort Edward, this time with a sufficient escort. Comrade was vowing to avenge the death of comrade; strong men were weeping like babes for the wives they had seen murdered before their very eyes. The two little girls I sought had been well known to all the garrison, and great favorites in the fort, as I could readily believe, ever since they had come there with their mother in the spring; but during that horrible massacre each had been too busy looking after his own to take heed what befell a hapless young woman and her weans.

At last I came upon a drummer-boy who had seen the two that morning. The younger was in the arms of a big Indian and he had the other by the hand. Both were crying for their mother, but were unhurt up to that time.

“So they are prisoners,” thought I, “and may even now be on their way to Gilbert’s prairies, where they will grow up into fine little squaws and forget that they e’er were aught else.”

On the other hand, they might be going far eastward to Acadie with the Abenakis, whom some have accused of beginning the massacre, though they had been Christians these many years.

The lassies would be brought up in the faith of their mother, if thither they were bound, but I doubted if the fact would console that mother. On

the whole, it was better she should think them dead ; else would she be for dispatching her humble servant, my laddie, upon a gowk's errand after them. But when I returned to the spot where I had left the pair, I could not find it in my heart to give such tidings to the little lady who came running out to meet me, her face blanched with anxiety. She remembered me now, as the deliverer of her husband, and looked upon me as a friend. "Where are they?" she cried, peering behind me among the bushes, as if she expected the merry little maids to spring out upon her with a joyous shout. I affected not to understand what she said and made no reply till we had joined Gilbert, whom I caused to act as interpreter.

"Set your mind at rest, madame," he said to her kindly. "Your little ones are still among the living, though it may be some time ere you can see them again."

"Where are they? Why did not this Indian bring them to me?"

"Because they have been made prisoners and will now be far on their way to Montreal, where they will be held for a ransom."

"A ransom? What have I to give in exchange for them? They are my riches, my all. Myself will follow them to Montreal. I will throw myself at the feet of your governor, and if he have a human heart within him he will not refuse to restore my children to me. Direct me how to go."

"That were impossible, madame, but I will seek your daughters for you so soon as I have taken you home."

“Home? I have no home but where my little ones are. I reckon not what befalls myself so that I be with them, my bonny wee weans. Oh, had you but seen them, monsieur, you would feel for me.”

“I do feel for you, madame,” said Gilbert, and indeed his voice was broken with emotion.

“Then take me with you to Montreal. I swear I will be no trouble to you, Captain Gilbert. I will cook for you, work for you like the humblest squaw, and only ask to be allowed to follow where you lead.”

My laddie kept his eyes on the ground, refusing to look at the pathetic little figure standing before him still in the disarray caused by her struggle with the Indian, but he forced himself to say:—

“You must think of their father.”

“Their father’s regiment is gone with Lord Loudoun to the attack of Louisbourg—and besides—and besides”—

Here the small woman broke down and cried bitterly.

“Had they been boys he would have been more likely to have had a care what befell them—and me—but I—I have borne him no son”—

Gilbert made a half step towards her with his arms outstretched, but she saw him not, for her face was buried in her hands, and I drew him back by the coat-sleeve. What an ass he was making of himself, and on the verge of disgracing his family forbye!

Knowing the proud spirit of Mistress Elspeth MacLean, it amazed me to hear her speak thus to



an acquaintance of yesterday, as she deemed Gilbert, but I have oft observed that one is frequently more drawn to confide the secrets of the heart to strangers whom we see but once, and may never see again, than to the inmates of our own houses. Giving utterance to a private grief eases the pain thereof, and we count upon the stranger remembering us no more when we are out of sight. There was something, too, about Gilbert that compelled the confidences of the most reserved, as I used often to say, when he made capital out of his sympathy in piloting a stranger through the streets of Edinburgh.

“Is there no woman friend of Mrs. Buchanan on this side of the Atlantic to whom we might take her?” he asked of me. “Where saw you her children before?”

“That was near Albany.”

Most reluctant was I to put into the lad’s head the notion of going with her there, but his mind was already made up, though the lady continued her prayers to be allowed to follow her children to Montreal. Had my nephew been as other men he had taken her with him — to Montreal and farther. But he said: —

“We are by no means sure where they are, madame, but I pledge you my word of honor that once I have seen you safe with friends I will search for your daughters, though I should have to follow them to the wigwams of the far west. Indians do not abuse children, believe me, when once the heat of battle is past. They adopt them;

and I have known French, yea, even English children, who have been unwilling to return to their own parents when discovered. Yourself are now in greater danger than they, for the savages, being driven from the neighborhood of the fort by our soldiers, will scour these woods in the hope of picking up stragglers like ourselves."

The little coward clung to my laddie's arm in horror at the thought, but he soothed her, gently as a woman, and then he said:—

"Madame, you must trust me to do what is best for you and for yours. Come!" and she let him lead her away without another word.

"Take the lady to Fort Edward," I whispered, when I had an opportunity, but my laddie said:—

"That will I not. Whom has she there? I have made her tell me of her friends in Albany. The Dutch lady will be kind to her and comfort her until such time as I can get news of her little girls. I will not leave till I see her safe with this *Vrouw Vervoort*."

Well was it for Captain Gilbert that he had his Indian uncle at his back, if he wished to accomplish his purpose in safety. I collected a band of our braves with canoes and supplies to serve us upon our journey. So far as the English were concerned, we would be in no danger going to Albany as escort to one of their own refugees, but some defense was necessary in fear of marauding savages. Against marauding females my poor nephew must go unprotected.

I cannot say that I enjoyed the long trip, under

the circumstances. Gilbert, completely taken up with the lady, had scarce a word for me, though I aye kept near him to prevent his overtaking his wounded shoulder, and helped with the paddling myself, to the end that he might sit still. Where learnt he those gentle ways with women? From M. de Bougainville, perchance, or some other one of his fine French friends. Mrs. Buchanan seemed to have quite forgot her first unfavorable impression, of him and she leaned upon my laddie with a trust quite touching to witness. He contrived to relieve her mind somewhat concerning the fate of her children, and described the Indian life of the far west in colors so glowing I laughed in my sleeve to hearken to him.

In a thousand little ways that none but a sweet-heart would think of, he comforted the young woman, though no word of gallantry ever passed his lips. He was a born gentleman, my laddie, let his upbringing be what it liked, and I never was more convinced of the fact than in watching his bearing towards Mrs. Buchanan, though I loved her not. She took him entirely for what he appeared, though once I heard her say to him, "I feel as if I had known you before, Captain Gilbert, in another world, a happier world than this. You make me forget my troubles and be a light-hearted girl again. Were you ever in Edinburgh? But there — I am forgetting — the young men of Canada go not to Scotland for their education."

"My father was a Scot," said Gilbert proudly, though I marveled to hear him.

“Good! I knew there must be some tie — something — that made you so kind to me. Why left he his own country?”

“He was a Jacobite.”

“And enlisted in the French army after the cause was lost?”

“He died long since, madame, and he was an exile from Scotland since the rising called the Fifteen.”

“Oh, M. Gilbert, I had a dear, an only brother, killed in the Forty-five. He was so like to Prince Charles” —

Being in the canoe with the two, I could not escape another hearing of the wonderful martyrdom of Master Donald MacLean, but I noted there was no word of his humble henchman, Touzle-tap, who had risked his life as boldly and been faithful unto the death. Of course Gilbert marked not the omission. He was ever one to lightly his own services, but I must allow that Mrs. Buchanan did not underrate them when she introduced him to his own mother.

## CHAPTER XIX

### FOOLS' PARADISE

VROUW VERVOORT was at her Albany residence with her children and she opened her motherly arms to the young mother as to another wean.

“Who is he? Who is he?” I heard her whisper to Mrs. Buchanan, staring at Gilbert over her head. “He greatly favors my first husband.”

“Captain Gilbert of the French Marine Corps,” replied Mrs. Hector. “He has no English.”

Had her face not been hidden upon my sister's shoulder, she might have observed that Captain Gilbert reddened at her remark. I knew right well why he kept to the French tongue: — 't was because his English was broad Scots and he fancied it would betray his mean extraction. So he was justly served for his silly pride in not being made known to his mother at that time.

I was in haste to get him out of her house, but my sister and Mrs. Buchanan prevailed upon him to wait the night, as he looked “sair forfoughten,” they said, and by the morning he was sick of a fever and could not be moved. Mrs. Hector pronounced it to be the kind that had been common at Fort William Henry, where Captain Gilbert must have become affected, but I believe it was

more due unto his over-exertions on her behalf, despite my precautions, upon the way hither. I would that I had not pretended I could not converse with her, either in French or English, or I should have told her so.

Whatever the cause of the illness, Mrs. Hector established herself as head nurse, declaring she had done as much for others at the fort to whom she was less indebted.

“It will help me to forget my weariful waiting for news of my bairns,” she said to Jean. “So soon as M. Gilbert is better, he will seek them for me; then who so anxious as I for his speedy recovery?”

My sister could not refuse the proffered aid, as her servants, bond and free, flatly declined to enter the sick room for fear of infection, and the master was no longer alive to make them obey. My humble offers of assistance were lightly set aside. Women are always prone to sneer at men as sick nurses, but I have seen my own Gilbert, for one, tend an injured comrade more faithfully and effectively than any female could have done — but that was years afterwards.

Mrs. Buchanan was stronger than she looked, and bore up well under the strain of her new duty, — better, I thought, than if it had been husband or child she was nursing. Gilbert’s hard case did not prey upon her mind, nor cause her the wearing anxiety from which I suffered. When my sister took her place at the side of the alcove bed where he lay, the head nurse could fall asleep with



the ease of an infant. Such shallow creatures are women! Had she forgot the weans, I wondered, and her poor husband off fighting the French at Louisbourg?

Though allowed to do little for him, I hung about my laddie's room like a house-dog, thankful to be permitted to remain within hearing of his ravings, for I greatly feared he might drift into the Scots tongue of his boyhood and cause Vrouw Vervoort to turn upon me with uncomfortable questionings. But his talk was aye in French, and he fancied himself most often paddling upon some lone lake or river of the far west with *Legardeur de Saint-Pierre*. Nor did he give *Elsbeth Buchanan* the satisfaction of knowing the hopeless love she had inspired, for he never mentioned her name. That douce sister of mine, in her sane senses, was less circumspect. I believe she was strangely drawn towards the helpless lad and merely craved the privilege of being more with him, but this is what she said to the reigning despot: "'T is more fit that an old woman such as I, than a young lady like you, should wait upon this French officer."

"I am a married woman, and a mother, even as yourself," replied Mrs. Buchanan, her head in the air.

"Yes, but your husband is far hence and your patient is growing to think overmuch of you. He can hardly bear to have you out of his sight, and glooms like a spoiled wean when I come in to take your place."

“Tush!” exclaimed Mrs. Hector, blushing like a lass in her teens. “He has become accustomed to me, more than you, that is all. He is weak as a wean just now and must be humored.”

“But he is not a child,” continued my sister, with some feeling, “and in the cure of his bodily ills you may inflict a wound that will not be so easy to heal—upon his heart. Are you quite sure that your own is untouched, my wee lady?”

Oh! the injured dignity with which Mrs. Buchanan faced Vrouw Vervoort.

“You insult me—in your own house—and therefore I cannot resent it; but if my husband were here—if I were not so friendless in this strange land—even my children taken from me”—

The fountains, ever ready, began to play briskly now, and Jean put her arms about the little lady, patted her shoulder, calling her tender names in the Gaelic, and they left the room with arms entwined.

It was the first time I had been left alone with Gilbert since his illness, and when he opened his eyes and looked at me I knew that he had heard every word.

“Who is this Dutchwoman that has the Gaelic?”

“Your mother,” I replied, having no other answer at hand.

“Then you found her and told me not?”

“I thought it better to be silent till the end of the war, since you must fight upon the other side.

She has been married again and has half a dozen Dutch bairns. Moreover, I long believed you dead."

"Would that I were," he said, and turned his face to the wall.

Mrs. Buchanan was a trifle more blate about persecuting him with her attentions after her talk with Jean, and since his return to consciousness. I had actually speech of him alone the next day.

"'T is time we were gone from here, Uncle Rory, if you would have me play the man in the campaign. Will you help me to put on my uniform?"

That I did right willingly, but he fainted during the process, and as ill luck would have it, Mrs. Buchanan returned to the room ere he had come to himself, and she upbraided me hotly.

"What have you been doing to him, you donard old Indian?" she said, not dreaming that I understood her perfectly and that Gilbert was in the same case, having come to his senses so soon as he heard her speak. Her voice, I ween, could rouse him were he dead and buried.

"Trying to take you from me, was he? That he shall not, until you are the braw young officer again that saved me from the savage. Your own mother would not know you now, my puir lamb. Lie down there, cannily, and I will hap you up. Yes, you may keep my hand for a whilie, if it heartens you."

I would have laughed at the mite of a woman, treating my tall laddie like a wean, had I not been

too angry with her for turning me out of his room, as she straightway did. Gilbert sent for me himself the next day, however, and said to me: "It will be weeks before I am able to travel, they tell me, and meanwhile there is naught being done about those two children."

He looked at me so wistfully that I knew his mind even before he went on.

"You are well known among the savages, Uncle Rory — 't was a pledge I would fain fulfill, though it should cost me my life — you are acquaint with the children too — they would not fear you" —

"I will go in search of them," I replied, though my laddie never knew the effort it was for me to make that promise.

What was Mrs. Buchanan or her weans to me? I hated to leave Gilbert in her care. She and Jean would make a fair fool of him between them. They were doing so even now, and I pictured the scene when he should see fit to reveal his identity and be clasped to the arms of a dotting mother. Good-by then to his military career! Small blame to him that he wished me well out of the way. His old uncle alone had any ambition on his behalf.

These thoughts and many more of the same filled my mind upon my journey back to Caughnawaga. It was grateful to my sore heart that all the dogs of the village came out to bark me a noisy welcome home, and hearing the din, the children flocked about me also. I noticed two pale-faces among them, and scarce restrained a

shout of surprise when I recognized Elsie and Mysie Buchanan. They knew me at once and came forward to courtesy and shake hands, like the little ladies they were.

"Oh, Mr. Broadface," said Elsie, "have you seen our mamma?"

"That have I, being just come from Albany where she is safe with her friend, Vrouw Vervoort."

The two lassies hugged one another in delight at this news.

"And you will take us to her, Mr. Broadface?"

Now this was exactly what I was in no haste to do, being weary with my long journey and unwilling to set out again. Gilbert would not expect to hear of them so soon, and both he and Mrs. Hector would be satisfied that I was looking for them. There was surely no urgent call for me to take them back at once.

"Your mother is nursing a sick soldier."

"Like those at the fort? Then she will not be wanting us near her," said Elsie, and her lip trembled.

"You might indeed catch the fever, so your mamma bade me tell you to be good little girls and do as I asked you until such time as it was safe for you to come to her."

"I want my own mother," said the smaller child, beginning to bawl, so that the elder had to choke back her own tears to comfort her.

"Is Albany a long way off?" Elsie asked.

"A goodish piece."

“Then if once we go away, Mysie, we will never be back again. I am sure mamma would wish us to see what like Canada is, now that we are here.”

“The change might be for the betterment of your health,” I said smiling, but the little one continued to sob.

“I want my mamma!”

“Think of your darling squirrel, Mysie,” continued the deputy mother. “You would not like to part with him, and what would he be doing in Albany?”

“You would lose him ere you were halfway,” said I, and by this time I had drawn the bairn to me and was fondling her tears away.

“The little Indians know far nicer plays than the little Dutch children,” she owned at length, and her sister added:—

“Yes, and we have not to sit for hours at our tiresome samplers.”

“I could not think to leave Touzle-tap, since he hath got to know us—nor Pierre.”

“So you have invaded my lodge,” said I with a laugh.

“Of course; that is where we bide,” said Elsie, “and we have had much ado cleaning it up against your home-coming. Mr. Red Wolf, who brought us here, told us you would surely be back ere the summer was over, and we liked your lodge better than the priests’ because we cannot play house in his.”

“With Pierre for papa,” said Mysie.



“Father Le Febvre has been very kind to us, though, and he hears us our catechism as well as our mother could.”

“We sing in the choir,” piped Mysie cheerfully.

Naught could have astonished me more than to find those two tenderly nurtured children so much at home with our people. They were the daughters of their father without doubt, and had little of their mother about them. Even yet I will not allow I was at fault in keeping them with me for the remainder of the summer. It was true that they might take the fever; the wee Vervoorts had been sent to the Island to keep clear of infection. Mrs. Buchanan had enough to do for the present without her daughters; they were happy — and so was I.

'T is no harm, but good, for any children to live the open-air natural life those lassies lived with me. They insisted upon being dressed like the tiny squaws of the tribe, and I grant you the costume gave them far greater freedom of movement than the prim little frocks they had been wearing. These they carefully folded away in a chest in my lodge, safe from the mischievous fingers of Pierre, the raccoon, against the time they should be needed for the dreaded return to civilization.

Never during all my years among the Indians had I kept so closely to the village and its neighborhood. I even let 'slip some excellent opportunities for trading above Lachine. Sure 't was

diversion enough to sit upon the bank of one of the tiny streams that flowed into the great river and watch my two wee lassies playing with the Indian weans.

Elsie would soon have passed for one of them, but Mysie had a fair skin like her father, and the sun burnt her face red, not brown. The favorite game was playing beaver, and they learned to build dams and houses and to flop in and out of the water in a fashion the animal himself might have envied. I would their father could have seen them ; he had thought them good as laddies, every whit. They liked to hear of all he had done at the Sault, and the fact of his having been my guest made it seem the more right to them that they should be also. Whether the mother's marriage had turned out happily or not, she had at least trained her bairns to make a hero of their father.

They had never done romping with Touzle-tap, though he was growing such a big bear I sometimes feared he might do them mischief. To Pierre they taught many new tricks, of which he had no need, and he ran the risk of death from over-feeding, because Elsie and Mysie chose to take delight in watching him soak his food, handling it with his fore-paws, as he sat up, like a monkey.

I would never have a tame bird about me, after Jamie Black, but an old squaw gave the lassies a Canada jay, which they endowed with many rare gifts and graces, though I could not see them myself. The birds of America may have brighter

coats, but I never heard one that could sing like a mavis, a lavrock, or a blackbird.

“Why do you call the bear ‘Touzle-tap’?” said Elsie to me one evening. The days were growing short and the two liked to sit with me in front of my lodge fire after dusk, while I racked my brains and my memory for stories. I had one upon either knee that night, and Mysie was well-nigh asleep with her head upon my shoulder.

“I called him for a wee boy I used to know langsyne in Edinburgh,” I replied, and the child saw naught that was strange in a Caughnawaga having lived in Auld Reekie; no more than that he should have a set of pipes and been out in the Forty-five. Had I told them of adventures in the moon, I ween they would have received them with the same trusting credulity.

“Was he your own little boy?” continued Elsie.

“Not my son, but my nephew, and he was all that I had.”

“Tell us about him. Move over, Mysie, I have n’t room. Now, go on Mr. Broadface.”

Once begun, I knew not where to stop. Night after night it was tales of Touzle-tap that were demanded of me, and I was astonished to find I remembered so many of his saying and doings. I was even daft enough to relate all I knew of his wanderings with Master Donald MacLean and their tragic end, though I might have known that the children would identify them — as they did — connecting the circumstances with their uncle, the martyr, whose story they had heard from their mother many, many times.

It was a strange fancy, but while the wee lassies were preparing to place themselves upon their shelf of a bed each night, it pleased them that I should walk round and round the lodge without, playing certain mournful airs upon the bagpipes. The eerie sound roused the whole village till the folk became used to it, but Elsie and Mysie, true daughters of the regiment, declared that it put them to sleep in a twinkling. In truth, I never came in without finding them sound as Pierre in his corner, and I would not have confessed even to their own mother, how long I would sit and watch their slumbers.

Had Jess given me bairns of my own, I verily believe I should have been under the lash of her tongue till this day; nor would I, like Hector Buchanan, have craved a son, but had been well-content with two wee daughters, such as his.

“But they grow up to be an unco fash,” I said to myself. “I wonder what has become of Marie.”

I had not seen her since my return to the Sault, nor could her mother, Red Wolf, or anyone else, tell where she was. None had seen her since she had followed Hector Buchanan and his escort to Fort William Henry in the spring.

## CHAPTER XX

### MY NEPHEW CALLS ME TO ACCOUNT

THE fall of the leaf had begun when Gilbert arrived at the Sault, looking a thought paler, perhaps, after his illness, but firm upon his legs and strong of arm as he had ever been.

“What cheer, lad?” I asked him, when his canoe grated upon the sand, for he had come from Montreal by way of the great river. “How goes the war since last we met?”

“There is no war just now except ‘the little war,’ which I detest. Rather would I stay in town with the troops of the line, and eat horse-flesh, as they have now to do, than take part in any of these dirty little scalping trips, planned by Governor Vaudreuil. Yet my errand here now is to summon one hundred Caughnawagas to go upon an expedition with M. Belêtre to Lake Ontario, thence to the country of the Oneidas, and down the Mohawk River to devastate a settlement of Germans there, whose only crime is that they have refused to take part with either French or English in the present quarrel.”

“M. Belêtre had best beware. The Black Watch is now at Schenectady.”

“You are better posted than I upon the enemy’s movements.”

“That is strange too, when you are just come from Albany.”

“Why man, I was but two weeks after yourself in leaving Albany.”

“What said your mother to that.”

“I ne’er revealed myself to her as her son. Why should I? ’T would but have made her grieve the more over the way we parted, and I had no desire to go into my past history before the other lady.”

“Quite right, too,” said I, well pleased. “Mrs. Hector Buchanan is as proud a quean as ever came out of the Highlands. Assuredly, she would think less of the braw Captain Gilbert did she learn he was but Touzle-tap, the cadie.”

“She could not well think less of me than she does,” said Gilbert sadly. “The week after you left they took me down to the Garden of Eden.”

“You mean the Island? The very place for a convalescent.”

“Yes; but I was haunted while there by the young squaw, Marie, who seeing me only at a distance and always in company with his wife, mistook me for Captain Buchanan.”

“Kariwaghyennonh? So that is where she has been? The cutty! Did you not bid her come home?”

“Yes; so soon as I had the chance of speech with her, which was not easy to obtain, through my being still too weak to run after her. She made an opportunity herself at length one day. I was alone in the arbor, and for a few moments I



thought she would have murdered me when she found I was not the man she sought. She accused me violently of having made away with him."

"Marie had aye a high temper," said I.

"And a high voice, alack! Mrs. Buchanan heard it and came running to see what was amiss. There was the girl, by this time in tears at my feet, beseeching me to tell her what had befallen her lover. I understood so much of the Iroquois tongue, but Mrs. Buchanan knew naught of it, and your adopted daughter was too agitated to remember her French."

"No daughter of mine," said I emphatically; "but what became of her?"

"Mrs. Buchanan would hearken to none of the explanations I attempted to give her. She had mind of seeing the girl at the fort the day we brought back her precious husband, and remembered, too, the remark of the Englishman concerning French officers and their squaws; so she took the situation for granted. Vrouw Vervoort did likewise when the young woman's deplorable plight came to her notice."

"And you let it pass? You let them believe what they chose of you? Fegs! You are even more of a fool than I deemed you."

"What could I say, without telling the whole truth, as I knew it? 'T were better for Mrs. Buchanan to think of me as a reprobate, if she think of me at all, than to know her husband as one. She has to live with him — me, she need never meet again."

“Oh, I see fine why you did not make yourself known to your mother.”

“Vrouw Vervoort made more to-do over the affair than Mrs. Buchanan, even going the length of commanding me to marry the young squaw before I left Albany, but I refused to do it — and she likes her own way, my mother,” he added with a rueful smile.

“You might have told the truth, at least to her.”

“She would not have believed me. Hector Buchanan is the soul of honor in her eyes — the bravest of soldiers, a thorough-bred Highland gentleman, captain in the Black Watch, and so forth. He appears to her like her first husband come again; and I admit that he may be a man of the same stamp, if it be true that she and Forsyth were never married.”

“So you shortened your convalescence?”

“I could do no less, seeing that they were now as anxious to have me gone as they had hitherto been to have me stay. Kariwaghyennonh brought me away in her canoe so soon as I was able to crawl down to it.”

“You left without leave-taking?”

“So I thought it best to do, but I saw Mrs. Buchanan upon the bank, crying her pretty eyes out, and I knew that the mode of my departure would confirm her worst suspicions.”

The laddie paused and sighed heavily ere he went on.

“I took the girl, or rather she took me, all the way to Montreal, and I left her there with the

hospital nuns. She may end by joining the community, as I advised her."

"And since then, what have you been about?"

"Searching for the Buchanan children, but in truth I almost despair of ever laying eyes upon them."

"They are here," said I, thinking the sooner the murder was out the better.

"Where?" demanded Gilbert, in much excitement.

"Here, at my lodge. You will be seeing them when we go in."

"Let us go at once, then. Where did you find them? How long have they been here?"

I hesitated ere I replied, "For some time."

"Roderick Campbell! Was it a Caughnawaga who carried them off?"

"Red Wolf." His heat seared me like hot iron and burned the truth out of me.

"The beginning of August — and now 't is well-nigh November — all these months have you left their mother in misery about them, and kept them in misery here."

"They have not been in misery," I retorted, "nor has she. 'T was September ere I returned and found them. The traveling between here and Albany is not safe for young children in wartime."

Gilbert made a gesture of contempt and strode off, to fling aside the deerskin door of my lodge. The afternoon was chilly and a bright fire was blazing within. Close beside it lay the bear cub

and Mysie, her curly head reposing upon his soft coat, both fast asleep. Elsie was teasing Pierre at the other side, but her shrieks of laughter at his antics failed to waken her little sister. Our entrance roused the young bear, however, and he came growling to the heels of the stranger, while Mysie sat up and rubbed her eyes.

“Oh, Mr. Broadface,” said she. “We thought you were *never* coming home to tell us more about Touzle-tap.”

“This is Touzle-tap himself,” said I recklessly, waving my hand towards the well-proportioned officer in the white coat, who stood looking down upon the lassies with his stupid heart in his eyes.

“How you have grown, Mr. Touzle-tap,” said Elsie quaintly, as she left her play with the raccoon to inspect the new-comer. “And your hair is very tidy and not a bit red — but you must excuse me, sir, for speaking of that,” she added in haste. “Your uncle here has told us much about you, but he ne’er let on that you had joined the French, as I see by your uniform that you have.”

“You must e’en forgive me for that, my little lady,” said Gilbert, dropping upon one knee on the low seat from which she had risen. “You understand my French? But certainly! France and Scotland are friends of two hundred years’ standing. Where would a Jacobite go but into the French army?”

“Our papa is in the Black Watch,” said Mysie.

“Mr. Buchanan is a more loyal gentleman than

I," replied the laddie, and only myself could have detected a touch of bitterness in his tone.

"Loyal to the Usurper!" cried Elsie. "We are Jacobites to the death, like our Uncle Donald, are n't we, Mysie?"

The two began to sing in their high, childish treble:—

"I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,  
My ripplin' kame an spinnin' wheel,  
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,  
A broadsword and a white cockade."

"Now you must sing us one, Mr. Touzle-tap, and afterwards you shall tell us about our Uncle Donald. Mother has often, but then she was not really there, as you were."

Captain Gilbert's voice was not so sweet as Touzle-tap's had been, but the lassies were pleased to approve the sentiment of his song:—

"I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,  
And the sun that glances early,  
If I had twenty thousand lives,  
I'd gie them a' for Charlie."

I could listen in patience to the story of Donald MacLean when my laddie told it, as he had a right to do, with all the graphic details he could muster. When the lassies were greeting over the affair, as if it had happened yesterday, I brought out the pipes and set the trio a-dancing round the fire. It was the maddest, merriest night that e'er had been spent in that lodge of mine—a good one for the last.

Believe me, in the morning it was Gilbert who

was unwilling to set out. He started our braves upon the war-path without him, despite my advice that he should accompany them at least so far as Montreal, lest his absence should be misconstrued.

“No fear but your warriors will be without fail at the rendezvous,” quoth he, “when so noble an expedition is in prospect. I feel more inclined to take the other route and warn the Germans of their approach.”

“I can do that, if you say so,” said I. “I will be going that way to take the weans back to their mother.”

“You cannot be trusted to return the children. Once I was out of sight you would be for keeping them with you all winter. ’Tis myself will take them to Albany.”

“Schenectady, you mean, unless Mrs. Buchanan has given you good reason to think she cares not to rejoin her husband.”

“Schenectady be it then,” said the laddie, ignoring my insinuation. “The two young Senecas who paddled me here shall guide me there with the children.”

But the wee lassies themselves had somewhat to say upon the matter.

“We like you very much, Mr. Touzle-tap, but you are not so old a friend of ours as your uncle, Mr. Broadface. Unless he is with us we shall not go one step, shall we, Mysie?”

The little one agreed, as she did to everything her sister proposed, when the elder went through the form of asking her.



So it ended in our both taking up the trail with the children and the Indians. Gilbert had enough regard for the safety of the party to doff his cherished white coat, and I besought him also to speak English during the latter part of the trip, so that he might, if overheard by hostile Indians, pass for one of Rogers's Rangers, but he would not descend so far.

It took us over a week to make the journey by easy stages, on the bairns' account, and long ere we reached the Mohawk River my nephew was as much the slave of the little maids as I myself. I fancied at first that he excused my detention of them, after he saw how winning they were, though naturally he thought more of their mother's feelings than I did. He upbraided me none after that first night, at all events, but I came to feel it was because he had lost faith in me, and believing me capable of anything, thought it useless to remonstrate with me, or show surprise at aught I did. Having fallen from the pedestal upon which he had set me at our reunion, it mattered little how far I fell.

My sister Jean was a conscientious woman I knew, and the Forsyths must have been "unco guid" folk. Where else had my gentleman gotten his fine feelings? Sure 't is humiliating for an elderly man to look into the eyes of a lad he has reared and find himself judged there by a standard he never set up for himself, nor for the lad. Gilbert was still young enough to divide men and their actions into bald black and white. He had yet

to learn that the prevailing color in human conduct is gray.

Avoiding Fort Edward, we took a short-cut from the ruins of William Henry, at the head of the lake, and followed a trail known to the Indians which brought us to the river of the Mohawks, somewhat above the village of Schenectady. The children had begged to be allowed to walk along the bank, where it was clear of underbrush, and I own that we relaxed our vigilance, being so near to the settlement.

I led the way, while Elsie and Mysie followed me, rustling their little feet through the dead leaves, and Gilbert brought up the rear. It was late in the afternoon and the mists of November hung over the river, so that we could see but little distance up or down, and for that reason knew not of an approaching boat till we heard the sound of oars and voices. The next instant a bullet whistled over our heads and some one shouted : —

“Halt!”

We could not do otherwise than obey, for there were the weans, and the flat-boat ran its blunt nose into the bank to let half a dozen Highland-men swarm up the brae and surround us.

“Thank God, we have caught some of the villains at last, and saved these two little children,” said the sergeant in charge, from which I gathered that they were on the trail of Belêtre’s party.

“Poor lambs! The wolves shall not eat you,” said another of the soldiers; but the poor lambs refused to leave the wolves.

Mysie clung to my arm with all her strength, while Elsie clambered up Gilbert, hand over hand, as up the rigging of a ship, and clasped her arms about his neck, so as to fairly choke his utterance. The children had no Gaelic and the Highlanders had naught else, save the man left in charge of the boat who now shouted from it: —

“Keep hold of that fat Indian, will you. ’T was he who stole my pipes. See if he has them about him now.”

I had indeed, for I ever thought them too precious to be left behind in my lodge, where naught was safe from Pierre’s meddlesome paws; and grievously vexed was I to have them torn rudely from me and restored to their former owner. I resolved to recover that set of pipes or get another at the first opportunity, but such never occurred.

I might have explained our errand in the Gaelic, — so might Gilbert, — but I was aye diffident about revealing my name to members of the Black Watch lest some of my former acquaintances should see fit to hail me as a deserter; while Gilbert had reasons best known to himself for concealing his Scottish birth.

So we listened without remark to the talk of our captors, as they marched us, prisoners, into Schemnectady. I assured the little maids that these men of their father’s regiment had come in search of them and meant no harm to ourselves, and they forthwith condescended to be carried in triumph, each upon the shoulder of a tall Highlandman.

## CHAPTER XXI

### GILBERT SHOWS HIMSELF THE GENTLEMAN

IN this fashion we were brought before Captain Hector Buchanan, who had likewise just come back from a fruitless search for the raiding party of Canadians and Indians and was out of temper at his ill success. His children had probably learned to know his humors from his face, for they hung back with us and ran not forward to plant themselves upon their father's knees, as he sat on the stoep of the Dutch dwelling that served as headquarters. But when a small woman rushed out of the house, with a heart-rending cry of joy, they raced to her and were clasped in her arms, laughing and shrieking:—

“Mamma! Oh, mamma!”

Gilbert's eyes were glued to the group and he gave no heed to what Mr. Buchanan was saying to me.

“So you have been out on the little war with your braves, Roderick Campbell. I thought better of you.”

“I have been no such place.”

“You were aye a braw liar when it served your turn, but 't will not avail you this time. One of our Mohawks has told us that his kin from Caugh-

nawaga were undoubtedly engaged in this affair, and so wild with rage are our men at them, 't is strange they shot you not upon the spot."

"I was ne'er at the German Flats in my life."

"You seem to know right well where the massacre hath been, but no doubt you have but got news of it from your gallant Captain Gilbert here, who disdains not to change his costume to suit the dastardly work he has in hand."

"The dastardly work of bringing your children home to you," said I, for my dander was rising, much as I liked Buchanan.

"The thief, when caught, is ever on the way to restore the lost property. I doubt if you will be able to convince Lord Howe of your innocence when your trial comes off — you cruel, cowardly villain! This Frenchman may know no better, for he was brought up to it, but a man like you, raised in a civilized country like Scotland — you make me blush for my native land."

The voice of husband and father, rising higher and higher in his wrath, caused mother and daughters to look up uneasily. Elsie the Second was aye braver than Elsie the First, and it was she who came over to us.

"What are you scolding Mr. Broadface about, papa? He has been very good to Mysie and me, has n't he, Mysie? He carried her much of the way himself when the walking was bad, upon our journey from the Sault St. Louis."

"Sault St. Louis?" echoed father and mother in a breath. "What did you there?"

“Played with the bear and the raccoon,” shouted Mysie, “played beaver with the little Indians, did n’t we, Elsie? Oh, we never had such playmates. You must come back there with us, mamma.”

“So ’t was from the Sault that your friend took you with him upon the little war?”

“He did not indeed, papa, did he, Mysie? We saw no fighting whatever till our soldiers took us prisoner and brought us hither.”

“You mean till my men rescued you from this Canadian officer and his savages.”

“He is not a Canadian,” piped Mysie. “He is a Scot and a Jacobite just like ourselves, is n’t he, Elsie?”

“Of course,” replied the elder sister sedately. “He is the nephew of Mr. Broadface, and he used to be called Touzle-tap.”

Hector Buchanan laughed long and loudly.

“To be sure! I might have known that wherever Rory was,” and here he slapped my shoulder, “his — ah — did you say nephew? — would not be far off. Touzle-tap! By Jove, of course it is. I wonder I knew him not before; but fine feathers make fine birds. Hear this, Elspeth! Nay, fly not to cover, my lady. These are prisoners we cannot be shooting.”

“They brought me back my children,” said Mrs. Buchanan faintly.

“Ay, and for that we must let them go, scot-free. ’T is not the first good turn that Roderick Campbell has done me, and as for Touzle-tap, Touzle-tap” — he doubled himself up with laugh-



ter at the sight of Gilbert's dignified, indignant face — "what 's bred in the bone will come out. From a cadie off the streets of Edinburgh, living by his wits, 't is not a far cry to a Canadian partisan who also lives by his wits; but 't is to be hoped that no more cadies will be transformed into fiends with scalping-knives who wage war not upon men and soldiers, but upon helpless women and children in lonely settlements."

"My hope is the same," said Gilbert calmly.

My laddie could curb his tongue when he chose, it appeared. Such is the effect, I have been told, that the solitudes of woods and prairies have upon a man. Gib's temper, as I had experience of both, was as hot as Hector's own; but now, though his blue eyes blazed and his cheek flushed red through its browning, he said not another word but made the military salute to Captain Buchanan and left him — a happy father, a reunited family, forsooth! My heart was sore for my laddie.

He came home with me to Caughnawaga, returned thence to Montreal, and I saw him no more till the spring. I gained news of him now and again from the fur traders who came our way, or from an occasional partisan officer, gathering forces for the little war, but my nephew went no more on such errands. He was high in favor, I learned, both with Governor Vaudreuil and General Montcalm, who had few friends in common, while M. de Bougainville had introduced him into the gayest circles of Montreal and Quebec. I was afraid that my laddie would be spending himself

—and ruining me — in maudlin sympathy for the starving lower classes in those two towns, and was therefore relieved to learn that the parties he gave were not to be surpassed for high play and the quantity and quality of the wine consumed. I thanked my stars — and his — that “the bonny wee leddy” had lost her grip of him. I had in truth done the lad an injustice when I suspected him to be of the unco guid variety, but, heh sirs! what an extravagant crew those dead and gone Forsyths must have been.

I kept my nephew’s purse better filled than was that of most young men in his set, and could well believe that he was considered a good match by the fair dames of the colony, as well as the most graceful dancer they ever had met.

“None of them will e’er see him dance as I saw him last winter,” thought I to myself, and then I groaned over the loss of the pipes. I knew not whether I missed them, or Gib, or the two wee Buchanans the most, but I knew I was a lonely old man, and many a time repented having buried myself among a horde of savages, far from the sound of a human voice speaking in the accents familiar to me from childhood.

Merely to beguile myself, I wrought harder than ever at the fur trade and rejoiced in the spice added thereunto by the dangers that thickened upon the route between the Sault and Albany. The fighting was not over in our region, I felt sure, and I was confirmed in my opinion when Gilbert came to see me on the festal day of St.

John the Baptist, celebrated with great pomp in our village. That he had become more the man of the world and less the student-naturalist, I could see at a glance, but there were no signs of dissipation either in his clear blue eyes or his straight muscular figure, and I was not surprised to learn that he had been practicing fencing as well as dancing. Despite his fine dress and his fine manners, he was at heart, I was sure, the same simple-minded lad I had ever known.

To me he never spake of his mother, nor of the Buchanans, and therefore I was firmly convinced that page of his life was turned down for good and aye — and just as well. With so staunch and powerful a friend as Bougainville, his advancement in the French service was secure. Already he talked of exchanging into a line regiment, though he should have to take lower rank than was his in the marines. I dreamt of his returning to France and becoming a great gentleman there, when once the war was over. If marry he must, he could choose a bride of good French family, and would have it in his power to buy an estate with the wealth his old uncle would leave him, would give to him while yet alive, for that matter, and the said uncle would crave in exchange merely the liberty to have built somewhere near the manor a small house, fashioned like an Iroquois lodge, in which to live as he pleased.

Not being in the counsels of the great, I knew not that Old France had deserted New France in the hour of her trial, till Gilbert told me of his

friend Bougainville's fruitless appeal for aid at the court of Louis ; how the minister had said to the young ambassador, —

“When the house is afire, one regards not the stables.”

“You do not speak as a horse, my lord,” replied M. de Bougainville, and the answer commended itself to me, for I loved horses. No more ships, no more men were to be sent to those who were so gallantly striving to maintain a foothold upon this continent for an ungrateful mother country. The ministers of France may have known their own business and have thought they had enough to do to keep destruction from headquarters, but surely time has shown them that Canada was worth saving.

The more hopeless the cause of France in America appeared, the more was my nephew's sympathy increased therefor. Some folk are born with a mental twist of that nature, but not Roderick Campbell. I prefer the winning side.

“'Tis leaders that count for more than men,” said Gilbert. “The British are but a string of ciphers, lacking the one figure needed to make their numbers tell against us. The Marquis de Montcalm, the Chevalier de Lévis, — Bourlamaque, Bougainville, — any one of these is worth thousands of rank and file who can but do as they are bidden. The English have not yet learned to fight with their heads. We will beat them, you shall see.”

But I was not so sanguine as the lad, having

lived longer in Great Britain, and knowing it for a bull-dog that held on despite a battered nose and blinded eyes.

Gilbert was ordered to Carillon in June, and I left the Sault and pitched my tent upon the shore of Lake Champlain to be near him. Often in the long evenings he would walk across to have a smoke with me and discuss the prospects of the campaign.

“The English think to take Canada this year,” said he one night. “They have sent a mighty army to capture the forts upon this lake, and they expect to be in Montreal ere the summer is over.”

“Carillon, for one, cannot withstand them,” said I. “’T is not even finished in the building.”

“M. de Montcalm may decide to retire upon Fort St. Frederic, but I hope he will hold on here,” — and that was the course the general finally adopted.

Meanwhile the British were encamped at the site of Fort William Henry, fifteen thousand strong, but more than half of them volunteers from the English colonies. Montcalm had one third as many men, but these were the tried legions of France: Guienne, Berry, Béarn, Languedoc, la Sarre, la Reine, Royal Roussillon, — names to conjure with, in Gilbert’s estimation, and I trusted that his judgment might prove to be correct.

It did not appear so in the first instance, for one of our advanced parties, approaching too near

the British, who had now landed at the northern end of Lake Horicon, came between two fires, and lost us three hundred men. The English, to be sure, in the same skirmish lost Lord Howe, whom their whole army lamented as a born leader; in contrast to the usual species of over-fed aristocrat who has gained his command through seniority in the service, political or family influence. We had seen plenty of that kind in America, and Gilbert hoped that more would come; the Lord Howes alone could hurt the French.

When I crossed to Ticonderoga, on the morning of July the seventh, — I mind it well for it was the twenty-seventh anniversary of Gilbert's birth, — I found the whole place alive with soldiers, the French army having been withdrawn from the advanced posts all about. Officers and men were working like beavers in the hot sun, making an intrenchment of logs as high as their heads, at the top of a ridge in front of the fortress. Hundreds of axes ringing, trees falling, branches snapping — what thought the chattering jays and squirrels of it all? It looked like the beginning of a settlement, such an one as the English were wont to hew out of the forest, but the French rarely.

Directing, encouraging, condemning, Montcalm seemed to be everywhere at once, a small, alert man with the eye of a gyr-falcon, the opposite of the heavy leaders I had seen upon the British side. The French eye looked upon all Indians as their allies, — though in truth the red men were worthy of the name only so far as it fell in with their



mood of the moment, — and therefore it excited no remark to see a savage stalking about, watching what was going forward without offering the least assistance. I sauntered back and forth between the intrenchment and the fort as I pleased, till at length I came upon him I sought, in eager converse with M. de Bougainville. Both young men were stripped of their coats, and Gilbert was saying, —

“The English have indeed left their artillery at the other end of the lake.”

“Then they will encamp at the landing-place until the big guns are brought forward,” said the aide-de-camp.

“That remains to be seen. In the mean time I can do no more scouting duty, for I must be off to instruct my men who are making a breastwork for our own protection at the foot of the hill over there, so that we may be enabled to frustrate any attempt to turn our flank.”

“Useless labor on a hot day, believe me, my friend.”

“Captain Gilbert is right, sir,” said I, stepping up, with all due respect, for I would not have my laddie blush for my manners.

“Ah! The venerable sachem of the Sault! How goes it with the fur trade, my uncle?” said Bougainville.

“I was a soldier before you were born,” I replied stoutly, which was a stretching of the truth somewhat, but the young men doffed their hats to me and made me the military salute with the hatchets they carried.

“What think you of our preparations to receive the oncoming foe?” asked the aide.

“Being a Scot by birth, I am loath to see the sinful waste of good tree-branches, which, piled in front of your log wall, with the smaller points sharpened and turned outwards, would more than double its power of resisting an attack of infantry.”

“*Chevaux de frise!* Bravo! It shall be done. Your next command, Monsieur Roderique Cambelle?”

“I doubt if there be food enough in the fort to last this army for more than a week.”

“But we can at least keep the English at bay till they have brought up their big guns, and if the worst comes to the worst we can always make good our retreat by the rear into Lake Champlain.”

“What hinders the enemy to cut you off in that direction; the lake is so narrow at this part?”

“’Tis possible, and ’tis also possible that cannon might be hauled to the top of yonder hill which commands our works, but let us pray that M. Abercromby will display the habitual stupidity of his countrymen upon this continent and discover none of these things. They are famed chiefly for despising the scouts, such as our invaluable Canadians and Indians, and have ever struck out blindly, having been at no pains to discover the weak spots in our armor.”

## CHAPTER XXII

“HE THAT DIES PAYS ALL DEBTS”

I REALIZED the truth of M. de Bougainville's remarks ere the next day was done. To hit a foe straight in the face, where he is watching and ready for you — such seemed to be the only policy General Abercromby knew. To feel his way and consider the wisest plan were beyond his intelligence; 't was so much easier to sacrifice life in the gaining of experience. The French could not escape, the way was clear to Fort Edward; Montcalm feared the British would sit down before him and wait for artillery, but on they came, scrambling up the hill, over logs and stumps and spiked branches — red coats, shoulder to shoulder — could the French behind their breastwork have wished for a better target? At whatever point the intrenchment was most hotly attacked, there was Montcalm in his shirt-sleeves directing the defense; Abercromby stayed modestly in the rear.

Ay, but it was warm work that sultry afternoon! Even I began to grow hot over it, as I lay under cover of a rocky hillside that commanded a clear view of the English advance, and I craned my neck without the safety line to see what went on. Above the drums and the trumpets, suddenly I heard the skirl of the bagpipes.

Good Lord! Gib had never told me the Black Watch was here.

“Forward, Forty-second!” There is no power in heaven, earth, or hell that can hold them back. The war-cries of a dozen clans burst upon my ears, the *cruachan* of the Campbells high above all, and I tremble for the white-coats and my laddie among them, who will be swept off the face of the earth when once the Highlandmen win to the top of the brae. Onward and upward they rush — poor Montcalm! Fate is against you! Your volleys of musketry, your well-placed shells may daunt these amateur fighters from the English colonies; they can never turn a hair upon the Black Watch. Wait till they sight you!

What! Are my old eyes failing me? Are the Highlandmen falling back? Ay, ay; it is but a slight check. Again the Forty-second form for the assault, spurred by the pibroch that had never failed to usher them to victory; but now it ushers them — to what? Five times they charge against that impassable wall of trees, facing a cross-fire of bullets, thick as the rain-drops upon a mountain loch; five times are they repulsed — beaten back, but never conquered. So have I seen the waves dash themselves against the sides of the Bass Rock.

The wounded still level their muskets, the dying wave their comrades onwards, and they go on — hacking at the trees with their broadswords, struggling over obstacles that had staggered weaker knees, till some few actually reach the barrier of logs and hack crevices therein for their toes with

their dirks, or clambering on the shoulders of their mates, spring upon the top of the breastwork with a cheer, leap over it—to be seen no more. Through it all the pipes are shrieking, *Baile Ionaraora*, till the soldier in me slays the fur trader and I am tingling to the finger-tips to be in the midst of the fray with my good claymore.

I had thought myself old and callous, — thought that I wished the French to win, — but when I saw the bonny lads in the tartan that I myself had worn of old, writhing up that hillside where hell-fire itself was let loose, panting furiously to grapple with an unseen foe, whose bullets all the while were finding their way to scores of the bravest hearts on earth, I laid my head upon the hot rock beside me, and wept the only tears I can remember to have shed in all my life.

I cursed myself for having suggested those bristling branches that were playing such ghastly havoc with the bare legs of my countrymen; I cursed myself that I had ever left their ranks; but most of all I cursed the British general who had flung Highlanders at the foe in the place of cannon-balls. Oh! 't was shameful to witness that slaughter. Because the Scots are daring beyond all other soldiers, because they have ne'er been known to hesitate in obeying the word of command, is that just cause they should be set to do the impossible? Five hundred of the Black Watch, I was sure, half of the whole regiment, lay dead or wounded, and I groaned aloud in bitterness of spirit when I thought of the sore lamentation there

would be in every clachan, every village, town, and city of my native land when these dire tidings should be carried across the seas.

Captain Buchanan had gone up at the head of his men, shouting *Clar Innis* as he led them forward, but from the last charge he had not returned; and upon the English buglers sounding a retreat, I went down to look for him. Nor was I the only Indian who crept out of the forest when the day was done. Two or three Highlandmen who had been made prisoners were standing apart, unarmed, and guarded only by a couple of colonials, whom they deemed no protection whatever, and small blame to them, after Fort William Henry. Most of the savages turned their attention to the dead and wounded upon the slope, but four of the ugly, painted heathen stealthily surrounded the little group of prisoners, — brave men, mind you, who had faced without flinching that terrible fire from the breastwork, — but who now trembled like schoolgirls before the fierce faces of the Indians. Quietly I drew near and said to one of them, —

“Here is my pistol, man, and a dirk, forbye. One of you give yonder Canadian a crack on the crown, and I will attend to the other.”

But would you believe it? They were more afraid of me than of any other savage on the field, simply because I had the Gaelic.

“’Tis the devil himself!” exclaimed the man I had addressed, trembling like an aspen, and at the same moment my arm was seized by Captain Gilbert.



“What treason is this, sirrah? Keep your dirk and pistols to yourself, Broadface, or I shall put you under arrest.”

Thereupon he doubled the guard of his marines and drove the prowling Indians back to their lair; but I thought he needed not to have been so sharp with me, seeing that my offer of assistance had not been accepted and that I was a relation of his own. He laughed and squeezed my arm when we were out of sight of the prisoners, but my heart was too sore for smiles, and I could not endure hearing him exult over the great victory for France.

“You have slain a precious lot of your countrymen this day.”

“Not one, uncle; you are mistaken. I was stationed over yonder at the foot of the hill with some of the colony troops, and we did naught but make a sortie upon the left flank of the enemy, which had no effect. Our company was not engaged with the Black Watch whatever.”

“Good—for your company. Have you seen aught of Captain Buchanan?”

“He is mortally wounded, being of those who forced their way over the breastwork.”

“Brave lad! Brave lad! I knew he would play the man to the last.”

“He did even so,” said Gilbert, with generous warmth, “and he still lives, for the bayonet was thrust back which would have ended him.”

“Who did that?”

“Myself,” said the laddie meekly, as if he had committed a fault. “Now we must send him to his wife.”

“ We must do nothing of the sort,” said I impatiently. “ Are not our surgeons skillful as those of the British ? ”

“ Ay, but he is past their aid, being full of bullets. Mrs. Buchanan is at Fort Edward. He found strength to tell me so much, and when I asked him if he would be borne thither, he signified assent.”

“ The English are making too rapid a retreat to be overtaken by the bearers of a wounded man,” quoth I grimly, “ but Red Wolf is with me — and several others.”

“ You are the true Highlander, Uncle Rory, never traveling without your ‘ tail,’ ” said Gilbert smiling. He was intoxicated with the day’s success, — there was naught of the true Highlander about him, — and I wanted none of his company upon this woeful trail to Fort Edward, and so I told him.

“ I could not go with you in any case,” he replied. “ The danger here is not yet past ; the British may return with artillery to-morrow or next day ; I cannot forsake my post, but say to her — tell Mrs. Buchanan ” — here his voice faltered and the gaiety left his eyes and his mouth — “ say to her that I would have saved him for her, if I could.”

Glad was I of an excuse to escape the songs of joy and the feastings of the victorious French, though my heart melted within me at sight of our sad burden, Hector Buchanan, his curly hair matted with blood, and the shadows of death gathering fast upon his brow. At daybreak we carried him

to the water's edge and laid him gently in the bottom of a canoe, wrapped in his plaid, as I had been wont to see him in the old time when we fought, side by side, under the banner of Prince Charles.

My thoughts oft returned to those gallant days, as I bent to my paddle, facing the prostrate form of one who had ne'er turned his back on the foe. Mayhap his mind wandered there also, or had it gone no further than four days back, when he, and his famous regiment, both sore stricken now, had rowed down that smiling sheet of water with banners waving, bagpipes playing, surrounded by countless other boats, laden to the water's edge with red coats and blue — a pageant the like of which those mountains had ne'er before looked down upon?

At times his glances strayed upward, and around at the wooded headlands and islands we were passing, which were reflected in Horicon's crystal clearness, ere our paddles broke the spell. Did he hear the whaups calling through the mists on the hillside, and fancy himself once more afloat upon a Highland loch? Howbeit, 't was a fair scene for any man to feast his eyes upon, as a last glimpse of this sorry old world before he should bid it adieu.

Hector seemed pleased to be with me rather than a stranger, though he was unable to speak, and when I saw his eyes grow heavy with sleep, I broke the solemn silence by crooning to him softly a Jacobite song with which my sister Jean had been wont to hush Gilbert's cries when he was a wee laddie: —

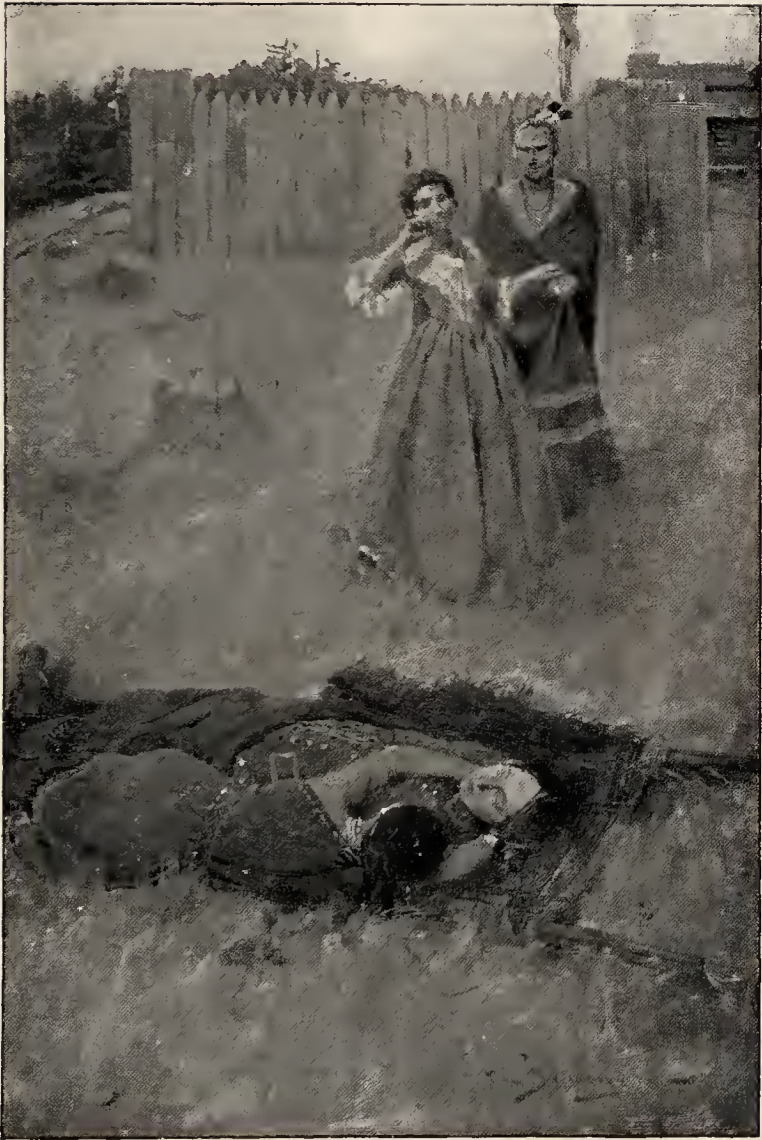
“ My bonnie moor-hen ’s gane over the main  
 And it will be simmer or she come again ;  
 But when she comes back again, some folk will ken,  
 Joy be wi’ thee, my bonnie moor-hen.

Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee ;  
 And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me ;  
 For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen  
 To break the wing of my bonnie moor-hen.”

Hector smiled in his sleep. Perchance his mother had sung the same to him. ’T was a wild and plaintive melody, befitting the occasion, for by the time we had reached the head of the lake Mr. Buchanan was dead.

Red Wolf and the rest of my following would fain have buried him near the ruins of William Henry, where were many English graves ; it being contrary to their custom to carry far aught save the scalp of a dead man, but I bade them make a litter out of the plaid and a couple of long poles and bear the captain to his wife at Fort Edward.

I am no more superstitious than others of my race, but as we carried the body through the forest, I seemed to see, first at one side, then at the other, sometimes in front, sometimes behind us, a fleeting shape that disappeared if I stepped aside to pursue it, but reappeared at intervals, shunning observation, yet keeping us in view. Red Wolf noted the apparition and crossed himself, muttering a paternoster, while his comrades exchanged awe-struck whispers. My nerves were surely unstrung through recent happenings, or I had laughed to scorn the fancy of the savages, but now it seemed to me also that the spirit of Hector Buchanan



"SHE LOVED HIM TOO WELL"





kept watch upon us to observe how we treated the vacated body. The wraith need not have fashed, I am sure, for knowing what was due to a man of gentle birth, and of Hector's standing in the army forbye, I charged the savages, wherever the trail would permit, to carry him shoulder high.

Ne'er was I so pleased to reach a journey's end as to see the palisades of Fort Edward glimmering through the trees in front. It was already growing dusk under the shade of the branches, and warlocks seemed to be multiplying all about us. The Indians laid down their burden upon the greensward, but remained on guard while I went into the fort to break the news to the widow — an errand I would fain have shirked. Yet why should I think more of her sorrow than of that of many a mourner after Ticonderoga, who would not have the poor comfort of seeing her dead again, nor of knowing where he was buried?

Mrs. Buchanan saw me coming, and gathered the news from my face ere I had spoken a word; but this time she called me not a bird of ill omen.

“My husband? He is slain? Tell me the truth.”

“You have spoken it,” said I, and she bent her head to the blow, but no tears came, as they had done upon many a lesser occasion.

“Where is he?” she asked at length, rising from the low settle in the common room of the fort.

“Without,” I replied, and she followed me in silence.

The evening was rapidly darkening down, but

that need not to have frightened the Indians away from their post. Hector was lying on the hillside, with his face turned to the sky, quite alone — nay not alone, for as his wife and I drew nearer, we made out another form, lying beside him and clasping him close. It was Kariwaghyennonh, the young squaw, who had given herself a mortal wound with the dead man's dirk. She lived but long enough to open her eyes and look into the white face of Mrs. Buchanan, saying, "*Il est a moi.*"

I carried the fainting widow back into the fort, and that night the survivors of his company in the Black Watch gave their captain a fitting burial by moonlight, the pipers playing a coronach over his grave. It had been found difficult to unclasp the arms that held him, and I spake a word for poor Marie.

"She loved him too well; let her be buried with him," — and there was none to say me nay.

Hector Buchanan was a child of nature, and Kariwaghyennonh was also of that ilk, though such diverse fates had presided at their births, and I will always maintain that her affection for him was stronger and more enduring than that of his wedded wife.

Mrs. Buchanan did indeed mourn mightily for many a day, but sometimes I was led to think that she thought more of her grief itself than of the person for whom she was grieving. Now that he was gone, Hector became a saint in her eyes, and through them in the eyes of her children. I used

to smile to myself when I thought how he would laugh to see himself thus canonized, for he was a Protestant, and had aye made light of his wife's belief in her saints — so Jean told me. But all his faults were now condoned, even the crowning one of unfaithfulness to herself, of which Elspeth had had such dramatic evidence. That is how women are made.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### I BECOME A WHITE MAN AGAIN

THE task was thrust upon me of taking Mrs. Buchanan away from Fort Edward and its melancholy associations and delivering her into the keeping of Vrouw Vervoort, in whose care she had left her daughters. I had been at the pains to dress myself as a Dutchman ere I went down to the Island, but think you those auld-farrant weans, Elsie and Mysie, could be cheated?

“Oh, Mr. Broadface, how fine you look in a coat and breeches, does n’t he, Mysie?”

“I like him best without a wig,” said the smaller lass; and to please her I took off the head-piece, wrinkling my scalp in the approved manner, though the stripes of paint were wanting that had made it resemble a nest of snakes. Gilbert used to say it was like the head of Medusa, whoever he is.

The sad-eyed mother heard the lassies’ laughter, as she wept upon my sister’s broad shoulder. Both were widows now, and they withdrew to comfort one another as best they might, leaving me to enjoy myself with the weans. Presently my sister returned alone and sent them to their mother. Then to me she said, “Roderick Campbell! what

is this that Mrs. Buchanan tells me of Captain Gilbert? She has done him grievous wrong, it appears, but I am more to be condemned, to be pitied even than she, if it be true, as I suspect, that he is my own son."

"You deserved not to hear tell of him." I was thankful for the opportunity to turn the tables upon her.

"The lassies have told me that he is your nephew, Roderick, that he lived with you in Edinburgh, and was called Touzle-tap. I am your only sister; we had ne'er a brother; who can this be but the wee wean I lost langsyne? Tell me, Roderick, is Captain Gilbert indeed my son, Gilbert Forsyth?"

"As to the Forsyth, you know best, Vrouw Vervoort; as to his being your son there is no manner of doubt. He would have revealed himself to you when he was here ill with the fever, had not your unjust suspicions closed his mouth."

"Oh, my laddie, my laddie! And now he has gone from me and may be killed in battle, like Captain Buchanan. He may never know that in my heart has been an aching wound on his account all these weary years; that I ne'er loved his father, my second husband, nor one of the bairns I bore him, as I loved him, my bonny wee Gibbie, my first-born."

"Hoots, Jeanie, woman, a soldier earns his bread by fighting. You would not have the lad desert his post? He will be returning to you, safe and sound, when the war is over, or I am no

seer; and you mind our grandmother had the second sight."

"Rory, lad," she said to me, smiling through her tears, "I am proud to see you once more clothed and in your right mind. You will bide with me now, will you not, so long as I live and take the management of my affairs, which are overmuch of a burden for a lone woman?"

That being entirely my own opinion, I granted her request, and was enabled to free her mind of aught but the care of her flower-garden; while I brought to light various schemes old Joost Zuurdeeg had developed for enriching himself at her expense. I did not discharge the rascal, for I considered that I might have done the same in his place; but I held his peculations over his head so sternly that the fear of betrayal caused him faithfully to serve his mistress — and me — to the end of his life.

Thus was begun the humdrum but happy state of affairs that lasted for well-nigh thirty years. My sister prevailed upon Mrs. Buchanan and her little ones to make their home with us in the mean time, and the young widow could do no otherwise, having but distant connections across the Atlantic and no money to take her to them. Too proud to be a pensioner upon our bounty, she elected to become governess to the bairns, her own included. I had generally seen Mrs. Hector in tears, and was surprised to mark the gayety and sympathy with which she entered into the children's sports, as well as their studies, keeping herself young through them.



As she was an excellent needle-woman, a fair performer upon the spinet, and stuffed with book-learning forbye, my sister looked upon Mrs. Buchanan as a dungeon of wit, though I aye reckoned the lessons that Jean herself gave to teacher and pupils in the dipping of candles, the making of soap, the carding of wool, and so on, were the more essential part of their education.

I think I could not long have endured the return to civilization had it not been for the weans growing up around me. Now that there was none to interfere between us, nor to take them from me, I spoiled them to my heart's content, and was "Uncle Rory" to the whole tribe, Vervoorts and Buchanans alike. Elsie and Mysie were as keen after stories as ever, and the favorites were still those about Touzle-tap.

My sister made no secret of her motherly interest in these tales, and would let her busy wheel go slow and soft that she might miss no word of them. I noted, too, that Mrs. Buchanan was always hovering somewhere in the neighborhood of the great fireplace while the narration was going forward, though ofttimes I was made aware of her proximity only by a deep sigh from the shadow beside the chimney.

Gilbert remained in the Lake Champlain district, and on account of his knowledge of French and English he was the officer most frequently chosen to arrange exchanges of prisoners. He made several visits to Albany during the year

1759, with that intent, and duly paid his respects to his mother. If he said aught to Mrs. Buchanan, it was with his eyes alone. So far as I could judge — and I watched closely — he had become quite indifferent to her, now that she was within his reach. That is how men are made.

The lady, on the contrary, grew hot as he grew cold, but none save so keen an observer as myself would have remarked it, as she had an abundance of feminine tricks for concealing her feelings. Never once did I see her flinch when Jean openly discussed the complexion, character, and “tocher” of the Canadian daughter-in-law she hoped Gilbert would one day bring home to her.

I have aye been thankful that my laddie was not called upon to face in battle the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, Fraser’s regiment, Jacobites every man of them. How would he have felt to have been pitted against his old friends, the Camerons, MacDonalds, Gordons, and the rest at Louisbourg and Quebec? At last the English had sent out generals worthy of the men under them, and all the world knows the results of the duel between Montcalm and Wolfe that was concluded upon the Plains of Abraham.

When Ticonderoga had to be abandoned, Gilbert’s company fell back upon St. Frederic, at Crown Point, and thence made a final stand for France with Bougainville, at Ile-aux-Noix. Recalled to Montreal at length, they surrendered along with the remnants of the French army.

One summer afternoon at the Island I saw my laddie coming down the long garden with the light step of a stripling, waving his hat in the air. Elsie and Mysie were hanging about him in rapturous welcome, but he seemed more anxious to catch a greeting from the slender figure leaning over her embroidery frame whom one could scarce believe was the lassies' mother.

"What think you, mamma?" cried Elsie, bursting into the rose bower, where my sister and I were also seated; "the war is over, peace has been declared, the whole of North America is ours — and Captain Gilbert can come here to stay."

"Captain Forsyth," corrected the little lady, and my laddie looked down eagerly upon the glossy brown head that was bending lower to her work.

"I have no proofs," began my sister, starting off upon the well-worn trail, but Mrs. Hector put up her little hand and stroked Jean's hair that was now half-turned to gray, saying steadily, —

"Your word upon the matter suffices for me. Are not your brother and your son content?"

I grunted my approval in the Iroquois manner, but Gilbert threw a strong arm about his mother's neck and kissed her tenderly, an exhibition of affection which fair affronted me.

"You have come to say farewell, of course," said I, "and are no doubt overjoyed to be going to France with M. de Bougainville and the troops of the line."

"What are you talking about, uncle Rory? I

belong to the colony troops who have been disbanded. I never changed my regiment."

"Why not?"

"Because I prefer to stay here. 'T is a grand country, and will be greater far than Europe in the days to come. Here a man may hope to make something of himself and of his land, if he chooses to invest therein. That would be my dream, as I have no love of soldiering for its own sake, and no other career would be open to me in France. One can breathe more freely in America than in the old country, uncle Rory; I have heard you say so yourself."

"Then you will bide here to dig in your mother's kail-yard." I pretended not to see the glance of indignation which Mrs. Buchanan shot up at me.

"I will bide here so long as my lady pleases," said Gilbert, placing himself upon a low stool at her feet.

Did ever man propose before an audience? And a man like my laddie too, modest even in his thoughts about women, and trained by me from his earliest youth to have a contempt for sentiment! Too late I saw the harm that had been done him by the French gallants among whom he had been spending the impressionable years of his early manhood.

He took Mrs. Buchanan's hand from her lap and kissed it, her two daughters, his mother, and myself looking on the while.

"If it please madame, I will never leave her more," he repeated, looking up into her face.

She, flushing, faltering, gazed this way and that, but saw no loophole of escape. She must e'en give him his answer — before witnesses — if she would not lose him utterly.

“I am older than you, Gilbert,” she said, trying to fence a bit.

“None would believe it did any one say so save yourself,” said he, smiling, and venturing to put an arm about her waist.

“I know I am not your equal in birth,” he began, but she stopped him with her slim fingers upon his mouth.

“What a discourteous speech before your own mother! Are these the fine manners you have got from M. de Bougainville?”

The laddie laughed as he captured the hand and kissed it again — the barefaced gomeril! I was beginning to feel main uncomfortable, and so was Jean, no doubt, but the lovers were quite forgetting us, being entirely taken up with one another.

“If I could be sure it was my duty” — said the young woman.

“You may take my word for that,” said the young man. “Uncle Rory there can tell you that I have worshiped you ever since I was a ragged little urchin in Auld Reekie. That I have ever come to be anything better I owe to the ambition my love for you planted within me, all unknown to yourself.”

“Sure, ambition is a grievous sin.”

“And I have many others to repent of. Surely, my bonny wee leddy, who hath made me so much of a man, will not leave her work half done?”

“Make haste and settle the affair,” broke in Mysie, with natural impatience. “The captain has agreed to take us out in his canoe.”

“Perchance your mother will come too,” he said, and we all knew, as well as did Mrs. Buchanan herself, how much would be implied by her consent.

She cast a look of apology at me, and another towards my sister, and then, hand in hand, with a wee lassie skipping and dancing upon either side of them, the pair of young fools strolled down the flower-bordered path towards the river.

All that was left to Jean and me was the refrain of the song which soon came floating back to us over the water:—

“Il y a longtemps que t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.”

Thus ends the narrative of Roderick Campbell, and little remains to be added. Gilbert Forsyth took up land for himself on the other side of Albany and our great-uncle visited him there very often, though he made his home with his sister.

When the ungrateful British colonies rose in rebellion against the mother country which had saved them from the French, Roderick, true to his principles, adhered to the winning side, and became a citizen of the United States. True also to his principles, Captain Forsyth was one of those persecuted loyalists who crossed the Niagara frontier and settled in Upper Canada, to form the backbone of the present Province of Ontario.



After the death of Vrouw Vervoort, which occurred in 1785, her family being then grown up and scattered, our great-uncle Roderick came to end his days with his nephew in Canada. My grandfather, the youngest of the four sons of Gilbert and Elspeth Forsyth, was a youth of seventeen at that time, and he was seven-and-twenty before his great-uncle passed away, for Roderick lived to be ninety. His long life had covered the whole of the eighteenth century, excepting five years at the beginning and the end.

If I have said anything displeasing to the numerous descendants of his "laddie," Gilbert, who are to be found from east to west of this broad new Dominion of Canada, thè unconsciousness of intention must plead my excuse. I have striven, chiefly for their benefit, to put upon record the simple facts concerning a curious career, from what was told to me, as well as written about it, by my grandfather, who had it direct from Roderick Campbell himself.

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